THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN DONALDSON, corner of Arundel-ſtreet, No. 195. in the Strand. Sold by T. WILSON, at York; A. SMITH, Halifax: D. AKENHEAD, Newcaſtle: W. DARLING, Edinburgh: W. BOYD, Dumfries: W. ANDERSON, Stirling: ANGUS and SON, Aberdeen; and L. FLIN, Dublin.

M,DCC,LXXVI.

John Lane Green.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF Sir Charles Grandiſon, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Thurſday, March 16.

SIR Charles has already left us. He went to town this morning on the affairs of his executorſhip. He breakfaſted with us firſt.

Dr Bartlett, with whom I have already made myſelf very intimate, and who, I find, knows his whole heart, tells me he is always fully employed. *That* we knew before.—No wonder then, that he is not in love. He has not had leiſure, I ſuppoſe, to attend to the calls of ſuch an idle paſſion.

You will do me the juſtice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selby-houſe, I never knew any-thing of the matter: But indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandiſon; firſt to engage my gratitude, and then my heart. So it is; I muſt not, it ſeems, *deny* it. If I did, "a "child in love-matters would detect me."

O MY Lucy! I have been hard ſet by theſe ſiſters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it paſſed.

I had been ſo buſy with my pen, that tho' accuſtomed to be firſt dreſſed, wherever I was, I was now the laſt. They entered my dreſſing-room arm in arm; and I have ſince recollected, that they looked as if they had miſchief in their hearts; Miſs Grandiſon eſpecially. She had ſaid, She would play me a trick.

I was in ſome little hurry, to be ſo much behindhand, when I ſaw them dreſſed.

Miſs Grandiſon would do me the honour of aſſiſting me, and diſmiſſed Jenny, who had but juſt come in to offer her ſervice.

She called me charming creature twice, as ſhe was obligingly buſy about me; and the ſecond time ſaid, Well may my brother, Lady L. ſay what he did of this girl!

With too great eagerneſs, What, what, ſaid I—I was going to add—*did he ſay?*—But, catching myſelf up, in a tone of leſs ſurpriſe—deſigning to turn it off—WHAT *honour you do me, madam, in this your kind aſſiſtance!*

Miſs Grandiſon leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L. This Harriet of ours, ſaid ſhe, is more than half a rogue.

Puniſh her then, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. You have, tho' with much ado, been brought to ſpeak out yourſelf; and ſo have acquired a kind of right to puniſh thoſe who affect diſguiſes to their beſt friends.

Lord bleſs me, ladies! and down I ſat—What, what—I was going to ſay, *do you mean?* But ſtopt, and I felt my face glow.

What, what! repeated Miſs Grandiſon—My ſweet girl can ſay nothing but *What, what!*—One of

of my fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in her head, I ſuppoſe—Did you ever ſee *Wat*—Watkyns, Harriet?

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

Miſs Gr. Confirmation! Lady L. confirmation!

Lady L. I think ſo, truly—But it wanted none to me.

Har. I am ſurpriſed! Pray, ladies, what can you mean by this ſudden attack?

Miſs Gr. And what, Harriet, can you mean by theſe *What, what's*, and theſe ſudden emotions?—Give me your handkerchief!—What doings are here!

She ſnatched it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck—Why this *ſudden* palpitation?—Ah! Harriet! Why won't you make confidantes of your ſiſters? Do you think we have not found you out before this?

Har. Found me out! How found me out!—Dear Miſs Grandiſon, you are the moſt alarming lady that ever lived!—

I ſtood up trembling.

Miſs Gr. Am I ſo? But to cut the matter ſhort—[Sit down, Harriet. You can hardly ſtand]. Is it ſuch a diſgraceful thing for a fine girl to be in love?

Har. Who I, I in love!

Miſs Gr. (laughing). So, Lady L. you ſee that Harriet has found herſelf out to be a *fine* girl!—Diſqualify now; can't you, my dear? Tell fibs. Be affected. Say you are *not* a fine girl, and-ſo-forth.

Har. Dear Miſs Grandiſon—It was *your* turn yeſterday. How can you forget—

Miſs Gr. Spiteful too! My life to a farthing you pay for *this*, Harriet!—But, child, I was not in

love—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northamptonſhire—Did you think we ſhould not find you out?

This heartened me a little.

Har. O madam, do you think to come at anything by ſuch methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miſs Grandiſon's alarming ways.

Miſs Gr. You pay for *this*, alſo, Harriet. Did you not ſay that I ſhould take the reins, Lady L.? I will have no mercy on our younger ſiſter for this abominable affectation and reſerve.

Har. And ſo, ladies, I ſuppoſe you think, that Mr Orme—

Lady L. Take the reins, Charlotte (making a motion, with a ſweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if ſhe toſſed her ſomething); I myſelf, Harriet, am againſt you now. I wanted a trial of that frankneſs of heart, for which I have heard you ſo much commended: And, ſurely, you might have ſhewed it, if to any perſons living, to your two ſiſters.

Miſs Gr. No more, no more, Lady L. Have you not left her to me? I will puniſh her. *You* will have too much lenity.—And now tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr Orme better than any man you ever ſaw?

Har. Indeed I do not.

Miſs Gr. Whom do you love better, Harriet?

Har. Pray, Miſs Grandiſon!

Miſs Gr. And *pray*, Miſs Byron!

Har. Reſume the reins, Lady L.—Pray do!—Miſs Grandiſon has no mercy! Yet met with a great deal yeſter—

Miſs Gr. Yeſterday!—Very well!—But then I was ingenuous—

Har. And am not I?—Pray, Lady L.

Lady L. I think, not—

And ſhe ſeemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

Miſs

Miſs Gr. And you ſay that there is not one gentleman in Northamptonſhire—

Har. What is the meaning of this, ladies? But I do aſſure you, there is not—

Miſs Gr. See Lady L. there are ſome queſtions that the girl can anſwer readily enough.

I believe I looked ſerious. I was ſilent. Indeed my very ſoul was vexed.

Miſs Gr. Ay, Harriet, be ſullen: Don't anſwer any queſtions at all. That's your only way now—And then we go no further, you know. But tell me—Don't you repent, that you have given a denial to Lady D.?

Har. I won't be ſullen, ladies. Yet I am not pleaſed to be thus—

Miſs Gr. Then own yourſelf a woman, Harriet; and that, in ſome certain inſtances, you have both affectation and reſerve. There are ſome caſes, my dear, in which it is impoſſible but a woman muſt be guilty of affectation.

Har. Well, then, ſuppoſe I *am*. I never pretended to be clear of the foibles which you impute to the ſex. I am a weak, a very weak creature: you ſee I am—

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

Miſs Gr. Ay, weep, love. My ſiſter has heard me ſay, that I never in my life ſaw a girl ſo lovely in tears.

Har. What have I done to deſerve—

Miſs Gr. Such a compliment!—Hey?—But you ſhan't weep neither.—Why, why, is this ſubject ſo affecting, Harriet!

Har. You ſurpriſe me!—Parted with you but an hour or two ago—And nothing of theſe reproaches. And now, all at once, *both* ladies—

Miſs Gr. Reproaches, Harriet!

Har. I believe ſo. I don't know what elſe to call them.

Miſs Gr. What! is it a reproach to be taxed with love—

Har. But the manner, madam—

Miſs Gr. The *manner* you are taxed with it is the thing then—Well, putting on a grave look, and aſſuming a ſofter accent—You *are* in love, however: But with whom? is the queſtion—Are, we, your ſiſters, intitled to know with whom?

Surely ladies, thought I, you have ſomething to ſay, that will make me amends for all this intolerable teazing: And yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, ſwelled a little, that *they* ſhould think *that* would be ſuch high amends, which, however, I by myſelf, communing only with my own heart, would have thought ſo.

Lady L. (coming to me, and taking my hand). Let me tell you, our deareſt Harriet, that you are the moſt inſenſible girl in the world, if you are *not* in love—And *now* what ſay you?

Har. Perhaps I do know, ladies, enough of the paſſion, to wiſh to be leſs alarmingly treated.

They then ſitting down, one on either ſide of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

I think I will reſume the reins, Charlotte, ſaid the Counteſs. We are both cruel. But tell us my lovely ſiſter, in one word tell your Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you have any confidence in our love (and indeed we love you, or we would not have teazed you as we have done), if there be not one man in the world whom you love above all men in it?

I was ſilent. I looked down. I had, in the ſame moment, an ague, in its cold and in its hot fit. They vouchſafed, each, to preſs with her lips the paſſive hand each held.

Be not afraid to ſpeak out, my dear, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. Aſſure yourſelf of my love; my true *ſiſterly* love. I once intended to lead the way to the opening of your heart by the diſcovery of my own, before

before my brother, as I hoped, could have found me out—But nothing can be hid—

Madam! ladies! ſaid I, and ſtood up in a hurry, and, in as great a diſcompoſure, ſat down again—Your brother has not, could not—I would die before—

Miſs Gr. Amiable delicacy!—He has not—But ſay you, Harriet, he *could* not?—If you would not be teazed, don't aim at reſerves—But think you, that we could not ſee, on a hundred occaſions, your heart at your eyes?—That we could not affix a proper meaning to thoſe ſudden throbs juſt here, patting my neck; thoſe half-ſuppreſſed, but always involuntary ſighs—[I ſighed]—Ay, juſt ſuch as that [I was confounded]—But to be ſerious, we do aſſure you, Harriet, that had we not thought ourſelves under ſome little obligation to Lady Anne S. we ſhould have talked to you before on this ſubject. The friends of that lady have been very ſolicitous with us—And Lady Anne is not averſe—

Har. Dear ladies! withdrawing the hand that Miſs Grandiſon held, and taking out my handkerchief; you ſay you love me!—Won't you deſpiſe whom you love?—I do own—

There I ſtopt; and dried my eyes.

Lady L. What does my Harriet own!—

Har. O madam, had I a greater opinion of my own merit than I have reaſon to have (and I never had ſo little a one as ſince I have known you two), I could open to you, without reſerve, my whole heart—But one requeſt I have to make you—You muſt grant it.

They both in a breath aſked what that was.

Har. It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town this very afternoon—And long ſhall not that *town* hold your Harriet—Indeed, indeed, ladies, I cannot now ever look your brother in the face—And you will alſo both deſpiſe me! I know you will!

Sweet

Sweet, and as *ſeaſonable* as ſweet (for I was very much affected), were the aſſurances they gave me of their continued love.

Miſs Gr. We have talked with our brother this morning—

Har. About me! I hope he has not a notion, that—There I ſtopt.

Lady L. You were mentioned: But we intend not to alarm you further. We will tell you what paſſed. Lady Anne was our ſubject.

I was all attention.

Miſs Gr. We aſked him if he had any thoughts of marriage? The queſtion came in properly enough, from the ſubject that preceded it. He was ſilent: But ſighed, and looked grave. [Why did Sir Charles Grandiſon ſigh, Lucy?] We repeated the queſtion. You told us, brother, ſaid I, that you do not intend to reſume the treaty begun by my father for Lady Frances N. What think you of Lady Anne S.? We need not mention to you how conſiderable her fortune is; what an enlargement it would give to your power of doing good; nor what her diſpoſition and qualities are: Her perſon is far from being diſagreeable: And ſhe has a great eſteem for you.

I think Lady Anne a very agreeable woman, replied he: But if ſhe honours me with a preferable eſteem, ſhe gives me a regret; becauſe it is not in my power to return it.

Not in your *power*, brother!

It is not in my power to return it.

O Lucy! how my heart fluttered! The ague-fit came on again; and I was hot and cold as before almoſt in the ſame moment.

They told me, they would not teaze me further. But theſe are ſubjects that cannot be touched upon without raiſing emotion in the boſom of a perſon who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of ſuſpenſe!

ſpenſe! How every new inſtance of it tears in pieces my before almoſt burſting heart!

Miſs Gr. My brother went on—You have often hinted to me at diſtance this ſubject. I will not, as I might, anſwer your queſtion, now ſo *directly* put, by ſaying, that it is my wiſh to ſee you, Charlotte, happily married, before I engage myſelf. But, perhaps, I ſhall be better enabled ſome time hence than I am at preſent, to return ſuch an anſwer as you may expect from a brother.

Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, by the words, *Not in his power*; and by the hint, that he cannot at preſent anſwer our queſtion as he may be enabled to do ſome time hence, we are afraid, that ſome foreign lady—

They had raiſed my hopes; and now, exciting my fears by ſo well-grounded an apprehenſion, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L.'s ſalts to my noſe. I could not help expoſing myſelf; my heart having been weakened too by their teazings before. My head dropt on the ſhoulder of Miſs Grandiſon. Tears relieved me.

I deſired their pity. They aſſured me of their love; and called upon me, as I valued their friendſhip, to open my whole heart to them.

I pauſed. I heſitated. Words did not immediately offer themſelves. But at laſt, I ſaid, Could I have thought myſelf intitled to your excuſe, ladies, your Harriet, honoured as ſhe was, from the firſt, with the appellation of *ſiſter*, would have had no reſerve to *her* ſiſters: But a juſt conſciouſneſs of my own unworthineſs overcame a temper, that, I will ſay, is naturally frank and unreſerved. Now, however—

There I ſtopt, and held down my head.

Lady L. Speak out, my dear—What *Now*—

Miſs Gr. What *Now, however*—

Har. Thus called upon, thus encouraged—And I lifted up my head as boldly as I could (but it

it was not, I believe, very boldly), I will own, that the man, who by ſo ſignal an inſtance of his bravery and goodneſs engaged my gratitude, has poſſeſſion of my whole heart.

And then, almoſt unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I ſat between them, round Lady L's neck, the other round Miſs Grandiſon's; my glowing face ſeeking to hide itſelf in Lady L.'s boſom.

They both embraced me, and aſſured me of their united intereſt. They ſaid, They knew I had alſo Dr Bartlett's high regard: But that they had in vain ſought to procure new lights from him; he conſtantly, in every-thing that related to their brother, referring himſelf to him: And they aſſured me, that I had likewiſe the beſt wiſhes and intereſt of Lord L. to the fulleſt extent.

This, Lucy, is ſome—conſolation—muſt I ſay?—ſome eaſe to my pride, as to what the *family* think of me: But yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at the ſtrengthening of hope to obtain an intereſt in the heart of a man, of whoſe engagements none of us know any thing! But if, at laſt, it ſhall prove, that that worthieſt of hearts is diſengaged; and if I can obtain an intereſt in it; be pride out of the queſtion! The man, as my aunt wrote, is Sir Charles Grandiſon.

I was very earneſt to know, ſince my eyes had been ſuch tell-tales, if their brother had any ſuſpicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they ſaid, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been ſo much with me, as they had been. Nor would they wiſh that he *ſhould* ſuſpect me. The beſt of men, they ſaid, loved to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man*.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he ſaid at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the ſhort-hand writer—That he would not marry the

greateſt princeſs on earth, if he were not aſſured that ſhe loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, ſuffer a great deal in the apprehenſion, at one time, of diſguſting the object of our paſſion by too forward a love; and, at another, of diſobliging him by too great a reſerve. Don't you think ſo?

The ladies ſaid, they were extremely ſolicitous to ſee their brother married. They wiſhed it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, that I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement, had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother ſaid of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming converſation.

When my brother had let us know, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, that it was not in his power to return a preferable eſteem for a like eſteem, if Lady Anne honoured him with it; I ſaid—If Lady Anne had as many advantages to boaſt of as Miſs Byron has, could you then, brother, like Lady Anne?

Miſs Byron, replied he, is a charming woman.

Lady L. (ſlily enough, continued Miſs Grandiſon) ſaid, Miſs Byron is one of the prettieſt women I ever beheld. I never ſaw in any face, youth and dignity, and ſweetneſs of aſpect, ſo happily blended.

On this occaſion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, ſo long as I *repeat* only, and repeat juſtly.

"Forgvie me, Lady L. replied my brother—I "But as Alexander would be drawn only by A- "pelles, ſo would I ſay to all thoſe who leave "*mind* out of the deſcription of Miſs Byron, that "*they* are not to deſcribe her. This young lady" (You may look proud, Harriet!) "has *united* in "her face *feature*, *complexion*, *grace*, and *expreſſion*, "which very few women, even of thoſe who are

" moſt celebrated for beauty, have *ſingly* in equal " degree: But, what is infinitely more valuable, " ſhe has a heart that is equally pure and open. " She has a fine mind: And it is legible in her " face. Have you not obſerved, Charlotte, add- " ed he, what intelligence her very ſilence promi- " ſes? And yet, when ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe never diſ- " appoints the moſt raiſed expectation."

I was ſpeechleſs, Lucy.

Well, brother, continued Miſs Grandiſon—If there is not every thing you ſay in Miſs Byron's face and mind, there ſeems to me little leſs than the warmth of love in the deſcription—You are another Apelles, Sir, if his colours were the moſt glowing of thoſe of all painters.

My eyes had the aſſurance to aſk Miſs Grandiſon, what anſwer he returned to this? She ſaw they had.

Ah! Harriet! ſmiling—That's a meaning look, with all its baſhfulneſs. This was my brother's anſwer—" Every body muſt love Miſs Byron— " You know, Charlotte, that I preſented her to " *you*, and you to *her*, as a third ſiſter: And what " man better loves his ſiſters than your brother!"

We both looked down, Harriet; but not quite ſo ſilly and ſo diſappointed as you *now* look—

Dear Miſs Grandiſon!—

Well, then, another time don't let your eyes aſk queſtions, inſtead of your lips.

Third ſiſter! my Lucy? Indeed I believe I look- ed ſilly enough. To ſay the truth, I *was* diſap- pointed.

Har. And this was all that paſſed? You hear by my queſtion, ladies, that my lips *will* keep my eyes in countenance.

Miſs Gr. It was; for he retired as ſoon as he had ſaid this.

Har. How, retired madam?—Any *diſcompo*— You laugh at my folly; at my preſumption per- haps.—

They

They both ſmiled. No, I can't ſay that there ſeemed to be, either in his words or manner, any *diſtinguiſhing* emotion, any great *diſcompo*—He was about to retire before.

Well, ladies, I will only ſay, that the beſt thing I can do is, to borrow a chariot and ſix, and drive away to Northamptonſhire.

But why ſo, Harriet?

Becauſe it is impoſſible but I muſt ſuffer in your brother's opinion, every time he ſees me, and that whether I am ſilent or ſpeaking.

They made me fine compliments. But they would *indeed* have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandiſon meant any thing, he would have expreſſed himſelf to his ſiſters in ſuch high terms, before he had ſaid *one* very diſtinguiſhing thing to me? Let me judge by myſelf—Men and women, I believe, are ſo much alike, that, put cuſtom, tyrant-cuſtom! out of the queſtion, the meaning of the one may be generally gueſſed at by that of the other, in caſes where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myſelf to ſay to and of Mr Orme, and Mr Fowler! How could I praiſe the honeſty and goodneſs of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Becauſe I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid* to *let go*, as their merits *pulled*—And now, methinks, I can better gueſs, than I could *till* now, at what Mr Greville meant, when he wiſhed me to declare that I *hated* him—Sly wretch!—ſince the woman who uſes a man inſolently in courtſhip, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than ſhe would wiſh him to think himſelf.—

But why am I ſtudious to torment myſelf? What *will* be muſt. "Who knows what Providence has "deſigned for Sir Charles Grandiſon?"—May *he*

be happy!—But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwiſe at this time.

LETTER II.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I WILL not let you loſe the ſubſtance of a very agreeable converſation, which we had on Tueſday night after ſupper. You may be ſure, Lucy, I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a conſiderable part in it. It would be impoſſible to give you more than paſſages, becauſe the ſubjects were various, and the tranſitions ſo quick, by one perſon aſking this queſtion, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one ſubject, Lucy, I particularly *owe* you ſome account.

Miſs Grandiſon, in her lively way (and lively ſhe was, notwithſtanding her trial ſo lately over), led me into talking of the deteſted maſquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy ſcene, which thoſe dreadfully intereſting ones that followed it, had made me wiſh to blot out of my memory.

I ſpared you at the time, Harriet, ſaid ſhe. I aſked you no queſtions about the maſquerade, when you flew to us firſt, poor frighted bird! with all your gay plumage about you.

I coloured a deep crimſon, I believe. What were Sir Charles's firſt thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantaſtic, that hated dreſs? The ſimile of the bird too, was *his*, you know; and Charlotte looked very archly.

My dear Miſs Grandiſon, ſpare me ſtill. Let me

me forget that ever I preſumptuouſly ventured into ſuch a ſcene of folly.

Do not call it by harſh names, Miſs Byron, ſaid Sir Charles. We are too much obliged to it.

Can I, Sir Charles, call it by *too* harſh a name, when I think how fatal, in numberleſs ways, the event might have proved! But I do not ſpeak only with reference to that. Don't think, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, that my diſlike to myſelf, and to this fooliſh diverſion, ſprings altogether from what befel *me*. I had on the ſpot the ſame contempts, the ſame diſdain of myſelf, the ſame diſlike of all thoſe who ſeemed capable of joy on the light, the fooliſh occaſion.

My good Charlotte, ſaid Sir Charles, ſmiling, is leſs timorous than her younger ſiſter. *She* might be perſuaded, I fancy, to venture—

Under your conduct, Sir Charles, ſmiling, as Lady L. and I, who have not yet had an opportunity of this ſort, were trying to engage you againſt the next ſubſcription-ball.

Indeed, ſaid Lady L. our Harriet's diſtreſs has led me into reflections I never made before on this kind of diverſion; and I fancy her account of it will perfectly ſatisfy *my* curioſity.

Sir Ch. Proceed, good Miſs Byron. I am as curious as your ſiſters to hear what you ſay of it. The ſcene was quite new to you. You probably expected entertainment from it. Forget for a while the accidental conſequences, and tell us how you were at the time amuſed.

Amuſed, Sir Charles!—Indeed I had no opinion of the diverſion, even before I went. I knew I ſhould deſpiſe it. I knew I ſhould often wiſh myſelf at home before the evening were over. And ſo indeed I did; I whiſpered my couſin Reeves more than once, O madam! this is ſad, this is intolerable ſtuff! This place is one great Bedlam! Good heaven! Could there be in this one town ſo

many creatures devoid of reaſon as are here got together? I hope we are *all* here.

Yet you ſee, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, however Lady L. is, or ſeems to be, inſtantaneouſly reformed, there were *two*, who would gladly have been there: The more, you may be ſure, for its having been a diverſion prohibited to us, at our firſt coming to town. Sir Charles lived long in the land of Maſquerades—O my dear! we uſed to pleaſe ourſelves with hopes, that when he was permitted to come over to England, we ſhould ſee golden days under his auſpices.

Sir Ch. (ſmiling). Will you accompany us to the next ſubſcription-hall, Miſs Byron?

I, Sir Charles, ſhould be inexcuſable, if I thought—

Miſs Gr. (interrupting, and looking archly) Not under *our brother*'s conduct, Harriet?

Indeed, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, had the diverſion not been *prohibited*, had you once ſeen the wild, the ſenſeleſs confuſion, you would think juſt as I do: And you will have one ſtronger reaſon againſt countenancing it by your preſence; for who, at this rate, ſhall make the ſtand of virtue and decorum, if ſuch ladies as Miſs Grandiſon and Lady L. do not?—But I ſpeak of the common maſquerades, which I believe are more diſorderly. I was diſguſted at the freedoms taken with me, though but common freedoms of the place, by perſons who ſingled me from the throng, hurried me round the rooms, and engaged me in fifty idle converſations; and to whom, by the privilege of the place, I was obliged to be bold, pert, ſaucy, and to aim at repartee and ſmartneſs; the current wit of that witleſs place. They once got me into a country dance. No prude could come, or if ſhe came, could be a prude there.

Sir Ch. Were you not pleaſed, Miſs Byron, with the firſt coup d'œuil of that gay apartment?

A momentary pleaſure: But when I came to reflect the bright light, ſtriking on my tinſel dreſs, made me ſeem to myſelf the more conſpicuous fool. Let me be kept in countenance as I might, by ſcores of ſtill more ridiculous figures, what, thought I, are other people's follies to me? Am I to make an appearance that ſhall want the countenance of the vaineſt, if not the ſillieſt, part of the creation? What would my good grandfather have thought, could he have ſeen his Harriet, the girl (excuſe me; they were my thoughts at the time) whoſe mind he took pains to form and enlarge, mingling in a habit ſo prepoſterouſly rich and gaudy, with a croud of Satyrs, Harlequins, Scaramouches, Fauns, and Dryads; nay, of witches and devils; the graver habits ſtriving which ſhould moſt diſgrace the characters they aſſumed, and every one endeavouring to be thought the direct contrary of what he or ſhe appeared to be?

Miſs Gr. Well then, the devils, at leaſt, muſt have been charming creatures!

Lady L. But, Sir Charles, might not a maſquerade, if decorum were obſerved, and every one would ſupport with wit and ſpirit the aſſumed character—

Mr Gr. Devils and all, Lady L.?

Lady L. It is contrary to decorum for ſuch ſhocking characters to be aſſumed at all; But might it not, Sir Charles, ſo regulated, be a rational, and an almoſt inſtructive entertainment?

Sir Ch. You would ſcarcely be able, my dear ſiſter, to collect eight or nine hundred people, all wits, and all obſervant of decorum. And if you could, does not the example reach down to thoſe who are capable of taking only the bad and dangerous part of a diverſion: which you may ſee by every common news-paper is become dreadfully general?

Mr

Mr Gr. Well, Sir Charles, and why ſhould not the poor devils in *low life* divert themſelves as well as their betters? For my part, I rejoice when I ſee advertiſed an eighteen penny maſquerade, for all the pretty 'prentice ſouls, who will that evening be Arcadian ſhepherdeſſes, goddeſſes and queens.

Miſs Gr. What low profligate ſcenes couldſt thou expatiate upon, good man! if thou wert in proper company: I warrant thoſe goddeſſes, have not wanted an adorer in our couſin Everard.

Mr Gr. Dear Miſs Charlotte, take care! I proteſt, you begin to talk with the ſpite of an old maid.

Miſs Gr. There, brother! Do you hear the wretch? Will not you, knight-errant like, defend the cauſe of a whole claſs of diſtreſſed damſels, with our good Yorkſhire aunt at the head of them?

Sir Ch. Thoſe general prejudices and aſperſions, Charlotte, are indeed unjuſt and cruel. Yet I am for having every-body marry. Bachelors, couſin Everard, and maids, when long ſingle, are looked upon as houſes long empty, which nobody cares to take. As the houſe in time, by long diſuſe, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil ſpirits, ſo will the others, by the *many*, be thought poſſeſſed by no good ones.

The tranſition was ſome-how made from hence to the equitableneſs that ought to be in our judgments of one another. We muſt in theſe caſes, ſaid Sir Charles, throw merit in one ſcale, demerit in the other; and if the former weigh down the latter, we muſt in charity pronounce to the perſon's advantage. So it is humbly hoped we ſhall finally be judged ourſelves: For who is faultleſs?

Yet, ſaid he, for my own part,, that I may not be wanting to prudence, I have ſometimes, where the merit is not very ſtriking, allowed perſons, at firſt acquaintance, a ſhort leaſe only in my good opinion; ſome for three, ſome for ſix, ſome for nine, others for twelve months, renewable or not, as they

anſwer

anſwer expectation. And by this means I leave it to every one to make his own character with me; I preſerve my charity, and my complacency; and enter directly, with frankneſs, into converſation with him; and generally continue that freedom to the end of the reſpective perſon's leaſe.

Miſs Gr. I wonder how many of your leaſes, brother, have been granted to ladies?

Sir Ch. Many, Charlotte, of the friendly ſort: But the kind you archly mean are out of the queſtion at preſent. We were talking of eſteem.

This inſenſibly led the converſation to love and courtſhip; and he ſaid [What do you think he ſaid, Lucy?] That he ſhould not, perhaps, were he in love, be over-forward to declare his paſſion by words; but rather ſhew it by his aſſiduities and veneration, unleſs he ſaw, that the ſuſpenſe was painful to the object: And in this caſe it would be equally mean and inſolent not to break ſilence, and put himſelf in the power of her, whoſe honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What ſay you to this, Lucy?

Some think, proceeded he, that the days of courtſhip are the happieſt days of life. But the man, who as a lover thinks ſo, is not to be forgiven. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that *hope* gives an ardour which ſubſides in certainty.

Being called upon by Lord L. to be more explicit;

I am endeavouring, ſaid he, to ſet up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own ſake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a lady into reſerves; ſince that would be to rob myſelf of thoſe innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable lover might think himſelf intitled; and which might help him [Don't be affrighted, ladies!] to develope the plaits and folds of the female heart.

This developement ſtuck with us women a little.

W-

We talked of it afterwards: And Miſs Grandiſon *then* ſaid, It was well her couſin Everard ſaid not that. And *he* anſwered, Sir Charles may with more ſafety *ſteal a horſe*, than I *look over the hedge*.

Miſs Gr. Ay, couſin Grandiſon, that is becauſe you are a rake. A name, believe me, of at leaſt as much reproach as that of an old maid.

Mr Gr. Aſperſing a whole claſs at once, Miſs Charlotte! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim: And a claſs too (this of the rakes) that many a generous-ſpirited girl chuſes out of, when ſhe would diſpoſe of herſelf, and her fortune.

Miſs Gr. How malapert this Everard!

What Sir Charles *next* ſaid, made him own the character more decently by his bluſhes.

The woman who chuſes a rake, ſaid he, does not conſider, that all the ſprightly airs for which ſhe preferred him to a better man, either vaniſh in matrimony, or are ſhewn to others, to her mortal diſquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad: The diſagreeable will be brought home. If he reform (and yet bad habits are very difficult to ſhake off) he will probaby, from the reflections on his paſt guilty life, be an unſociable companion, ſhould deep and true contrition have laid hold on him: If not, what has ſhe choſen? He married not from honeſt principles: A rake deſpiſes matrimony: If ſtill a rake, what hold will ſhe have of him? A rake in *paſſion* is not a man in *love*. Such a one can ſeldom be in love: From a *laudable* paſſion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His love deſerves a vile name: And if ſo, it will be ſtrange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modeſt wife.

What he ſaid was openly approved by the gentlemen; tacitly by the ladies.

The ſubject changing to marriages of perſons of unequal years; I knew, ſaid Lord L. a woman of character, and not reckoned to want ſenſe, who married

married at twenty a man of more than fifty, in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young rake of twenty-two. She is rich; and, poor woman! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drawing.

Retribution, replied Sir Charles, will frequently take its course. The lady, keeping in view one steady purpose; which was that she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one; forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes. Don't you think, my Lord, that it is suitable to the divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend its sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man?

Lord L. said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute: But you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison: And whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: Yet Mr Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily, were almost equally, and attentively, silent, till the last scene: and then the Doctor said, I must shew you a little translation of Miss Emily's from the Italian. She blushed, and looked as if she knew

not

not whether ſhe would ſtay or go. I ſhould be glad to ſee any-thing of my Emily's, ſaid Sir Charles. I know ſhe is a miſtreſs of that language, and elegant in her own. Pray, my dear (to her), let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.

She bluſhed, and bowed.

I muſt firſt tell you, ſaid the Doctor, that I was the occaſion of her chuſing ſo grave a ſubject, as you will find that of the ſonnet from which hers is taken.

A ſonnet! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. My dear little POETESS, you muſt ſet it, and ſing it to us.

No, indeed, madam, ſaid Miſs Jervois, bluſhing ſtill more, Dr Bartlett would by no means have me a *poeteſs*, I am ſure: and did you not, dear madam, ſpeak that word, as if you meant to call me a name?

I think ſhe did, my dear, ſaid Sir Charles: Nor would I have my Emily diſtinguiſhed by any name, but that of a diſcreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman. The titles of *wit* and *poeteſs* have been diſgraced too often by Sappho's and Corrinna's, ancient and modern. Was not this in your head, ſiſter? But do not be diſturbed, my Emily [The poor girl's eyes gliſtened]: I mean no check of livelineſs and modeſt ingenuity. The eaſy productions of a fine fancy, not made the buſineſs of life, or its boaſt, confer no denomination that is diſgraceful, but very much the contrary.

I am very glad, for all *that*, ſaid Miſs Jervois, that my little tranſlation is in plain proſe: Had it not, I ſhould have been very much afraid to have it ſeen.

Even in *that* caſe, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miſs Jervois, ſaid the good Dr Bartlett; Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry: and Miſs Grandiſon would have recollected the Philomela's, and Orinda's, and other names among her own ſex, whoſe fine genius does it honour.

Your

Your diffidence and ſweet humility, my dear Emily, ſaid Lord L. would, in you, make the moſt envied accompliſhments amiable.

I am ſure, ſaid the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to ſtart, I have reaſon to be affected with the ſubject.—The indulgent mother is deſcribed with ſo much ſweet tenderneſs—O what pleaſures do mothers loſe who want tenderneſs!

We all, either by eyes or voice, called for the Sonnet, and her tranſlation. Dr Bartlett ſhewed them to us; and I ſend copies of both.

SONNET *of* Vincenzio da Filicaja.

Qual madre i figli con pietoſo affetto
Mira, e d'amor ſi ſtrugge a lor davante;
E un bacia in fronte, ed un ſi ſtringe al petto,
Uno tien sù i ginnochi, un ſulle piante,
E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aſpetto
Lor voglie intende sì diverſe, e tante,
A queſti un guardo, a quei diſpenſa un detto,
E ſe ride, o s'adira, è ſempre amante:
Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
Veglia, a queſti conforta, e quei provvede,
E tutti aſcolta, e porge a tutti aita.
E ſe niega talor grazia o mercede,
O niega ſol, perchè a pregar ne invita;
O negar finge, e nel negar concede.

"See a fond mother encircled by her children: "With pious tenderneſs ſhe looks around, and her "ſoul even melts with maternal love. One ſhe "kiſſes on the forehead; and claſps another to her "boſom. One ſhe ſets upon her knee; and finds "a ſeat upon her foot for another. And while, by "their actions, their liſping words, and aſking eyes, "ſhe underſtands their various numberleſs little "wiſhes, to theſe ſhe diſpenſes a look; a word to

" thoſe; and whether ſhe ſmiles or frowns, 'tis all " in tender love.

" Such to us, tho' infinitely high and awful, is " PROVIDENCE: So it watches over us; comfort- " ing theſe; providing for thoſe; liſtening to all; " aſſiſting every one: And if ſometimes it denies " the favour we implore, it denies but to invite " our more earneſt prayers; or, ſeeming to deny " a bleſſing, grants one in that refuſal."

When the tranſlation was read aloud, the tears, that before were ſtarting, trickled down the ſweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and eſpecially the praiſes given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

LETTER III.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Miſs* GRANDISON.

My dear Charlotte, *Friday, March* 17.

I HAVE already ſeen Captain Anderſon. Richard Saunders, whom I ſent with your letter as ſoon as I came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expreſſed himſelf, on reading it before the ſervant, with *indiſcreet* warmth. I would not make minute enquiries after his words, becauſe I intended an amicable meeting with him.

We met at four yeſterday afternoon, at the Cocoa-tree in Pallmall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Major Dillon, two of his friends, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with him. The Captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen entered with us.

You

You will on this occaſion, I know, expect me to be particular: you muſt allow, that I had no good cauſe to manage; ſince thoſe points that had moſt weight (and which were the ground of your objections to him when you ſaw him in a near light) could not be pleaded without affronting him; and if they had, would hardly have met with his allowance; and could therefore have no force in the argument.

On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I aſked the Captain, If they were acquainted with the affair we met upon? He ſaid, They were his dear and inſeparable friends, and knew every ſecret of his heart. Perhaps in this caſe, Captain Anderſon, returned I, it were as well they did not.

We are men of honour, Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid the Major briſkly.

I don't doubt it, Sir. But where the delicacy of a lady is concerned, the hearts of the principals ſhould be the whole world to each other. But what is done, is done. I am ready to enter upon the affair before theſe gentlemen, if you chuſe it, Captain.

You will find us to be gentlemen, Sir Charles, ſaid the Colonel.

The Captain then began, with warmth, his own ſtory. Indeed he told it very well. I was pleaſed, for my *ſiſter's ſake* (pardon me, Charlotte), that he did. He is not contemptible, either in perſon or underſtanding. He may be ſaid, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; tho' not the perſon whom the friends of Charlotte Grandiſon would think worthy of the firſt place in her heart.

After he had told his ſtory (which I need not repeat to you), he inſiſted upon your promiſe: And his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each man a little too peremptory. I told them ſo;

and that they muſt do me the juſtice to conſider me as a man of ſome ſpirit, as well as themſelves. I came hither with a friendly intention, gentlemen, ſaid I. I do not love to follow the lead of haſty ſpirits: But if you expect to carry any point with me, it muſt not be either by raiſed voices, or heightened complexions.

Their features were all at once changed: And they ſaid, they meant not to be warm.

I told the Captain, That I would not enter into a minute defence of the lady, tho' my ſiſter. I owned that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, as ſhe apprehended, was not anſwerable to her merits. She was young, and knew nothing of the world. Young ladies were often ſtruck by appearances. You, Captain Anderſon, ſaid I, have advantages in perſon and manner, that might obtain for you a young lady's attention: And as ſhe might believe herſelf circumſtanced in her family, I wonder not that ſhe lent an ear to the addreſs of a gallant man; whoſe command in that neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, whoſe behaviour in that command, added to his conſequence. But I take it for granted, Sir, that you met with difficulties from her, when ſhe came to reflect upon the diſreputation of a young woman's carrying on clandeſtinely a correſpondence with a man, of whoſe addreſs her father, then living, was not likely to approve. There was none of that violent paſſion on either ſide, that precludes reaſon, diſcretion, duty. It is no wonder then, that a woman of Charlotte Grandiſon's known good ſenſe ſhould reflect, ſhould conſider: And perhaps the leſs, that you ſhould therefore ſeek to engage her by promiſe. But what *was* the promiſe? It was not the promiſe that, it ſeems, you ſought to engage her to make; to be abſolutely yours, and no other man's: But it was, That ſhe would not marry any other man without your conſent, while you

remained

remained ſingle: An unreaſonable promiſe, however, I will preſume to ſay, either to be propoſed, or ſubmitted to!

Sir! ſaid the Captain, and looked the ſoldier.

I repeated what I laſt ſaid.

Sir! again ſaid the Captain; and looked upon his friends, who pointed each his head at the other, and at him, by turns—as if they had ſaid, Very free language.

For, Sir, proceeded I, did it not give room to think, that you had either ſome doubts of your own merit with the lady, or of her affection and ſteadineſs? And in either caſe, ought it to have been propoſed? ought it to have been made? For my part, I ſhould diſdain to think of any woman for a wife, who gave me reaſon to imagine, that ſhe was likely to balance a moment, as to her choice of me, or any other man.

Something in that! ſaid the Colonel.

As you explain yourſelf, Sir Charles, ſaid the Major—

The Captain, however, ſat ſwelling. He was not ſo eaſily ſatisfied.

Your motive, we are not to queſtion, Captain, was love. Miſs Grandiſon is a young woman whom any man may love. By the way, where a man is aſſured of a return of love, there is no occaſion for a promiſe. But a promiſe *was* made. My ſiſter is a woman of honour. She thinks herſelf bound by it; and ſhe is content to lead a ſingle life to the end of it, if you will not acquit her of this promiſe. Yet ſhe leaves, and at the *time* did leave *you* free. You will have the juſtice, Sir, to allow, that there is a generoſity in her conduct to you, which remains for you to ſhew to her, ſince a promiſe ſhould not be made but on equal terms. Would you hold her to it, and be not held yourſelf? She deſires not to hold you. Let me tell you, Captain, that if I had been in your ſituation, and had been able to *prevail upon*

myſelf to endeavour to bring a lady to make me ſuch a promiſe, I ſhould have doubted her love of me, had ſhe not ſought to bind me to her by an equal tie. What! ſhould I have ſaid to myſelf, is this lady dearer to *me* than all the women upon earth? Do I ſeek to bind her to me by a ſolemn promiſe, which ſhall give me a power over *her?* And has ſhe ſo little regard for me, as not to value whether I marry any other woman?

The gentlemen looked upon one another, but were ſilent. I proceeded.

Let us ſet this matter in its true light. Here is a young woman, who had ſuffered herſelf to be embarraſſed in a treaty that her whole heart, ſhe aſſures me, was never in. *This was her fault.* But know we not how inextricable are the entanglements of *love*, as it is called, when young women are brought to enter into correſpondence with men? Our ſex have opportunities of knowing the world, which the other have not. Experience, gentlemen, engaging with inexperience, and perhaps the difference of twice the number of years [Sir! ſaid the Captain!] the combat muſt be too unequal. How artfully do men endeavour to draw in the woman whom they think it worth their while to purſue!—But would any man here wiſh to marry a woman, who declares that ſhe was inſenſibly drawn in beyond her purpoſe? Who ſhewed, when ſhe refuſed to promiſe that ſhe would be his, in preference to all other men, that ſhe did not love him above all other men? Who, when ſhe was prevailed on to fetter herſelf, made him not of conſequence enough to herſelf to bind *him?* And, in a word, who has long ago declared to him, and ſteadily perſiſts in the declaration, That ſhe *never* will be his?—You ſeem, gentlemen, to be men of ſpirit. Would you wiſh to marry the firſt woman on earth on theſe terms, if you *could* obtain her?—which, however, is not the caſe; ſince Miſs Grandiſon's

Grandiſon's promiſe extends not ſo far as to oblige her to marry Captain Anderſon.

The Captain did not, he told me, like ſome part of what I had ſaid; and ſtill leſs ſome of the words I had uſed:—And ſeemed to be diſpoſing his features to take a fiercer turn than became the occaſion. I interrupted him therefore: I met you not, Captain, ſaid I, either to hear, or to obviate, cavils upon words. When I have told you that I came with an amicable intention, I expect to be believed. I intend not offence. But let us be *men*. I am perhaps a younger man by ten years than any one preſent: But I have ſeen the world as much as any man of my age; and know what is due to the character of a gentleman, whether it be Captain Anderſon's or my own; and expect not wilful miſconſtructions.

All I mean is, Sir, ſaid the Captain, that I will not be treated contemptuouſly; no, not even by the brother of Miſs Grandiſon.

The brother of Miſs Grandiſon, Sir, is not accuſtomed to treat any man contemptuouſly. Don't treat yourſelf ſo, and you are ſafe from unworthy treatment from me. Let me add, Sir, that I permit every man to fix his character with me as he pleaſes. I will venture to ſay, I have a large charity; but I extend it not to credulity: But yet will always allow a third perſon to decide upon the juſtice of my intentions and actions.

The Captain ſaid, that he aſcribed a great deal of my ſiſter's *poſitiveneſs in her denial of him* (thoſe were his words) to the time of my arrival in England; and he doubted not, that I had encouraged the propoſals, either of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord G. becauſe of their quality and fortunes: And hence his difficulties were increaſed.

And then up he roſe, ſlapt one hand upon the table, put the other on his ſword, and was going to ſay ſome very fierce things, prefacing them with

d—ning

d—ning his blood; when I ſtood up: Hold, Captain; be calm, if poſſible—Hear from me the naked truth: I will make you a fair repreſentation; and when I have done, do you reſume, if you think it neceſſary, that angry air you got up with, and ſee what you'll make of it.

His friends interpoſed. He ſat down, half out of breath with anger. His ſwelled features went down by degrees.

The truth of the matter is ſtrictly and briefly this.

All my ſiſter's difficulties (which, perhaps, were greater in apprehenſion than in fact) ended with my father's life. I made it my buſineſs, on my arrival, as ſoon as poſſible, to aſcertain my ſiſters' fortunes. Lord L. married the elder. The two gentlemen you have mentioned made their addreſſes to the younger. I knew nothing of you, Captain Anderſon. My ſiſter had wholly kept the affair between you and her in her own breaſt. She had not revealed it even to her ſiſter. The reaſon ſhe gives, and to which you, Sir, could be no ſtranger, was, that ſhe was determined never to be yours. The ſubject requires explicitneſs, Captain Anderſon: And I am not accuſtomed to palliate, whenever it does. She hoped to prevail upon you to leave her as generouſly free as ſhe had left you. I do aſſure you, upon my honour, that ſhe favours not either of the gentlemen. I know not the man ſhe *does* favour. It is I, her brother, not herſelf, that am ſolicitous for her marrying. And, upon the indifference ſhe expreſſed to change her condition, on terms to which no objection could be made, I ſuppoſed ſhe muſt have a ſecret preference to ſome other man. I was afterwards informed, that letters had paſſed between her and you, by a lady, who had it from a gentleman of your acquaintance. You have ſhewn me, Sir, by the preſence of theſe gentlemen, that you were not

ſo

ſo careful of the ſecret as my ſiſter had been.—They looked one upon another.

I charged my ſiſter, upon this diſcovery, with reſerve to me: But offered her my ſervice in her own way; aſſuring her, that if her heart were engaged, the want of quality, title, and fortune, ſhould not be of weight with me, and that whomſoever ſhe accepted for her huſband, him would I receive for my brother.

The colonel and the major extravagantly applauded a behaviour on this occaſion, which deſerved no more than a common approbation.

She ſolemnly aſſured me, proceeded I, that although ſhe held herſelf bound by the promiſe which youth, inexperience, and ſolicitation, had drawn her in to make, ſhe reſolved to perform it by a perpetual ſingle life, if it were inſiſted upon. And thus, Sir, you ſee, that it depends upon you to keep Charlotte Grandiſon a ſingle woman, till you marry ſome other lady (a power, let me tell you, that no man ought to ſeek to obtain over a young woman), or generouſly acquit her of it, and leave her as free as ſhe has left you.—And now, gentlemen (to the major and colonel), if you came hither not ſo much parties as judges, I leave this matter upon your conſideration; and will withdraw for a few moments.

I left every mouth ready to burſt into words; and walked into the public room. There I met with Colonel Martin, whom I had ſeen abroad; and who had juſt aſked after Major Dillon. He, to my great ſurprize, took notice to me of the buſineſs that brought me hither.

You ſee, my ſiſter, the conſequence you were of to Captain Anderſon. He had not been able to forbear boaſting of the honour which a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon had done him, and of his enlarged proſpects, by her intereſt. Dear Charlotte!—How unhappy was the man, that your pride

ſhould

ſhould make you think yourſelf concerned to keep ſecret an affair that he thought a glory to him to make known to many! For we ſee (ſhall I not ſay, to the advantage of this gentleman's character?) that he has many *dear* and *inſeparable friends*, from whom he *concealed not any ſecret of his heart.*

Colonel Mackenzie came out ſoon after, and we withdrew to the corner of the room. He talked a great deal of the ſtrength of the captain's paſſion; of the hopes he had conceived of making his fortune, through the intereſt of a family to which he imputed conſideration: He made me many compliments: He talked of the great detriment this long-ſuſpended affair had been to his friends; and told me, with a grave countenance, that the Captain was grown as many years older as it had been in hand; and was ready to rate very highly ſo much time loſt in the prime of life. In ſhort, he aſcribed to the Captain the views and the diſappointments of a military fortune-hunter too plainly for his honour, in my eye, had I been diſpoſed to take *proper* notice of the meaning of what he ſaid.

After having heard him out, I deſired the Colonel to let me know what all this meant, and what were the Captain's expectations.

He paraded on again a long time, and aſked me at laſt, if there were no hopes that the lady—

None at all, interrupted I, She has ſteadily declared as much. Charlotte Grandiſon is a woman of fine ſenſe. She has great qualities. She has inſuperable objections to the Captain, which are founded on a more perfect knowledge of the man, and of her own heart, than ſhe could have at firſt. It is not my intention to depreciate him with his friend; I ſhall not, therefore, enter into particulars. Let me know, Colonel, what the gentleman pretends to. He is paſſionate, I ſee: I am not a tame man: But God forbid, that Captain Anderſon,

ſon, who hoped to be benefited by an alliance with the daughter of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, ſhould receive hurt, or hard treatment from her brother!

Here Colonel Martin, who had heard ſomething of what was ſaid, deſired to ſpeak with Colonel Mackenzie. They were not ſo diſtant but my ear unavoidably caught part of their ſubject. Colonel Martin expatiated, in a very high manner, on my character, when I was abroad. He imputed bravery to me (a great article among military men, and with you ladies), and I know not how many good qualities—And Colonel Mackenzie took him in with him to the other two gentlemen: Where, I ſuppoſe, every thing that had paſſed was repeated.

After a while, I was deſired by Colonel Martin, in the name of the gentlemen, to walk in; he himſelf ſitting down in the public room.

They received me with reſpect. I was obliged to hear and ſay a great many things that I had ſaid and heard before: But at laſt two propoſals were made me; either of which, they ſaid, if complied with, would be taken as laying the Captain under a very high obligation.

Poor man! I had compaſſion on him, and cloſed with one of them; declining the other for a reaſon which I did not give to them. To ſay truth, Charlotte, I did not chuſe to promiſe my *intereſt* in behalf of a man, of whoſe merit I was not aſſured, had I been able to challenge any, as perhaps I might by Lord W.'s means; who ſtands well with proper perſons. A man ought to think himſelf, in ſome meaſure, accountable for *warm* recommendations; eſpecially where the public is concerned: And could I give my promiſe, and be cool as to the performance? And I ſhould think myſelf alſo anſwerable to a worthy man, and to every one connected with him, if I were a means of lifting one leſs worthy over his head. I choſe therefore

to

to do that ſervice to him, for which I am reſponſible only to *myſelf*. After I have ſaid this, my ſiſter muſt aſk me no queſtions.

I gave a rough draught, at the captain's requeſt, of the manner in which I would have releaſes drawn. Colonel Martin was deſired to walk in. And all the gentlemen promiſed to bury in ſilence all that had ever come to their knowledge, of what had paſſed between Charlotte Grandiſon and Captain Anderſon.

Let not the mentioning to you theſe meaſures hurt you, my ſiſter. Many young ladies of ſenſe and family have been drawn into ſtill greater inconveniencies than you have ſuffered. Perſons of eminent abilities (I have a very high opinion of my Charlotte's) ſeldom err in *ſmall* points. Moſt young women, who begin a correſpondence with our deſigning ſex, think they can ſtop when they will. But it is not ſo. We and the dark ſpirit that ſets us at work, which we ſometimes miſ-call Love, will not permit you to do ſo. Men and women are devils to one another. They need no other tempter.

All will be compleated to-morrow; and your written promiſe of conſequence given up. I congratulate my ſiſter on the happy concluſion of this affair. You are now your own miſtreſs, and free to chuſe for yourſelf. I ſhould never forgive myſelf, were I, who have been the means of freeing you from one controul, to endeavour to lay you under another. Think not either of Sir Walter, or of Lord G. if your heart declare not in favour of either. You have ſometimes thought me *earneſt in* behalf of Lord G. But I have never ſpoken in his favour, but when you have put me upon anſwering objections to him, which I have thought inſufficient: And indeed, Charlotte, ſome of your objections have been ſo ſlight, that I was ready to believe you put them for the pleaſure of having them anſwered.

My Charlotte need not doubt of admirers, wherever ſhe ſets her foot. And I repeat, that whoever be the man ſhe inclines to favour, ſhe may depend upon the approbation and good offices of

Her ever-affectionate Brother,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER IV.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Friday, March 17.

I SEND you incloſed (to be returned by the firſt opportunity) Sir Charles's letter to his ſiſter, acquainting her with the happy concluſion of the affair between Captain Anderſon and her. Her brother, as you will ſee, acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of his juſtice. O the dear Charlotte! how her pride is piqued at the meanneſs of the man!—But no more of this ſubject, as the letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thouſand thanks for the great pacquet of my letters, juſt ſent me, with a moſt indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two ladies hands, and my lord's, without reſerve, all the letters that reach to the maſquerade affair, from the time of my ſetting out for London; and when they have read thoſe, I have promiſed them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no ſmall earneſtneſs, in peruſing them.

This gives me an opportunity of purſuing my own devices—And what, beſides ſcribbling, do you think one of them is?—A kind of perſecution of Dr Bartlett; by which, however, I ſuſpect, that I myſelf am the greateſt ſufferer. He is an excellent

man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his cloſet; encouraged by his aſſurances of welcome.

Let me ſtop to ſay, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement, ſurrounded by his books, his table generally covered with thoſe on pious ſubjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the ſaint, and inheritor of future glory; and, in that great view, am the more deſirous to cultivate his friendſhip.

And what do you think is our ſubject? Sir Charles, I ſuppoſe, you gueſs—And ſo it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few converſations we have yet had time to hold: But, I do aſſure you, we begin with the ſublimeſt; though I muſt ſay, to my ſhame, that it has not ſo much of my heart at preſent as it once had, and I hope again will one day have—The great and glorious truths of Chriſtianity are this ſubject; which *yet*, from this good Dr Bartlett, warms my heart as often as he enters into it. But this very ſubject, ſublime as it is, brings on the other, as of conſequence: For Sir Charles Grandiſon, without making an oſtentatious pretenſion to religion, is the very Chriſtian in practice that theſe doctrines teach a man to be. Muſt not then the doctrines introduce the mention of a man who endeavours humbly to imitate the divine example? It was upon good grounds he once ſaid, that he muſt one day die, it was matter of no moment to *him*, whether it were to-morrow, or forty years hence.

The ladies had referred me to the doctor himſelf for a more ſatisfactory account than they had given me, how Sir Charles and he firſt came acquainted. I told him ſo, and aſked his indulgence to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he ſaid, the hiſtory of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuenſis, ſhould make me out, from

from that little hiſtory, an account of it, which I might ſhow, he was pleaſed to ſay, to ſuch of my ſelect friends, as I entruſted with the knowledge of my own heart.

I ſhall impatiently expect the abſtract of this little hiſtory; and the more, as the Doctor tells me, there will be included ſome particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his younger life, and of Mr Beauchamp, whom the Doctor ſpeaks of with love, as his patron's deareſt friend, and whom he calls a ſecond Sir Charles Grandiſon.

SEE, my Lucy, the reward of frankneſs of heart! My communicativeneſs has been already encouraged with the peruſal of two letters from the ſame excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom, from early days (as I ſhall be ſoon more particularly informed), he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The Doctor drew himſelf in, however, by reading to Lord L. and the ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: And he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a ſight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other letter, by the very next poſt. He ſays, he can deny me nothing. I wiſh I may not be too bold with him—As for Miſs Grandiſon, ſhe vows, that ſhe will not let the good man reſt till ſhe get him to communicate what he ſhall not abſolutely declare to be a ſecret, to *us* three ſiſters, and my Lord L. If the firſt man, ſhe ſays, could not reſiſt *one* woman, how will the Doctor deal with *three*, not one of them behind-hand with the *firſt* in curioſity? And all loving him, and whom he profeſſes to eſteem? You ſee, Lucy, that Miſs Grandiſon has pretty well got up her ſpirits again.

Juſt now Miſs Grandiſon has related to me a converſation that paſſed between my Lord and La-

dy L. herſelf, and Doctor Bartlett; in which the ſubject was their brother and I. The ladies and my Lord are entirely in my intereſts, and regardful of my punctilio. They roundly told the Doctor, That, being extremely earneſt to have their brother marry, they knew not the perſon living whom they wiſhed to call his wife preferably to Miſs Byron; could they be ſure that I were abſolutely diſengaged. Now, Doctor, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, tell us frankly, What is your opinion of our choice for a more than nominal ſiſter?

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this converſation.

Lord L. Ay, my good Doctor Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.

Dr B. Miſs Byron (I pronounce upon knowledge, for ſhe has more than once, ſince I have been down, done me the honour of entering into very free and ſerious converſations with me) is one of the moſt excellent of women.

And then he went on, praiſing me for ingenuouſneſs, ſeriouſneſs, chearfulneſs, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: And added, Would to heaven that ſhe were neither more nor leſs than Lady Grandiſon!

God bleſs him! thought I—Don't you join, my Lucy, to ſay, at this place, you who love me ſo dearly, God bleſs you, Doctor Bartlett?

Lady L. Well, but, Doctor, you ſay that Miſs Byron talks freely with you; cannot you gather from her, whether ſhe is inclined to marriage? Whether ſhe is abſolutely diſengaged? Lady D. made a propoſal to her for Lord D.; and inſiſted on an anſwer to this very queſtion: That matter is gone off. As our *gueſt*, we would not have Miſs Byron think us impertinent. She is very delicate. And as ſhe is ſo amiably frank-hearted, thoſe things ſhe chuſes not to mention of her own accord, one would not, you know, officiouſly put to her.

This

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think ſo, Lucy? The Doctor, it is evident by his anſwer, did.

Dr B. It is not likely that ſuch a ſubject can ariſe between Miſs Byron and me: And it is ſtrange, methinks, that ladies calling each other ſiſters, ſhould not be abſolutely miſtreſs of this queſtion.

Lord L. Very right, Doctor Bartlett. But ladies will, in theſe points, take a compaſs before they explain themſelves. A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and uprightneſs, ladies, ſhould not be treated with diſtance. We are of opinion, Doctor, that Miſs Byron, ſuppoſing that ſhe is abſolutely diſengaged, could make no difficulty to prefer my brother to all the men in the world. What think you?

Dr B. I have no doubt of it: She thinks herſelf under obligation to him. She is goodneſs itſelf. She muſt love goodneſs. Sir Charles's perſon, his vivacity, his addreſs, his underſtanding—What woman would not prefer him to all the men ſhe ever ſaw? He has met with admirers among the ſex in every nation in which he has ſet his foot [Ah! Lucy!] You, ladies, muſt have ſeen, forgive me (bowing to each), that Miſs Byron has a more than grateful reſpect for your brother.

Miſs Gr. We think ſo, Doctor; and wanted to know if *you* did; and ſo, as my Lord ſays, fetched a little compaſs about; which we ſhould not have done to *you*. But you ſay, That my brother has had numbers of admirers—Pray, Doctor, is there any *one* lady (We imagine there is) that he has preferred to another, in the different nations he has travelled through?

Lord L. Ay, Doctor, we want to know this; and if you thought there were *not*, we ſhould make no ſcruple to explain ourſelves, as well to Miſs Byron as to my brother.

Don't you long to know what anſwer the Doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with

impatience, when Miſs Grandiſon repeated it to me.

The Doctor heſitated—And at laſt ſaid, I wiſh with all my heart Miſs Byron could be Lady Grandiſon.

Miſs Gr. COULD be!—*Could* be, ſaid each!

And COULD be! ſaid the fool to Miſs Grandiſon, when ſhe repeated it, her heart quite ſunk.

Dr B. (ſmiling). You hinted, ladies, that you are not *ſure* that Miſs Byron is abſolutely diſengaged. But, to be open, and above board, I have reaſon to believe, that your brother would be concerned, if he knew it, that you ſhould think of putting ſuch a queſtion as this to any-body but himſelf. Why don't you? He once complained to me, that he was afraid his ſiſters looked upon him as a reſerved man; and condeſcended to call upon me to put him right, if I thought his appearance ſuch as would give you grounds for the ſurmiſe. There are two or three affairs of intricacy that he is engaged in, and particularly one that hangs in ſuſpenſe; and he would not be fond, I believe of mentioning it, till he can do it with certainty: But elſe, ladies, there is not a more frank-hearted man in the world than your brother.

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in paſſing judgment on the actions of others, eſpecially on thoſe of good men, when we want to faſten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their ſuperior worth) to bring them down to our own level!—For are we not all apt to meaſure the merits of others by our own ſtandard, and to give praiſe or diſpraiſe to actions or ſentiments, as they ſquare with our own?

Lord L. Perhaps, Doctor Bartlett, you don't think yourſelf at liberty to anſwer, whether theſe particular affairs are of ſuch a nature, as will interfere with the *hopes* we have of bringing to effect a marriage between my brother and Miſs Byron?

Dr B.

Dr B. I had rather refer to Sir Charles himſelf on this ſubject. If any man in the world deſerves from prudence and integrity of heart to be happy in this life, that man is Sir Charles Grandiſon. But he is not *quite* happy.

Ah, Lucy!—The Doctor proceeded. Your brother, ladies, has often ſaid to me, That there was hardly a man living who had a more ſincere value for the ſex than he had; who had been more diſtinguiſhed by the favour of worthy women; yet, who had paid dearer for that diſtinction than he had done.

Lady L. Paid dearer! Good heaven!

Miſs Gr. How could that be?

Lord L. I always abroad heard the ladies reckon upon Sir Charles as their own man. His vivacity, his perſonal accompliſhments, his politeneſs, his generoſity, his bravery!—Every woman who ſpoke of him put him down for a man of gallantry. And is he not a *truly* gallant man?—I never mentioned it before—But a Lady Olivia, of Florence, was much talked of, when I was in that city, as being in love with the handſome Engliſhman, as our brother was commonly called there—

Lady Olivia! Lady Olivia! repeated each ſiſter; and why did not your Lordſhip?—

Why! becauſe, tho' ſhe was in love with him, he had no thoughts of her: And, as the Doctor ſays, ſhe is but *one* of thoſe who, where-ever he ſet his foot, admired him.

Bleſs me, thought I, what a black ſwan is a good man!—Why, as I have often thought (to the credit of our ſex), will not all the men be good?

Lady L. My Lord, you muſt tell us more of this Lady Olivia.

Lord L. I know very little more of her. She was reputed to be a woman of high quality and fortune, and great ſpirit. I once ſaw her. She is a fine figure

figure of a woman. Dr Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an account of her.

Miſs Gr. Ah, Doctor! What a hiſtory could you give us of our brother, if you pleaſed!—But as there is no likelihood that this lady will be any thing to my brother, let us return to our firſt ſubject.

Lady L. By all means. Pray, Dr Bartlett, do you know what my brother's opinion is of Miſs Byron?

Dr B. The higheſt that man can have of woman.

Lady L. As we are ſo very deſirous to ſee my brother happily married, and think he never could have a woman ſo likely to make him happy, would you adviſe us to propoſe the alliance to him? We would not to *her*, unleſs we thought there were room to hope for his approbation, and that in a very high degree.

Dr B. I am under ſome concern, my dear ladies, to be thought to know more of your brother's heart than ſiſters do, whom he loves ſo dearly, and who equally love him. I beſeech you, give me not ſo much more conſequence with him than you imagine you have yourſelves. I ſhall be afraid, if you do, that the favour I wiſh to ſtand in with you, is owing more to your brother's diſtinction of me than to your own hearts.

Lord L. I ſee not why we may not talk to my brother directly on this head. Whence is it that we are all three inſenſibly drawn in, by each other's example, to this diſtance between him and us?—It is not *his* fault. Did we ever aſk him a queſtion that he did not directly anſwer, and that without ſhewing the leaſt affectation or reſerve?

Miſs Gr. He came over to us all at once ſo perfect, after an eight or nine years abſence, with ſo much power, and ſuch a will to do us good, that we were awed into a kind of reverence for him.

Lady L. Too great obligations from one ſide will indeed create diſtance on the other. Grateful hearts

hearts will always retain a ſenſe of favours heaped upon them.

Dr B. You would give pain to his noble heart, did he think that you put ſuch a value upon what he has done. I do aſſure you, that he thinks he has hardly performed his duty by his ſiſters: And, as occaſions may ſtill offer, you will find he thinks ſo. But let me beg of you to treat him without reſerve or diffidence; and that you would put to him all thoſe queſtions which you would wiſh to be anſwered. You will find him, I dare ſay, very candid, and very explicit.

Miſs Gr. That ſhall be my taſk, when I next ſee him. But, dear Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, communicate to us all that is proper for us to ſee, of the correſpondence that paſſes between him and you.

The Doctor, it ſeems, bowed; but anſwered not.

So you ſee, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great *reaſon* to build ſo much, as my uncle, in his laſt letter, imagines I do, on the intereſt of theſe ladies, and my Lord L. with their brother. *Two or three intricate affairs on his hands:* One of them *ſtill in ſuſpenſe;* of which, for that reaſon, he makes a ſecret: He is not *quite happy: Greatly diſtinguiſhed by the favour of worthy women:* Who would wonder at that?—But *has paid dear for the diſtinction!* —What can one ſay? What can one think? He once ſaid himſelf, that his life was a various life; and that ſome unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of ſuch a man could not ſhield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from *worthy* women too!—That's the wonder!—But is Olivia one of the *worthy* women?—I fancy he muſt deſpiſe us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himſelf with one of a ſex, that has made him pay ſo dear for the general diſtinction he has met with from it. As to his

politeneſs

politeneſs to us, a man may *afford* to ſhew politeneſs to thoſe he has reſolved to keep at a diſtance from his heart.

But ah, Lucy!—There muſt be one happy woman, whom he wiſhes *not* to keep at diſtance. This is the affair that *hangs in ſuſpenſe*; and of which, therefore, he chuſes to ſay nothing.

I HAVE had the pleaſure of a viſit from my godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The ladies, Dr Bartlett, and my Lord L. are charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleaſure. He took me aſide, and charged me *ſo* home—He was *too* inquiſitive. I never knew him to be ſo *very* urgent to know my heart. But I was frank: Very frank: I ſhould hardly have been excuſeable, if I had not, to ſo good a man, and ſo dear a friend. Yet he ſcarce knew how to be ſatisfied with my frankneſs.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I uſed to do. That may very well be. My very *ſoul*, at times—I know not how I am—Sir Charles is in ſuſpenſe too, from ſomebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but ſome faults, ſome great blemiſhes, I fancy I ſhould be eaſier about him. But to hear nothing of him but what is ſo greatly praiſe-worthy, and my heart ſo delighted with acts of beneficence—And now, my godfather Deane, at this viſit running on in his praiſes, and commending, inſtead of blaming me for my preſumptuous thoughts; nay, exalting me, and telling me that I deſerve him—that I deſerve Sir Charles Grandiſon!—Why did he not chide me? Why did he not diſſuade me?—Neither fortune nor merit anſwerable?—A man who knows ſo well what to do with fortune!—The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make! Power could not corrupt ſuch a mind as his. Cæſar, ſaid Dr Bartlett, ſpeaking of him before Mr Deane

Deane and all of us, was not quicker to deſtroy than Sir Charles Grandiſon is to relieve. Emily's eyes, at the time, ran over with joy at the expreſſion; and, drying them, ſhe looked proudly round on us all, as if ſhe had ſaid, This is my guardian!

But what do you think, Lucy? My godfather will have it, that he ſees a young paſſion in Miſs Jervois for her guardian!—God forbid!—A young love may be conquered, I believe; but *who* ſhall caution the innocent girl? She muſt have a ſweet pleaſure in it, creeping, ſtealing upon her. How can ſo unexperienced a heart, the object ſo meritorious, reſiſt or reject the indulgence? But, O my Emily! ſweet girl! do not let your love get the better of your gratitude, leſt it make you unhappy! and, what would be ſtill more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous object of a paſſion that cannot be gratified unhappy; and for *that* very reaſon, becauſe he cannot reward it! See you not already, that, with all his goodneſs, he is not quite happy? He is a ſufferer from *worthy* women!—O my Emily, do not *you* add to the infelicity of a man, who can make but *one* woman happy; yet wiſhes to befriend all the world—But huſh! ſelfiſh adviſer! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet ſhe knew not that he had any previous engagements: And may death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before ſhe become an additional diſturbance to his! He knows not, I hope, he gueſſes not, though Dr Bartlett has found me out as well as the ſiſters, that I am captivated, heart and ſoul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowledge of it would give him the ſhadow of uneaſineſs!

I owned to Mr Deane, that my Lord L. and the ladies were warmly intereſted in my favour. Thank God for that! he ſaid. All muſt happen to his wiſh. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodneſs would be *rewarded* in having ſuch a wife:

But

But what wife can do more than her duty to any huſband who is not abſolutely a ſavage? How then can all I could do *reward* ſuch a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you bluſh for me, on reading this laſt paſſage of my writing? You *may*, ſince I bluſh myſelf on re-peruſing it. For ſhame, Harriet Byron, put a period to this letter!—I will; nor ſubſcribe to it ſo much as the initials of my name.

LETTER V.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

Friday, Mar. 17.

LAST night I ſaw interred the remains of my worthy friend Mr Danby. I had cauſed his two nephews and his niece to be invited: But they did not attend.

As the will was not to be opened till the funeral was over, about which the good man had given me verbal directions; apprehending, I believe, expoſtulations from me, had I known the contents: I ſent to them this morning to be preſent at the opening.

Their attorney, Mr Sylveſter, a man of character and good behaviour, brought me a letter, ſigned by all three, excuſing themſelves on very ſlight pretences, and deſired that *he* might be preſent for them. I took notice to him, that the behaviour of his principals, over-night and now, was neither reſpectful to the memory of their uncle, nor civil with regard to me. He honeſtly owned, that Mr Danby having acquainted his two nephews, a little before he died, that he had made his will, and that

they had very little to expect from him, they, who had been educated by his direction, and made merchants at his expence, with hopes given them, that he would, at his death, do very handſomely for them, and had never diſobliged him, could not be preſent at the opening of a will, the contents of which they expected to be ſo mortifying to them.

I opened it in preſence of this gentleman. The preamble was an angry one; giving reaſons for his reſentment againſt the father of theſe young perſons, who (though his brother) had once, as I hinted to you at Colnebrook, made a very ſhocking attempt upon his life. I was hurt, however, to find a reſentment carried ſo far againſt the innocent children of the offender, and into the laſt will of ſo good a man; that will ſo lately made, as within three weeks of his death; and he given over for three months before.

Will the tenderneſs due to the memory of a friend permit me to aſk, where would that reſentment have ſtopt, had the private man been a monarch, which he could carry into his laſt will?

But ſee we not, on the other hand, that theſe children, had they power, would have puniſhed their uncle, for diſpoſing, as he thought fit, of his own fortune; no part of which came to him by inheritance?

They had been educated, as I have ſaid, at his expence, and, in the phraſe of buſineſs, well put out: Expences their careleſs father would not have been at: He is, in every light, a bad man. How much better had theſe children's title been to a more conſiderable part of their uncle's eſtate than he has bequeathed to them, had they been thankful for the benefits they had actually received! Benefits which are of ſuch a nature, that they cannot be taken from them.

Mr Danby has bequeathed to each of the three,

one thouſand pounds; but on expreſs condition, that they ſignify to his executor, within two months after his demiſe, their acceptance of it, in full of all demands upon his eſtate. If they do not (tender being duly made), the three thouſand pounds are to be carried to the uſes of the will.

He then appoints his executor, and makes him reſiduary legatee; giving for reaſon, that he had been the principal inſtrument in the hand of providence of ſaving his life.

He bequeaths ſome generous remembrances to three of his friends in France; and requeſts his executor to diſpoſe of three thouſand pounds to charitable uſes, either in France or England, as he thinks fit, and to what particular objects he pleaſes.

And, by an inventory annexed to the will, his effects, in money, bills, actions, and jewels, are made to amount to upwards of thirty thouſand pounds ſterling.

Mr Sylveſter complimented me on this great *windfall*, as he called it; and aſſured me, that it ſhould be his advice to his clients, that each take his and her legacy, and ſit down contented with it: And he believed, that they the rather would, as, from what their uncle had hinted, they apprehended, that the ſum of a hundred pounds each was all they had to hope for.

I enquired into the inclinations and views of the three; and received a very good general account of them; with a hint, that the girl was engaged in a love-affair.

Their father, after his vile attempt upon his brother's life, was deteſted by all his friends and relations, and went abroad; and the laſt news they heard of him was, that he was in a very ill ſtate of health, and in unhappy circumſtances in Barbadoes: And very probably by this time is no more.

I desired Mr Sylvester to advise the young people to recollect themselves; and said, that I had a disposition to be kind to them: And as he could give me only general accounts of their views, prospects, and engagements, I wished they would, with marks of confidence in me, give me particular ones: But that, whether they complimented me as I wished or not, I was determined, for the sake of their uncle's memory, to do all reasonable services to them. Tell them, in a word, Mr Sylvester, and do you forgive the seeming vanity, that I am not accustomed to suffer the narrowness of other people's hearts to contract mine.

The man went away very much pleased with what I had said; and, in about two hours, sent me a note, in the names of all his clients, expressing gratitude and obligation; and requesting me to allow him to introduce them all three to me this afternoon.

I have some necessary things to do, and persons to see, in relation to my deceased friend, which will be dispatched over a dish of tea. And therefore I have invited the honest attorney and his three clients to sup with me.

I will not send this to Colnebrook, where I hope you are all happy [all must; for are they not all good? and are not *you* with them?], till I accompany it with the result of this evening's conversation. Yet I am too fond of every occasion that offers to tell you what, however, you cannot doubt, how much I am *yours*, not to sign to that truth the name of

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Friday-Night, March 17.

MR Sylveſter, an honeſt pleaſure ſhining in his countenance, preſented to me, firſt, Miſs Danby; then each of her brothers; who all received my welcome with a little conſciouſneſs as if they had ſomething to reproach themſelves with, and were generouſly aſhamed to be overcome. The ſiſter had the leaſt of it: And I ſaw by that, that ſhe was the leaſt blameable, not the leaſt modeſt; ſince I dare ſay, ſhe had but followed her brothers lead; while they looked down and baſhful, as having all that was done amiſs to anſwer for.

Miſs Danby is a very pretty and very genteel young woman. Mr Thomas and Mr Edward Danby are agreeable in their perſons and manners, and want not ſenſe.

In the firſt moment I diſſipated all their uneaſineſs; and we ſat down together with confidence in each other. The honeſt attorney had prepared them to be eaſy after the firſt introduction.

I offer not to read to you, ſaid I, the will of your uncle. It is ſufficient to repeat what Mr Sylveſter has no doubt told you, that you are each of you intitled by it to a thouſand pounds.

They all bowed; and the elder brother ſignified their united conſent to accept it upon the terms of the will.

Three thouſand pounds more are to be diſpoſed of to charitable uſes, at the diſcretion of the executor: Three other legacies are left to three different gentlemen in France: And the large remainder, which will not be leſs than four and twenty thouſand pounds, falls to the executor, as reſiduary

reſiduary legatee, equally unexpected and undeſired.

The elder brother ſaid, God bleſs you with it, Sir. The ſecond ſaid, It could not have fallen to a worthier man. The young lady's lips moved; but words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes ſhewed, that her lips made me a compliment.

It is ungenerous, Dr Bartlett, to keep expecting minds in ſuſpenſe, though with a view of obliging in the end. The ſurprize intended to be raiſed on ſuch an occaſion, carries in its appearances an air of inſult. I have, ſaid I, a great deſire to do you ſervice. Now let me know, gentlemen (I will talk to the young lady ſingly, perhaps), what your expectations were upon your uncle? what will do for each of you, to enable you to enter the world with advantage, in the way you have been brought up; and, as I told your worthy friend Mr Sylveſter, I will be ready to do you all reaſonable ſervice.—But hold, Sir; for Mr Thomas Danby was going to ſpeak; you ſhall conſider before you anſwer me. The matter is of importance. Be explicit. I love openneſs and ſincerity. I will withdraw till you have conſulted together. Command me in when you have determined.

I withdrew to my ſtudy: And, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. Come, gentlemen, don't fear to ſpeak: Conſider me, for your uncle's ſake, as your brother.

The elder brother was going to ſpeak; but heſitating, Come, ſaid I, let me *lead* you into the matter—Pray, Sir, what is your preſent ſituation? What are your preſent circumſtances?

My father, Sir, was unhappy—My father—

Well, Sir, no more of your father—He *could* do nothing for you. Your whole dependence, I preſume, was upon your uncle.

My uncle, Sir, gave us all our education—My uncle gave each brother a thouſand guineas for putting out each to a merchant; five hundred only of which ſums were ſo employed; and the other five hundred guineas are in ſafe hands.

Your uncle, Sir, all reverence to his memory, was an excellent man.

Indeed, Sir, he was.

And what, Sir, is the buſineſs you were brought up to?

My maſter is a Weſt-India merchant.

And what, Mr Danby, are your proſpects in that way?

Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would have been.—My maſter intended to propoſe to my uncle, had he lived to come to town, to take me in a quarter-partner with him directly; and, in a twelvemonth's time, a half-partner.

A very good ſign in your favour, Sir. You muſt have behaved yourſelf well.——And will he now do it?

Ah! Sir—and was ſilent.

Upon what terms, Mr Danby, would he have propoſed to your uncle to take you in a quarter-partner?

Sir—he talked of—

Of what?

Four thouſand pounds, Sir. But my uncle never gave us hopes of more than three thouſand guineas each, beſides the thouſand he had given: And when he had ſo much reaſon to reſent the unhappy ſteps of my father, he let us know, that he would not do *any-thing* for us: And, to ſay truth, the thouſand pounds left us in the will is more than we expected.

Very ingenuous. I love you for your ſincerity. But, pray, tell me, Will four thouſands pounds be well laid out in a quarter-partnerſhip?

To ſay truth, Sir, my maſter had a view, at the year's

year's end, if nothing unexpected happened to prevent it, to give me his niece in marriage; and then to admit me into a half of the buſineſs, which would be equivalent to a fortune of as much more.

And do you love the young woman?

Indeed I do.

And does ſhe countenance your addreſs?

If her uncle—I don't doubt, if *her* uncle could have prevailed upon *my* uncle—

Well, Sir, I am your uncle's executor. Now Sir, (to Mr Edward Danby), let me know *your* ſituation, *your* proſpects?

Sir, I was put to a French wine-merchant. My maſter is in years. I am the ſole manager of his buſineſs; and he would leave off to me, I believe, and to his nephew, who knows not ſo much of it as I do; nor has the acquaintance, either in France or England, that I have; could I raiſe money to purchaſe half the ſtock.

And what, Sir, is neceſſary for that purpoſe?

O Sir! at leaſt ſix thouſand pounds.—But had my uncle left me the three thouſand I once hoped for, I could have got the other half at an eaſy intereſt; for I am well beloved, and have always borne a good character.

What did you ſuppoſe your uncle would do with the bulk of his fortune (you judged it, I ſuppoſe, to be large), if you expected no more than three thouſand guineas each at the moſt, beſides what he had given you?

We all thought, Sir, ſaid Mr Edward Danby, it would be *yours*, from the time that he owed his life to your courage and conduct. We never entertained hopes of being his heirs general: And he ſeveral times told me, when I was in France, that *you* ſhould be his heir.

He never hinted that to me. What I did was as neceſſary to be done for my own ſafety as for his. He much over-rated my ſervices. But what are your

your proſpects, Mr Edward Danby, in the French wine-trade?

O Sir, very great!—

And will your maſter leave off to you and his nephew, think you?

I dare ſay he would, and be glad of retiring to Enfield, where he has a houſe he is ſo fond of, that he would be continually there by his good will.

And have you, Sir, any proſpect of adding to your circumſtances by marriage?

Women are a drug, Sir. I have no doubt of offers, if once I were my own maſter.

I ſtarted. His ſiſter looked angry. His brother was not pleaſed: Mr Sylveſter, who, it ſeems, is an old bachelor, laughed—

A *true* merchant this already! thought I.

Well, now, ſhall I have your conſents, gentlemen, to take your ſiſter aſide?—Will you truſt yourſelf with me, Miſs Danby? Or had you rather anſwer my queſtions in company?

Sir, your character, your goodneſs, is ſo well known, I ſcruple not to attend you.

I took her hand, and led her to my ſtudy, leaving the door open, to the drawing-room in which they were. I ſeated her. Then ſat down, but ſtill held her hand.

Now, my dear Miſs Danby, you are to ſuppoſe me, as the executor of your uncle, his repreſentative. If you had that good uncle before you, and he was urging you to tell him what would make you happy, with an aſſurance that he would do all in his power towards it; and if you would open your mind freely to him, with equal freedom open it to me. There was only this difference between us: He had reſentments againſt your father, which he carried too far when he extended them to his innocent children [But it was an atrocious attempt, that embittered his otherwiſe benevolent ſpirit]: I have no reſentment: and am armed with his power,

power, and have all the will he ever could have to ſerve you. And now, let me know, what will effectually do it?

The worthy girl wept. She looked down. She ſeemed as if ſhe were pulling threads out of her handkerchief. But was unable to return any other anſwer, than what her eyes, once caſt up, as if to heaven, made for her.

Give me, my good Miſs Danby (I would not diſtreſs you), give me, as your brothers did of *their* ſituation, ſome account of *yours*. Do you live with either of your brothers?

No, Sir. I live with an aunt: My mother's ſiſter.

Is ſhe good to you?

Yes, Sir, very good. But ſhe has children; and cannot be ſo good as ſhe would be to me. Yet ſhe has always been kind; and has made the beſt of my uncle's allowance for my education: And my fortune, which is unbroken, is the ſame ſum that he gave my brothers: And it is in good hands: And the intereſt of it, with my aunt's additional goodneſs and management, enables me to make a genteel figure: And, with my own houſewifery, I never have wanted ſome little matters for my pocket.

Good girl! thought I—Mercantile carle! thy brother Edward, pretty one! How *dared* he to ſay, that women are drugs?—Who in their œconomy, ſhort as their power is, are generally ſuperior to men!

Your uncle is very good to put you upon a foot with your brothers, in his bounty to them; as now he has alſo done in his will: And aſſure yourſelf, that his repreſentative will be equally kind to you as to your brothers. But ſhall I aſk you, as your uncle would have done—Is there any one man in the world whom you prefer to another?

She was ſilent; looked down; and again picked her handkerchief.

I called

I called in her elder brother (not the drug-merchant), and aſked him what he knew of his ſiſter's affections?

Why, my good Dr Bartlett, are theſe women aſhamed of owning a laudable paſſion? Surely there is nothing ſhameful in *diſcreet* love.

Her brother acquainted me with the ſtory of her love; the good girl bluſhing, and looking down all the while, with the conſciouſneſs of a ſweet thief, who had ſtolen a heart, and being required to reſtore it, had been guilty of a new cheat, and given her own inſtead of it.

The ſon of Mr Galliard, an eminent Turkey-merchant, is the man with whom ſhe has made this exchange. His father, who lives in the neighbourhood of her aunt, had ſent him abroad, in the way of his traffick; partly with a view to prevent his marrying Miſs Danby, till it ſhould be ſeen whether her uncle would do any thing conſiderable for her: And he was but juſt returned; and, in order to be allowed to ſtay at home, had promiſed his father never to marry without his conſent: But nevertheleſs loved his ſiſter, Mr Danby ſaid, above all women; and declared that he never would be the huſband of any other.

I aſked, whether the father had any objections, but thoſe of fortune, to his ſon's choice; and was anſwered, No. He *could* have no other, the young man, like a brother, ſaid: There was not a more virtuous and diſcreet young woman in the kingdom than his ſiſter, though he ſaid it, that ſhould not ſay it.

Though you ſay it, that *ſhould* not ſay it! Is not our relation intitled to the ſame juſtice that we would do to another?

We muſt not blame indiſcriminately, continued I, all fathers who expect a fortune to be brought into their family, in ſome meaſure equivalent to the benefit the new-comer hopes to receive from it; eſpecially

cially in mercantile families, if the young man is to be admitted into a ſhare with his father; who, by the way, *may* have other children—

He has—

Something by way of equivalent for the part he gives up, ſhould be done. Love is a ſelfiſh deity. He puts two perſons upon preferring their own intereſts, nay, a gratification of their paſſion often *againſt* their intereſts, to thoſe of every-body elſe; and reaſon, diſcretion, duty, are frequently given up in a competition with it. But love, nevertheleſs, will not do every-thing for the ardent pair. Parents know this: And ought not to pay for the raſhneſs they wiſh to prevent, but cannot.

They were attentive. I proceeded, addreſſing myſelf to both in the mercantile ſtile.

Is a father, who, by his prudence, has weathered many a ſtorm, and got ſafe into port, obliged to reimbark in the voyage of life, with the young folks, who, perhaps, in a little while, will conſider him as an incumbrance, and grudge him his cabin? Parents (though a young man, I have always thought in this manner) ſhould be indulgent; but children, when they put themſelves into one ſcale, ſhould allow the parent his due weight in the other. You are angry at this father, are you not, my dear Miſs Danby?

I ſaid this, to hear what anſwer ſhe would return.

Indeed I am not. Mr Galliard knows beſt his own affairs, and what they require. I have ſaid ſo twenty and twenty times: And young Mr Galliard is convinced, that his father is not to be blamed, having other children. And, to own the truth (looking on the floor), we both ſit down, and wiſh together, now-and-then: But what ſignifies wiſhing?

My ſiſter will now have two thouſand pounds: Perhaps when old Mr Galliard ſees, that his ſon's affections—

Old

Old Mr Galliard, interrupted I, ſhall be aſked to do nothing inconvenient to himſelf, or that is not ſtrictly right by his other children: Nor ſhall the niece of my late worthy friend enter into his family with diſcredit to herſelf.

Notice being given, that ſupper was ready, I took the brother and ſiſter each by the hand; and, entering the drawing-room with them, Enjoy, ſaid I, the little repaſt that will be ſet before you. If it be in my power to make you all three happy, happy you ſhall be.

It muſt give great pleaſure, my dear Dr Bartlett, you will believe, to a man of my lively ſenſations, to ſee three very different faces in the ſame perſons, from thoſe they had entered with. I imagined more than once, as the grateful eyes of the ſiſter, and tongues of the brothers, expreſſed their joy, that I ſaw my late worthy friend looking down upon us, delighted, and not with diſapprobation, upon his choice of an executor, who was determined to ſupply the defects, which the frailty of human nature, by an over-ſtrong reſentment on one hand, and an overflowing gratitude on the other, had occaſioned.

I told Mr Thomas Danby, that, beſides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thouſand pounds, and enter accordingly into treaty for and with his maſter's niece.

Mr Edward Danby I commiſſioned, on the ſtrength of the like additional ſum, to treat with the gentleman he had ſerved.

And you, my good Miſs Danby, ſaid I, ſhall acquaint your favoured Mr Galliard, That, beſides the two thouſand pounds already yours, you will have five thouſand pounds more at his ſervice. And if theſe ſums anſwer not your full purpoſes, I expect you will let me know; ſince, whether they do or not, my reſpect to the memory of your worthy uncle ſhall be ſhewn to the value of more than theſe three

three ſums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be: And you muſt inform me what other relations you have, and of their different ſituations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will made in a long and painful ſickneſs, which might ſour a diſpoſition that was naturally all benevolence.

They wept; looked at one another; dried their eyes, and wept again. I thought my preſence painful to them, and withdrew to my ſtudy; and ſhut the door, that I might not add to their pain.

At my return—Do you—Do you, referred each brother to the other: And Mr Thomas Danby getting up to ſpeak, I ſee, my friends, ſaid I, your grateful hearts in your countenances. Do you think my pleaſure is not, at leaſt, equal to yours? I am *more* than rewarded in the conſciouſneſs of having endeavoured to make a right uſe of the power entruſted to me. You will, each of you, I hope (thus ſet forward), be eminent in his particular buſineſs. The merchants of Great Britain are the moſt uſeful members of the community. If I have obliged you, let me recommend to you, each in his ſeveral way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raiſe thoſe worthy hearts, that inevitable calamities ſhall make ſpiritleſs. Look upon what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourſelves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes it a principal part of your religion, To do good to your fellow-creatures. In a word, let me enjoin you, in all your tranſactions to *remember mercy* as well as *juſtice*.

The brothers with folded hands, declared, that their hearts were opened by the example ſet them; and, they hoped, would never be ſhut. The ſiſter *looked* the ſame declaration.

Mr Sylveſter, raiſed with this ſcene of gratitude, tears in his honeſt eyes, ſaid, That he ſhould be

impatient till he had looked into his affairs, and through his acquaintance, in order to qualify himſelf to do ſome little good, after ſuch a *ſelf-rewarding* example.

If a private man, my dear Dr Bartlett, could be a means of expanding thus the hearts of four perſons, none of them unworthy, what good might not princes, and thoſe who have princely fortunes, do?—Yet, you ſee, I have done nothing but mere juſtice. I have not given up any-thing that was my own, before this will gave me a power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

But what poor creatures are we, my dear friend, that the very avoiding the occaſion of a wrong action ſhould gladden our hearts, as with the conſciouſneſs of ſomething meritorious?

At parting, I told the nephews, that I expected to hear from them the moment any-thing ſhould be brought to effect; and let their maſters and them agree or not, I would take the ſpeedieſt methods that could be fallen upon to transfer to them, and to their ſiſter, ſuch actions and ſtocks, as would put them in full poſſeſſion of what they were intitled to, as well by my promiſe, as by their uncle's will.

I was obliged to enjoin them ſilence.

Their ſiſter wept; and when I preſſed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the preſſure; but in a manner ſo modeſt (recollecting herſelf into ſome little confuſion) that ſhewed gratitude had poſſeſſion of her whole heart, and ſet her above the forms of her ſex.

The good attorney, as much raiſed as if he were one of the perſons benefited, joined with the two brothers in invoking bleſſings upon me.

So much, my dear Dr Bartlett, for this night. The paſt day is a day that I am not diſpleaſed with.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Dr BARTLETT, *To Miſs* BYRON.

March 18.

I Preſent to you, madam, the account you deſired to ſee, as extracted by my kinſman from my papers. You ſeemed to wiſh it to be haſtened for you: It is not what it might have been; but mere facts, I preſume, will anſwer your intention. Be pleaſed, therefore, to accept it with your uſual goodneſs.

"DR Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; Mr Lorimer, I am to call him, to conceal his real name. He was the very reverſe of young Mr Grandiſon. He was not only rude and ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even baſe.

"The Doctor was exceedingly averſe to take upon him the change of the wicked youth abroad; having had too many inſtances of the badneſs of his nature while in England: But he was prevailed upon by the ſolicitations of his father (who repreſented it as an act of the greateſt charity to him and his family), as well as by the ſolemn promiſes of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to regard the advice of Dr Barlett more than that of any other perſon.

"The Doctor and Mr Lorimer were at Turin, when young Mr Grandiſon (who had been ſome months in France) for the firſt time arrived in that city; then in the eighteenth year of his age.

"Dr Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil than Mr Grandiſon had a governor; though recommended by General W. his uncle by the mother's ſide. It uſed to be obſerved in places where they made but a few days' reſidence, that the young

gentleman ought to have been the governor, Monſieur Creutzer the governed. Mr Grandiſon had, in ſhort, the happineſs, by his prudence, to eſcape ſeveral ſnares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to ſilence the remonſtrances of the young man upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

"Mr Grandiſon became acquainted with Dr Bartlett at Turin: Monſieur Creutzer at the ſame time commenced an intimacy with Mr Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad.

"Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer, who, whatever the Doctor could do to ſeparate them, were hardly ever aſunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognizance of the civil magiſtrate; and was not made eaſy to Lorimer without great intereſt and expence: While Creutzer fled to Rome, to avoid condign puniſhment; and wrote to Mr Grandiſon to join him there.

"Then it was, that Mr Grandiſon wrote (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do) to repreſent to his father the profligacy of the man; and to requeſt him to appoint him another governor, or to permit him to return to England till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr Bartlett, that he would allow him, till he had an anſwer from his father, to apply to him for advice and inſtruction.

"The anſwer of his father was, That he heard of his prudence from every mouth; that he was at liberty to chuſe what *companion* he pleaſed; but that he gave him no *governor* but his own diſcretion.

"Mr Grandiſon then, more earneſtly than before, and with an humility and diffidence ſuited to his natural generoſity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, beſought the Doctor's direction: And when they were obliged to ſeparate, they eſtabliſhed

bliſhed a correſpondence, which never will end but with the life of one of them.

" Mr Grandiſon laid before the Doctor all his plan; ſubmitting his conduct to him, as well with regard to the proſecution of his ſtudies, as to his travels: But they had not long correſponded in this manner, when the Doctor let him know, that it was needleſs to conſult him *aforehand*; and the more ſo, as it often occaſioned a ſuſpenſion of excellent reſolutions: But he beſought him to continue to him an account of all he undertook, of all he performed, and of every material incident of his life; not only as his narrations would be matter of the higheſt entertainment to him; but as they would furniſh him with leſſons from example, that might be of greater force upon the unhappy Lorimer, than his own precepts.

" While Lorimer was paſſing thro' but a few of the cities in Lombardy, Mr Grandiſon made almoſt the tour of Europe; and yet gave himſelf time to make ſuch remarks upon perſons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the obſervations of ſo young a man. Lorimer, mean time, was engaged in ſhews, ſpectacles, and in the diverſions of the places in *which he lived*, as it might be ſaid, rather than *through which he paſſed*.

" The Doctor, at one time, was the more patient with theſe delays, as he was willing that the carnival at Venice ſhould be over, before he ſuffered his pupil to go to that city. But Lorimer, ſuſpecting his intention, ſlipt thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it; and the Doctor was forced to follow him: And when there, had the mortification of *hearing* of him (for the young man avoided his governor as much as poſſible) as one of the moſt riotous perſons there.

" In vain did the Doctor, when he ſaw his pupil, ſet before him the example of Mr Grandiſon, a much younger man. All the effect which the read-

ing of Mr Grandiſon's letters had upon him, was to make him hate the more both his governor and that gentleman. By one of theſe letters only, did he do himſelf temporary credit. It was written ſome months before it was ſhewn him, and deſcribed ſome places of note thro' which Mr Grandiſon had paſſed, and thro' which the Doctor and his charge had alſo more lately paſſed. The mean creature contrived to ſteal it, and his father having often urged for a ſpecimen of his ſon's obſervations on his travels, he copied it almoſt verbatim, and tranſmitted it as his own to his father; only letting the Doctor know, after he had ſent it away, that he had written.

"The Doctor doubted not but Lorimer had expoſed himſelf; but was very much ſurpriſed, when he received a congratulatory letter from the father on his ſon's improvements, mingled with ſome little aſperity on the Doctor, for having ſet out his ſon to his diſadvantage: "I could not doubt," ſaid the fond father, "that a ſon of mine had genius: "He wanted nothing but to apply."—And then he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

"The Doctor took the young gentleman to taſk about it. He owned what he had done, and gloried in his contrivance. But his governor thought it incumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and to ſave him the extraordinary part of his remittance.

"The young man was enraged at the Doctor, for *expoſing* him, as he called it, to his father, and for the check he was continually giving to his lawleſs appetites; and falling into acquaintance with a courtezan, who was infamous for ruining many young travellers by her ſubtile and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a reſolution to revenge themſelves on the Doctor, whom they conſidered as their greateſt enemy.

"Several

"Several projects they fell upon: One in particular was to accuſe him, by a third hand, as concerning himſelf with affairs of ſtate in Venice: A crime, which in that jealous republic, is never overlooked, and generally ends fatally for the accuſed; who, if ſeized, is hardly ever heard of afterwards. From this danger he narrowly eſcaped, by means of his general good character, and remarkable inoffenſiveneſs, and the profligacy of his accuſers: Nor knew he his danger till many months afterwards. The Doctor believes, that he fared the better for being an Engliſhman, and the governor to the ſon of a Britiſh nobleman, who made ſo conſiderable a figure in England; becauſe the Italians in general reap ſo much advantage from the travellers of this nation, that they are ready to favour and encourage them above thoſe of any other.

"The Doctor had been very ſolicitous to be acquitted of his ungracious charge. In every letter he wrote to England, this was one of his prayers: But ſtill the father, who knew not what to do with his ſon at home, had beſought his patience; and wrote to his ſon in the ſtrongeſt terms, after reproaching him for his ungraciouſneſs, to pay an implicit obedience to the Doctor.

"The father was a learned man. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer to make him know ſomething of the antient Greek and Roman hiſtories. The father was *very* deſirous that his ſon ſhould ſee the famous places of old Greece, of which he himſelf had read ſo much: And with great difficulty, the Doctor got the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diverſions of the place, had taken ſcandalous hold of him.

"Athens was the city at which the father had deſired they would make ſome ſtay; and from thence viſit other parts of the Morea: And there the

the young man found his woman got before him, according to private agreement between them.

"It was ſome time before the Doctor found out, that the very woman who had acted ſo abandoned a part with Lorimer at Venice, was his miſtreſs at Athens: and when he did, he applied, on ſome freſh enormities committed by Lorimer, to the tribunal which the Chriſtians have there, conſiſting of eight quarters of the city, to determine cauſes among Chriſtians; and they taking cognizance of the facts, the wicked woman ſuborned wretches to accuſe the Doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkiſh judge of the place, as a dangerous and diſaffected perſon; and the Cadi being, as it was ſuppoſed, corrupted by preſents, got the Vayvode or governor to interfere; and the Doctor was ſeized, and thrown into priſon: His Chriſtian friends in the place were forbidden to interpoſe in his favour; and pen and ink, and all acceſs to him were prohibited.

"The vile woman having concerted meaſures with the perſons ſhe had ſuborned for continuing the Doctor in his ſevere confinement, ſet out with her paramour for Venice; and there they rioted as before.

"Mr Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, happened to make an acquaintance with Mr Grandiſon in the iſland of Candia, where they met as countrymen, which, from a ſympathy of mind, grew immediately into an intimacy that will hardly ever end. This young gentleman, in the courſe of his travels, viſiting Athens about this time, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, by one of the eight Chriſtians who conſtituted the tribunal above mentioned, and who was an affectionate friend of the Doctor, though forbidden to buſy himſelf in his cauſe: And Mr Beauchamp (who had heard Mr Grandiſon ſpeak of the Doctor with an uncommon affection) knowing that Mr Grandiſon

Grandiſon was then at Conſtantinople, diſpatched a man on purpoſe to acquaint him with the affair, and with all the particulars he could get of the caſe, authenticated as much as the nature of the thing would admit.

"Mr Grandiſon was equally grieved and aſtoniſhed at the information. He inſtantly applied to the Engliſh ambaſſador at the Porte, as alſo to the French miniſter there, with whom he had made an acquaintance: They to the grand vizir: And an order was iſſued for ſetting the Doctor at liberty. Mr Grandiſon, in order to urge the diſpatch of the Chiaux, who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at Athens, juſt as the Vayvode had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the Doctor's finances being exhauſted), by the bow-ſtring. The danger endeared the Doctor to Mr Grandiſon; a relief ſo ſeaſonable endeared Mr Grandiſon to the Doctor; to them *both* Mr Beauchamp, who would not ſtir from Athens till he had ſeen him delivered; having buſied himſelf in the interim, in the beſt manner he could (though he was obliged to uſe caution and ſecrecy), to do him ſervice, and to ſuſpend the fatal blow.

"Here was a cement to a friendſhip (that had been begun between the young gentlemen from likeneſs of manners) between them and the Doctor, whom they have had the goodneſs ever ſince to regard as their father: And to this day it is one of the Doctor's delights to write to his worthy ſon Beauchamp all that he can come at, relating to the life and actions of a man whom the one regards as an example, the other as an honour to the human race.

"It was ſome time before the Doctor knew for certain, that the ungracious Lorimer had been conſenting to the ſhocking treatment he had met with; for the wretches whom the vile woman had ſuborned

ned had made their eſcape from Athens before the arrival of Mr Grandiſon and the Chiaux; the flagitious youth had written to his father, in terms of the deepeſt ſorrow, an account of what had befallen his governor; and his father had taken the beſt meaſures that could be fallen upon at ſo great a diſtance, for the Doctor's ſuccour and liberty: But, in all probability, he would have been loſt before thoſe meaſures could have taken effect.

"Lorimer's father, little thinking that his ſon had connived at the plot formed againſt his governor, beſought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his ſon to his own devices. The Doctor, as little thinking then that Lorimer had been capable of a baſeneſs ſo very villainous, in compaſſion both to father and ſon, went to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman, and then to Rome: But there, the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courſes, became at laſt a ſacrifice to his diſſoluteneſs; and his death was a deliverance to his family, to the Doctor, and to the earth.

On his death-bed he confeſſed the plot, which the infamous courtezan had meditated againſt the Doctor at Venice, as well as his connivance at that which ſhe had carried into execution at Athens. He died in horror not to be deſcribed; begging for longer life, and promiſing reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confeſſed himſelf guilty of, by the inſtigation of the moſt abandoned of women, beſides thoſe committed againſt his governor, ſo ſhocked and grieved the Doctor, that he fell ill, and his recovery was long doubted of.

"Mean time Mr Grandiſon viſited ſome parts of Aſia and Africa, Egypt particularly; correſponding all the time with Dr Bartlett, and allowing the correſpondence to paſs into the hands of Mr Beauchamp,

Beauchamp, as he did that which he held with Mr Beauchamp, to be communicated to the Doctor.

"When Mr Grandiſon returned to Italy, finding there his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr Beauchamp in that part of his tour into ſome of the eaſtern regions, which he himſelf had been particularly pleaſed with, and, as he ſaid, wanted to be more particularly informed of: And *therefore* inſiſted, that it ſhould be taken at his own expence. He knew that Mr Beauchamp had a ſtep-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his travels.

"Mr Beauchamp very reluctantly complied with the condition ſo generouſly impoſed on him by his beloved friend; another of whoſe arguments was, that ſuch a tour would be the moſt likely means to eſtabliſh the health of a man equally dear to both.

"Mr Grandiſon never was at a loſs for arguments to keep in countenance the perſons whom he benefited; and to make the acceptance of his favours appear not only to be their duty, but an obligation laid on himſelf.

"Mr Grandiſon himſelf, when the two gentlemen ſet out on their tour, was engaged in ſome affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him great embarraſſment.

"Dr Bartlett and Mr Beauchamp viſited the principal iſlands of the Archipelago: After which, the Doctor left the young gentleman purſuing his courſe to Conſtantinople, with intent to viſit ſome parts of Aſia, and took the opportunity of a veſſel that was bound for Leghorn to return thither.

"His health was happily eſtabliſhed: and, knowing that Mr Grandiſon expected the long deſired call from his father to return to England, and that it was *likely* that he could be of uſe to his ward Miſs Jervois,

Jervois, and her affairs, in her guardian's abſence, he was the more deſirous to return to Italy.

"Mr Grandiſon rejoiced at his arrival: And ſoon after ſet out for Paris, in order to attend there the expected call; leaving Emily, in the interim, to his care.

"Lorimer's father did not long ſurvive his ſon. He expreſſed himſelf in his laſt hours highly ſenſible of the Doctor's care of his unhappy boy; and earneſtly deſired his lady to ſee him handſomely rewarded for his trouble. But not making a will, and the lady having, by her early over-indulgence, ruined the morals of her child (never ſuffering him to be either corrected or chidden, were his enormities ever ſo flagrant), ſhe bore a ſecret grudge to the Doctor for his honeſt repreſentations to her lord of the young man's immoralities: And not even the interpoſition of a Sir Charles Grandiſon has hitherto been able to procure the leaſt acknowledgment to the Doctor, though the loſs as well of his reputation as life, might have been the conſequence of the faithful ſervices he had endeavoured to render to the profligate youth, and in him to the whole family."

LETTER VIII.

Dr BARTLETT. *In Continuation.*

[*Incloſing the preceding.*]

THUS far, dear Miſs Byron (delight of every one who is ſo happy as to know you!) reach my kinſman's extracts from my papers. I will add ſome particulars in anſwer to your enquiries about Mr Beauchamp, if writing of a man I ſo greatly love, I can write but a few.

Mr

Mr Beauchamp is a fine young man in his perſon: When I call him a ſecond Sir Charles Grandiſon, you and the ladies, and my Lord L. will conceive a very high idea of his underſtanding, politeneſs, and other amiable qualities. He is of an antient family. His father, Sir Harry Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and keeps him abroad equally againſt both their wills; eſpecially againſt Mr Beauchamp's, now his beloved friend is in England. This is done to humour an imperious, vindictive woman, who, when a widow, had caſt her eye upon the young gentleman for a huſband; imagining, that her great wealth (her perſon not diſagreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was unknown to the father; who made his addreſſes to her much about the time that Mr Beauchamp had given an abſolute denial (perhaps with too little ceremony) to an overture made to him by a friend of hers. This enraged her. She was reſolved to be revenged on him, and knowing him to be abſolutely in his father's power as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's addreſſes; and on her obtaining ſuch terms as in a great meaſure put both father and ſon in her power, ſhe married Sir Harry.

She ſoon gained an abſolute aſcendant over her huſband. The ſon, when his father firſt made his addreſſes to her, was allowed to ſet out on his travels with an appointment of 600 *l.* a-year. She never reſted till ſhe had got 400 *l.* a-year to be ſtruck off; and the remaining 200 *l.* were ſo ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greateſt difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly aſſiſtance of Mr Grandiſon.

Yet it is ſaid, that this lady is not deſtitute of ſome good qualities, and in caſes where the *ſon* is not the ſubject, behaves very commendably to Sir Harry: But being a managing woman, and Sir Harry loving his eaſe, ſhe has made herſelf his re-

ceiver and treaſurer; and by that means has put it out of his power to act as paternally by his ſon as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

The lady and Sir Harry both, however, profeſs to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandiſon, from the letters Mr Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general report in his favour: And on this, as well I as Mr Beauchamp found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by ſome unſuſpected way, can make himſelf perſonally acquainted with the lady, he will be able to induce her to conſent to her ſon-in-law's recal; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no iſſue by this marriage; whoſe intereſt might ſtrengthen the lady's animoſity.

Mr Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will pay all due reſpect to his father's wife, and, as ſuch, treat her as his mother, if ſhe will conſent to his return to his native country; but declares, that he would ſtay abroad all his life, rather than his father ſhould be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over againſt the conſent of ſo high-ſpirited a woman. In the mean time he propoſes to ſet out from Vienna, where he now is, for Paris, to be near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks can manage any point he undertakes (and who in this will be ſeconded by his father's love), can prevail with his mother-in-law.

I long, ladies, to have you all acquainted with this other excellent young man. You, Miſs Byron, I am ſure, in particular, will admire Sir Charles Grandiſon's, and my Beauchamp: Of ſpirit ſo manly, yet of manners ſo delicate; I end as I began; he is a ſecond Sir Charles Grandiſon.

I ſhall think myſelf, ladies, very happy, if I can find it in my power to oblige you, by any communications you would wiſh to be made you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L.

Lord

Lord L. and Miſs Grandiſon, to throw off all reſerves to the moſt affectionate of brothers. He will have none to you, in caſes which he knows will give you pleaſure: And if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint you with ſome certain affairs, it is becauſe the iſſue of them is yet hidden from himſelf.

As to lady Olivia, mentioned to you by good Lord L. ſhe never can be more to my patron than ſhe now is.

Allow me to be, my good Miſs Byron, with a true paternal affection,

Your admirer and humble ſervant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Subjoined in a ſeparate paper, by Miſs BYRON *to her* LUCY.

HOW is this, Lucy? Let me collect ſome of the contents of theſe letters. "If Sir Charles "forbear, of his own accord, to acquaint his ſiſ- "ters with ſome certain affairs"—"Iſſue hidden "from himſelf." "Engaged in ſome affair at Bo- "logna and Florence, that embarraſs him"—[*Is*, or *was* ſo engaged, means the Doctor?] "Sir "Charles not reſerved; yet reſerved."—How is all this, Lucy?

But does the Doctor ſay, "That I ſhall particularly admire Mr Beauchamp?"—What *means* the Doctor by that?—But he cannot affront me ſo much as to mean any thing but to ſhow his own love to the worthy young man. The Doctor longs for us to ſee him: If I do ſee him, he muſt come quickly: For ſhall I not ſoon return to my laſt, my beſt refuge, the arms of my indulgent grandmamma and aunt?—I ſhall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any ſpite in you? Are you capable of malice—*deadly* malice?—If you are, ſit down, and wiſh the perſon you hate to be in love with a man (I muſt, it ſeems, ſpeak out) whom ſhe thinks, and every body knows, to be ſuperior to herſelf, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune; and be doubtful (far, far worſe is *doubtful* than *ſure!*) among ſome faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return—Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean—Don't let me ſpeak out.

But one word more—Don't you think the Doctor's compliment at the beginning of this letter a little particular?—"Delight of EVERY ONE "who is ſo happy as to know you." Charming words!—But are they, or are they not officiouſly inſerted?—Am I the delight of Sir Charles Grandiſon's heart? Does *he* not know *me?*——Weak, ſilly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron!—Be gone, paper—mean confeſſion of my conjecturing folly—Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half through, as you'll ſee, in anger at myſelf; but I will ſtitch it to the Doctor's letter, to be taken off by you, and to be ſeen by nobody elſe.

LETTER IX.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Saturday, March 18.

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a ſanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities of actions, which in others we ſhould have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a miſleader; an idol, at whoſe ſhrine we ſometimes offer up our ſincerity; but, in that caſe, it ſhould be called *Indelicacy*.

Nothing

Nothing, ſurely, can be delicate that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: Yet how was I pleaſed with Lord and Lady L, and Miſs Grandiſon, for endeavouring to paſs me off to good Dr Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known; and would ſo remain, till the gentleman had diſcovered his.

And are there ſome ſituations in which a woman muſt conceal her true ſentiments? In which it would be thought immodeſty to ſpeak out?—Why was I born with a heart ſo open and ſincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has ſaid in his letter relating to the Danbys, ſhould women be blamed for owning modeſtly a paſſion for a worthy and ſuitable object? Is it, that they will not ſpeak out, leaſt, if their wiſhes ſhould not be crowned with ſucceſs by *one* man, they ſhould deprive themſelves of the chance to ſucceed with *another*? Do they not propoſe to make the man they love happy?—And is it a crime to acknowledge that they are ſo well diſpoſed to a *worthy* object? A *worthy* object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleneſs is there in the cuſtom that compels us to be inſincere? And ſuppoſe we do not ſucceed with a firſt object, ſhall we cheat a future lover with the notion that *he* was the firſt?

Hitherto I had acted with ſome ſelf-approbation: I told Mr Greville, Mr Fenwick, Mr Orme, Mr Fowler, that I had not ſeen the man to whom I could wiſh to give my hand at the altar: But when I found my heart engaged, I was deſirous Lady D. ſhould know that it was. But yet, miſled by this ſame notion of delicacy, I could think myſelf obliged to the two ſiſters, and my lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr Bartlett: When the right meaſure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he

was not commiſſioned to give; or, if he had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not to have put on diſguiſes to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit and of the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honeſt girl upon approving of ſuch tricks?—Begone, Love! I baniſh thee, if thou wouldeſt corrupt the ſimplicity of that heart which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: For what do you think?——Miſs Grandiſon had (by ſome means or other, ſhe would not tell me how), in Dr Bartlett's abſence on a viſit to one of the canons of Windſor, got at a letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his deſk.

Here, Harriet, ſaid ſhe, is the letter ſo lately brought, not perhaps quite honeſtly come at, from my brother to Dr Bartlett (holding it out to me). You are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you ſo far partake of my fault as to read it firſt?

O Miſs Grandiſon! ſaid I: And *am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the peruſal of it. And held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it: But (immediately recollecting myſelf) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honeſt?—Take it again; I will not partake of your fault——But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me ſo? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the firſt paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the firſt paragraph.

Tempter, ſaid I, how can you wiſh me to imitate our firſt pattern! And down I ſat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away, while yet I am innocent!—Dear Miſs Grandiſon, don't give me cauſe for ſelf-reproach. I will not partake of your *acknowledged* fault.

She

She read a line or two, and then ſaid, Shall I read farther, Harriet? The very next word is your name.

I will—

No, no, no, ſaid I, putting my fingers to my ears.—Yet, had you come honeſtly by it, I ſhould have longed to read it—By what means—

Why, if people will leave their cloſet-doors open, let them take the conſequence.

If people will do ſo—But was it ſo? And yet, if it was, would *you* be willing to have your letters looked into?

Well then, I will carry it back—Shall I? (holding it out to me) Shall I, Harriet?—I will put it where I had it—Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archneſs in her looks.

Only tell me, Miſs Grandiſon, is there any thing in it that you think your brother would not have us ſee?—But I am ſure there is, or the obliging Dr Bartlett, who has ſhewn us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have ſeen this letter for half I am worth! O Harriet! there are *ſuch* things in it —Bologna! Paris! Grandiſon-hall!

Begone, Syren! Letters are ſacred things. Replace it?—Don't you own that you came not honeſtly by it—And yet—

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curioſity ſhe had raiſed: But, recollecting myſelf, Begone, ſaid I; carry back the letter: I am afraid of myſelf.

Why, Harriet, here is one paſſage, the contents of which you muſt be acquainted with in a very little while—

I will not be tempted, Miſs Grandiſon. I will ſtay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But

But you may be ſurpriſed, Harriet, at the time, and know not what anſwer to give it.—You had as good read it.—Here, take it.—Was there ever ſuch a ſcrupulous creature?—It is about you and Emily.—

About me and Emily! O Miſs Grandiſon! What *can* there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between aſking me about the contents, and reading them?—But I tell you.—

No, you ſhall not: I will not hear the contents. I never will aſk you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother? Let you and me, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You ſhall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be ſo uſed myſelf.

Such praiſes did I never hear of woman!—Oh, Harriet!—Such praiſes.—

Praiſes, Charlotte!—From your brother?—O this curioſity! the firſt fault of our firſt parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to aſk queſtions, laugh at me, and welcome: But I beſeech you, anſwer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the letter, and do not ſeek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet!—But let me aſk you, Are you willing, as a third ſiſter, to take Emily into your guardianſhip, and carry her down with you into Northamptonſhire?——Anſwer me that.

Ah! Miſs Grandiſon! And is there ſuch a propoſal as that mentioned?—But anſwer me not, I beſeech you. Whatever propoſal is intended to be made me, let it be made: It will be too ſoon whenever that is, if it be a diſagreeable one.

But let me ſay, madam (and tears were in my eyes), that I will not be treated with indignity by the beſt man on earth. And while I can refuſe to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myſelf

(you

(you are a ſiſter, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear), I have a title to act with ſpirit, when occaſion calls for it.

My dear, you are ſerious—Twice *madam* in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to *hear* that paſſage read which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourſelf.

And ſhe was looking for it; I ſuppoſe intending to read it to me.

No, Miſs Grandiſon, ſaid I, laying my ſpread hand upon the letter; I will neither read it, nor hear it read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occaſion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myſelf of the conſciouſneſs of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot—Excuſe me, madam.

I went to the door and was opening it—when ſhe ran to me—Dear creature! you are angry with me: But how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the beſt man in it! Only ſay, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you ſay, that you came not honeſtly by that letter, and yet forgive yourſelf? But, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, inſtantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if, in a future hour of weakneſs, you ſhould find me deſirous to know any of the contents of a paper ſo naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: And if I had all the information it would have given me, could never have recompenſed me for what I ſhould have ſuffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you ſhame me! I will replace the letter. And I promiſe you, that if I

cannot

cannot forget the contents of it myſelf (and yet they are glorious to my brother), I will never mention any of them to you; unleſs the letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the ſiſterly embrace. We ſeparated; ſhe retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the letter; I at the other, to re-conſider all that had paſſed on the occaſion. And I hope I ſhall love her the better for taking ſo kindly a behaviour ſo contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my eſcape from my curioſity? I am ſure my grandmamma, and my aunt, will be pleaſed with their girl. Yet it was a hard ſtruggle, I own: In the ſuſpenſe I am in; a very hard ſtruggle. But though wiſhes will play about my heart, that I knew ſuch of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleaſed that I yielded not to the temptation, than I ſhould have been if I had. And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the ſuperiority this lady aſcribes to me over herſelf, whom ſo lately I thought greatly my ſuperior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since, if I had conſidered only rules of policy, I ſhould have been utterly wrong had I yielded to the temptation: For what uſe could I have made of any knowledge I might have obtained by this means? If any propoſal is to be made me, of what nature ſoever, it muſt, in that caſe, have appeared to be quite new to me: And what an affectation muſt that have occaſioned, what diſſimulation in your Harriet!—And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under ſuch trials as might have ariſen from a knowledge ſo faultily obtained?

And had I been diſcovered, had I given cauſe of ſuſpicion either to Dr Bartlett or Sir Charles, I ſhould have appeared as the principal in the fact;

It

It would have been mean to accuſe Miſs Grandiſon, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And ſhould I not have caſt a ſtar upon that curioſity which Dr Bartlett before had not refuſed to gratify, as well as ſhut myſelf out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very poſſible, beſides, that, unuſed as I have been to artifice and diſguiſe, I ſhould have betrayed myſelf, eſpecially had I found any of the contents of the letter very affecting.

Thus you ſee, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, juſtifies me: And in this particular I am a happy girl.

Miſs Grandiſon has juſt now told her ſiſter what paſſed between us. Lady L. ſays, ſhe would not have been Miſs Grandiſon, in taking the letter, by what means ſoever come at; for how, ſaid ſhe, did I know what ſecrets there might be in it before I read it? But I think verily, when it had been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miſs Byron.

And ſhe threw her arms about me: Dear creature, ſaid ſhe, you *muſt* be Lady Grandiſon—

Muſt! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: She *ſhall.*

Miſs Grandiſon talked to Lady L. of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: Of a viſit he is ſoon to make to Grandiſon-hall; and ſhe to go with him on a tour to Paris, in order to ſettle ſome matters relating to the will of his late friend Mr Danby—

Well, Lucy, my time in town is haſtening to its period. Why am I not reminded, that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able to carry down with her the heart ſhe brought up? And yet, to go down to ſuch dear friends without it; what an ungrateful ſound has that!

Miſs

Miſs Grandiſon began to talk of other ſubjects relating to her brother, and that greatly to his praiſe. I could have heard all ſhe had to ſay with infinite pleaſure. I *do* love to hear him praiſed. But, as I doubted not but theſe ſubjects aroſe from the letter ſo ſurreptitiouſly obtained, I reſtrained myſelf, and withdrew.

OF what a happy temper is Miſs Grandiſon! She was much affected with the ſcene that paſſed between us; but all is over with her already. One leſſon upon her harpſichord ſets every thing right with her. She has been rallying Lord L. with as much life and ſpirit as if ſhe had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the letter which ſhe got at diſhoneſtly, as ſhe owned, what a poor figure ſhould I have made in my own eyes for a month to come!

But did ſhe not as ſoon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of Captain Anderſon's affair? How unmercifully did ſhe rally me within a few hours after!—Yet, ſhe has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakneſs to look without abatement of affection on thoſe faults in one perſon which we ſhould hold utterly inexcuſable in another? In Miſs Grandiſon's caſe, however, don't ſay it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet ſhe has within theſe few minutes owned, that ſhe thought the ſtep ſhe had taken a faulty one, before ſhe came to me with the letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what ſhe had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occaſion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curioſity was more for my ſake than her own? No motive of friendſhip, you will ſay, can juſtify a wrong action—Why no, Lucy; that is very true; but if you knew Miſs Grandiſon, you would love her dearly.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

[*The letter which Miſs Byron refuſed to read, or hear read.*]

Friday Night, March 17.

I HOPE my Lord L. and my ſiſters will be able to make Colnebrook ſo agreeable to Miſs Byron, that I may have the pleaſure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; *and muſt not be denied*, was a part of his meſſage, brought me by Halden his ſteward, who ſays, that his lordſhip has ſomething of conſequence to conſult me upon.

When, my dear friend, ſhall I find time for myſelf? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my *three* ſiſters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happineſs of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myſelf.

I have a letter from Bologna: From the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more viſit there. She tells me, that the biſhop ſaid in her hearing, it would be *kind* if I would. Were ſuch a viſit to be requeſted *generally*, and it were likely to be of ſervice, you may believe that I would chearfully make it.

I ſhould go for a fortnight at leaſt to Grandiſon-hall. Burgeſs has let me know, that the workmen have gone almoſt as far as they can go without my farther orders. And the churchwardens have ſignified to me, that the church is completely beautified, according to my directions; ſo that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after

next at fartheſt; and intreat my preſence, both as patron and benefactor. I would now haſten my deſigned alterations at the hall.

I had rather not be preſent at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the intreaties of the churchwardens; who in their letter ſignify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr Barnham, of ſeeing me, and my ſiſter Charlotte. You will be pleaſed to mention this to her.

I wiſh, without putting a ſlight upon good Mr Dobſon, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the firſt ſermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occaſion; and the praiſe would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr Dobſon (of whoſe praiſe only I am apprehenſive) ſo much as to hint ſuch a wiſh, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he ſay not one word that ſhall carry the eyes of the audience to my ſeat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews ſhould be equally diſtinguiſhed and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation, does it, my good Dr Bartlett? eſpecially as ſo many conſiderable families have ſeats there? I would not ſeem guilty of a falſe modeſty, which, breaking out into ſingularity, would give the ſuſpicion of a wrong direction, in caſes where it may be of uſe to ſupport a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? ſhe is of the ſtature of a woman. She ought, according to the preſent taſte, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life: And what knowledge ſhe will gain by the introduction, ſhe had better be without. Yet I think we ſhould conform ſomething to the taſte of the times in which we live. Women's minds have generally a lighter turn than

thoſe

thoſe of men. They ſhould be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was that laſt winter I attended her and my ſiſters very often to the places of public entertainment, that ſhe, having ſeen every thing that was the general ſubject of polite converſation, might judge of ſuch entertainments as they deſerve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is ſeldom anſwered) to the ideal ſcenes. This indulgence anſwered as I wiſh. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diverſions with tranquility, and be ſatisfied, as ſhe reads, with repreſenting over again to herſelf the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is ſet to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for ſhe thinks lightly of them, when ſhe can be obliged by the company of my two ſiſters and Lord L.

But new ſcenes will ariſe in an age ſo ſtudious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From theſe a young woman of fortune muſt not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is ſo well grown for her years, I think I cannot ſo properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: But as I cannot intend any thing with regard to my Emily, I muſt, for her ſake, be more obſerving of the world's opinion than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to deſpiſe the world's opinion, though we ſhould regard it only in the ſecond place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have a high opinion of her diſcretion. But ſhe is but a girl. Women's eyes are wanderers; and too often bring home gueſts that are very troubleſome to them, and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the houſe.

I wiſh ſhe had only ten thouſand pounds. She would then ſtand a better chance for happineſs, than ſhe can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five perſons to one that ſhe has now to chuſe out of: For how few are there who can make propoſals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000 *l.*?

Indeed there are not wanting in our ſex forward ſpirits, who will think that ſum not too much for their merits, though they may not deſerve 5,000 *l.* nor even one. And hence ariſes the danger of a woman of great fortune from thoſe who will not dare to make propoſals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how eaſy is that now made at public places!), a woman of the greateſt fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked and prevailed upon by the ſame methods which ſucceed with a perſon of the ſlendereſt, and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater eaſe, ſince, if the lady has a little romance in her head, and her lover a great deal of art and flattery, ſhe will call that romantic turn generoſity, and, thinking ſhe can lay the man who has obtained her attention under obligation, ſhe will meet him her full half way.

Emily is deſirous to be conſtantly with us. My ſiſter is very obliging. I know ſhe will comply with whatever I ſhall requeſt of her in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a lady is concerned, a man ſhould not depend too much upon his own character, eſpecially a young man, be it ever ſo unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out fooliſh hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character loſt, and ſo deſervedly, will ſhe have any tenderneſs for that of Emily? Who will ſcruple to believe what a mother, tho' ever ſo wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live conſtantly together? Her guardian at the ſame

time

time carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl, though with as much innocence as if ſhe were his ſiſter. Once I had thoughts of craving the aſſiſtance of the court of chancery for the protection of her perſon and fortune: But a hint of this nature diſtreſſed her for many days unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that ſhe took it ſo heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future huſband for her: But where can I find one with whom I think ſhe will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I ſaid, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's addreſs to her ſuſpected; and to make a guardian apprehenſive that her perſon, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the ſecond, *if* the ſecond, view of a man profeſſing to love her. And were ſhe to marry, what a damp would the ſlights of a huſband give to the genius of a young woman, whoſe native modeſty would always make her want encouragement!

I have alſo caſt an eye over the gentry within my knowledge: But have not met with one whom I could wiſh to be the huſband of my Emily. So tender, ſo gentle, ſo ductile, as ſhe is, a fierce, a raſh, an indelicate, even a careleſs or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or ſhorten her life: And as the latter would be much more eaſy to be effected than the former, what muſt ſhe ſuffer before ſhe could return indifference for diſreſpect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is? My ſiſter only could deal with ſuch an one. A ſuperiority in her ſo viſible, he muſt fear her: Yet a generoſity ſo great, and a dignity ſo conſpicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance,

he muſt love her: Every body's reſpect to her, would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would *ſhe* do with ſuch a man?

What would ſhe do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with ſuch a man as Mr Greville, as Sir Hargrave deſcribes him? I mention theſe men, for are there not many ſuch?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations againſt the times: And yet, by what I have ſeen abroad, and now lately ſince my arrival at home, and have heard from men of greater obſervation, and who have lived longer in the world than I have, I cannot but think that Engliſhmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy ſeems to prevail among them. Marriage itſelf is every day more and more out of faſhion; and even virtuous women give not the inſtitution ſo much of their countenance, as to diſcourage by their contempt the free-livers. A good woman, as *ſuch*, has therefore but few chances for happineſs in marriage. Yet ſhall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour to ſave and ſerve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, ſince my happy acquaintance with Miſs Byron, to think that the age is not entirely loſt to a ſenſe of virtue and goodneſs. See we not how every body reveres *her?* Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick; men of free lives adore her. And at the ſame time ſhe meets with the love of all good men, and the reſpect of women, whether gay or ſerious. But I am afraid, that the firſt attraction with men is her beauty. I am afraid, that few ſee in that admirable young lady what I ſee in her: A mind great and noble: A ſincerity beyond that of women: A goodneſs unaffected, and which ſhews itſelf in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: A wit lively and inoffenſive: And an underſtanding ſolid and uſeful: All which render

her

her a fit companion, either in the ſocial or contemplative hour: And yet ſhe thinks herſelf not above the knowledge of thoſe duties, the performance of which makes an eſſential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miſs Byron to you, my good Dr Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impoſſible for me to procure for my Emily ſuch a guardian and companion as Miſs Byron, on her return to Northamptonſhire, would make her?—Such worthy relations as ſhe would introduce her to would be a further happineſs to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my ſiſter's good qualities: But if Emily lives with her, ſhe muſt live alſo with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call thoſe who have a claim upon me for every inſtance of my friendſhip, *other* people), which will occaſion me to be often abſent. But ſtill, while Grandiſon-hall and St James's-ſquare are the viſible places of reſidence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world that we live together.

Miſs Jervois does not chuſe to return to Mrs Lane; and indeed I don't think ſhe would be ſafe there in a family of women, though very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the ſex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herſelf her mother; and eſpecially now that the unhappy woman has begun to be troubleſome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr Bartlett, who know more of my heart and ſituation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted), to conſider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it which relates to Miſs Byron and Emily.

I was inſenſibly drawing myſelf in to enumerate the engagements which at preſent preſs moſt upon me. Let me add to the ſubject—I muſt ſoon go to Paris,

Paris, in order finally to ſettle ſuch of the affairs of my late worthy friend as cannot be ſo well done by any other hand. The three thouſand pounds which he has directed to be diſpoſed of to charitable uſes in France as well as in England, at the diſcretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited ſum from what will remain in my hands after the eſtabliſhment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole eſtate divided among them, would not be ſufficient to anſwer that purpoſe happily, though it might be enough to abate the edge of their induſtry.

The charity that I am moſt intent upon promoting in France and in England too, is that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honeſt men of their own degree, who might, from ſuch an outſetting, begin the world, as it is called, with ſome hope of ſucceſs.

By this time, my dear Dr Bartlett, you will gueſs that I have a deſign upon you. It is that you will aſſiſt me in executing the will of my late friend. Make enquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You were very deſirous, ſome time ago, to retire to the hall: But I knew not how to ſpare you; and I hoped to attend you thither. You ſhall now ſet out for that place as ſoon as you pleaſe. And that neither may be (or as little as poſſible) loſers by the ſeparation, every thing that we would ſay to each other, were we together, *that*, as we uſed to do, we will ſay by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the firſt place, for this ſum of 3,000 *l.*

Make enquiries then, as ſoon as you get down, for worthy objects—The induſtrious poor, of all perſuaſions, reduced either by age, infirmity or accident;

dent; thoſe who labour under incurable maladies; youth, of either ſex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but deſtitute of the means; theſe, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of aſſiſtance. You ſhall take 500 l. down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can ſay, Dr Bartlett and Charles Grandiſon, on all benevolent occaſions, are actuated by one ſoul. My dear friend, adieu.

LETTER XI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Sat. Night, March 18.

I HAVE furniſhed the ladies, and my lord, with more letters. And ſo they have all my heart before them!—I don't care, the man is Sir Charles Grandiſon; and they rally me not ſo much as before, while they thought I affected reſerves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I ſhould have run away from them.

I am glad you all think that the two ſiſters uſed me ſeverely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done ſo by them, had ſituations been exchanged: And I think myſelf nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myſelf before. But they are good women, and my ſincere friends and well-wiſhers; and I forgive them; and ſo muſt my grandmamma.

I am ſorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occaſion. And *did* ſhe weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte!—O the dear, the indulgent parent!—How tender was it of my aunt

aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, ſo hard put to it as ſhe was! It did indeed (as ſhe diſtinguiſhes in her uſual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendſhip to me, with regard to my intereſt in their brother's heart: as if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their *raileny*.—Don't, pray don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a ſeverer name. They did not, I am *ſure* they did not, mean to hurt me ſo much as I really was hurt. So let it paſs. Humour and railery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horſe; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his ſkill in managing them, than he has reaſon to do.

My uncle was charmed with this ſcene; and thinks the two ladies did juſt as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I preſume: But I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their *generous* brother would not have given them thanks for their railery to the poor frighted Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankneſs on the occaſion are not diſapproved at Selby-houſe, and Shirley-manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter reſt.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I bluſh ten times a day, when alone, to find myſelf waiting and waiting as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an abſence, that your goodneſs makes painful to you, in the ſame hope. It looks —Don't it, Lucy?—ſo like a deſign upon—I don't know how it looks!—But at times I can't endure myſelf. And yet while the love of virtue (perhaps a little too perſonal) is the foundation of theſe deſigns,

ſigns, theſe waitings, theſe emotions, I think I am not wholly inexcuſable.

I am ſure I ſhould not eſteem him, were he not the good man he is.—Pray let me aſk you—Do you think he can always go on thus triumphantly?—So young a man—So admired, ſo applauded—Will he never be led into doing ſomething unworthy of his character?—If he could, do you think I ſhould then be partial to him? O no! I am ſure I ſhould not!—I ſhould diſdain him—I might grieve, I might pity—But what a multitude of fooliſh notions comes into the head of a ſilly girl, who, little as ſhe knows, knows more of any thing, or of anybody, than ſhe knows of herſelf.

I WISH my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cheriſhing (perhaps unknown to herſelf) a flame that will devour her peace. For to be ſure this young creature can have no hope that—Yet 50,000 *l.* is a vaſt fortune.—But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think ſuch a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon has a price?—I am ſure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is ſpoken of: And with pity I ſee, that he cannot be named but her eyes ſparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as ſhe happens to be engaged in either, and ſhe ſeems as if ſhe would look the perſon through who is praiſing her guardian. For the life of her ſhe cannot *work* and *hear*. And then ſhe ſighs—Upon my word, Lucy, there is no ſuch thing as proceeding with his praiſes before her—the girl ſo ſighs—So young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more obſervant of her than I ſhould otherwiſe perhaps have been (additional to my godfather's obſervation), is a hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps ſhe has from Miſs Grandiſon, and *ſhe* not unlikely from the ſtolen letter:

ter: For Miſs Grandiſon hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curioſity [when one is not in good humour, how one's very ſtile is encumbered!]: The hint is this, that it is more than probable it will actually be propoſed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonſhire this young lady—I, who want a governeſs myſelf, to be—But *let* it be propoſed.

In a converſation that paſſed juſt now between us women, on the ſubject of love (a favourite topic with all girls), *this* poor thing gave her opinion unaſked; and for a young girl was quite alert, I thought. She uſed to be more attentive than talkative.

I whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon once, don't you think Miſs Jervois talks more than ſhe uſed to do, madam?

I think ſhe does, *madam*, re-whiſpered the arch lady.

I beg pardon,—*Charlotte*, then.

You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay, with all my heart; I love Miſs Jervois: But I can't but watch when habits begin to change: And I am always afraid of young creatures expoſing themſelves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whiſpering, ſaid Miſs Jervois, more pertly than ever: But my guardian loves me; and you, ladies, love me, and ſo my heart is eaſy.

Her heart eaſy!—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily ſhan't go down with me, Lucy.

Sunday Morning, March 19.

O BUT, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miſs Jervois's account, by a letter which Dr Bartlett received a little late laſt night from Sir Charles; ſo ſhewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfaſt. The unhappy woman, her mother, has

made

made him a viſit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a mother ſhe has!

I have ſo much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have juſt peruſed (and, let me ſay, with high approbation), that he made no ſcruple of allowing me to ſend this letter to you. I aſked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every thing the doctor ſhall entruſt me with by the firſt opportunity.

By the latter part of this letter you will find, that the doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his ſiſter's wiſhes of a correſpondence with him by letter. He conſents to it, you will all ſee; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* ſiſters; for he puts me in. *Three ſiſters!* His *third* ſiſter!—The repetition has ſuch an officiouſneſs in it. He is a good man; but he can be ſevere upon our ſex—*It is not in woman to be unreſerved*—You'll find *that* one of the reflections upon us: He adds; and, to be *impartial, perhaps they ſhould not.* Why ſo?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myſelf, to make me more reſerved than I am? But he gives not himſelf opportunity to ſee whether I am or am not reſerved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deſerve* to be deſpiſed by him.—No! though he were the ſovereign of the greateſt empire on earth. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

March 18.

I HAVE had a viſit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one alſo at Colnebrook, before I can be ſo happy as to get thither. I diſpatch this, therefore, to appriſe you and Lord L. of ſuch a probability; which is the greater, as ſhe knows Emily to be there, through the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what paſſed between us, for your better information, if ſhe goes to Colnebrook.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when ſhe ſent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the aſſurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would ſalute her; but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-ſide. You have never ſeen her. She thinks herſelf ſtill handſome; and, did not her vices render her odious, and her *whole aſpect* ſhew her heart, ſhe would not be much miſtaken.

How does Emily, Sir? galanting her fan: Is the girl here? Bid here come to me. I *will* ſee her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is ſhe then? She has not been at Mrs Lane's for ſome time.

She is in the beſt protection: She is with my two ſiſters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandiſon, what do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She

She laughed; and her heart ſpoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propoſe to do with her? You know, added ſhe, affecting a ſerious air, that ſhe is my child.

If, madam, you deſerve to be thought her mother, you will be ſatisfied with the hands ſhe is in.

Piſh!—I never loved you good men: Where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know—

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk ſeriouſly with you, Mrs Jervois! But what have you to *ſay* to my ward?

Say! Why, you know, Sir, I am her mother: And I have a mind to have the care of her perſon myſelf. You muſt (ſo her father directed) have the care of her fortune: But I have a mind, for her reputation-ſake, to take the girl out of the hands of ſo young a guardian. I hope you would not oppoſe me?

If this be all your buſineſs, madam, I muſt be excuſed. I am preparing, as you ſee, to dreſs.

Where is Emily? I *will* ſee the girl.

If your motive be motherly love, little, madam, as you have acted the mother by her, you ſhall ſee her when ſhe is in town. But her *perſon* and *reputation*, as well as *fortune*, muſt be my care.

I am married, Sir: And my huſband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reaſon why Emily muſt not be in your care.

Let me tell you, Sir, that my huſband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourſelf; and he will ſee me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no buſineſs with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam!

I did, Sir. Don't you wiſh me joy?—

Joy, madam! I wiſh you to deſerve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuſe me—I ſhall make my friends wait.

I could not reſtrain my indignation. This woman marries, as ſhe calls it, twice or thrice a-year. Well, Sir, then, you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O'Hara. He is of one of the beſt families in Ireland. And he will not let me be robbed of my daughter.

Major O'Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I any-thing to ſay to *him*. Emily is in my protection; and I am ſorry to ſay, that ſhe never had been ſo, were not the woman who calls herſelf her mother the perſon leaſt fit to be entruſted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which ſhe always concludes theſe viſits. She threatened me with the reſentments of Major O'Hara; and told me, he had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refuſed it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, ſaid ſhe (threatening with her head); perhaps with the Major, Sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry.

I left her in ſilent contempt.—Vile woman!

But let nothing of this eſcape you to my Emily. I think ſhe ſhould not ſee her but in my preſence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as ſhe was the laſt time ſhe ſaw her, if ſhe comes, and I am not there. But poſſibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own diſcretion, the man ſhe has married, who could have no inducement but the annuity, if he

has

has married her, will not ſuffer her to incur ſuch a reduction of it; for you know I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a-year. Her threatening to ſee me to-morrow may be to amuſe me while ſhe goes. The woman is a fooliſh woman; but being accuſtomed to intrigue, ſhe aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now haſtening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as ſhe generally is, let who will be preſent; yet, it ſeems, knows not how to be ſilent, whatever be the ſubject. I have never choſen either to dine or ſup with my lord, that I might not be under a neceſſity of objecting to her company: And were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinſman to my lord, and know the ſituation ſhe is in with him, my complaiſance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of ſpirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, juſt as I was concluding. I am greatly intereſted in one paragraph in it.

You hint to me, that my ſiſters, though my abſences are ſhort, would be glad to receive now-and-then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit, which makes me write to you with eaſe and pleaſure.—To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any-thing. Uſe, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my ſiſters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world, that better loves his ſiſters than I do mine: And now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not ſignified as much to me? Could I give pleaſure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myſelf, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could eaſily carry on a correſpondence with my ſiſters, were they to be very earneſt about it: But then it muſt be a *correſpondence*: The writing muſt not be all of one ſide. Do they think I ſhould not

be equally pleaſed to hear what *they* are about, from time to time; and what, occaſionally, their ſentiments are upon perſons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wiſh (for young ladies often wiſh, and think no more of the matter); then propoſe the condition.—But caution them, that the moment I diſcover that they are leſs frank, and more reſerved, than I am, there will be an end of the correſpondence. My *three* ſiſters are moſt amiably frank, for women—But, thus challenged, dare they enter the liſts, upon honour, with a man, a *brother*, upon equal terms?—O no! They dare not. It is not in a woman to be unreſerved in ſome points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they ſhould not: Yet, ſurely, there is now and-then a man, a *brother*, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence repoſed in him.

Were this propoſal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few ſecrets. I only wiſh to keep from relations ſo dear to me things that could not poſſibly yield them pleaſure. I am ſure I could truſt to your judgment the paſſages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myſelf with Charlotte's humorous curioſity; for ſhe ſeems, as I told her lately, to love to ſuppoſe ſecrets where there are none, for a compliment to her own ſagacity, when ſhe thinks ſhe has found them out; and I love at ſuch times to ſee her puzzled, and at a fault, as a puniſhment for her declining to ſpeak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuſe for the diſtance which my *two elder ſiſters* obſerve to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why ſhould there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is ſpontaneous and invincible in them, there muſt be ſome fault in my behaviour,

behaviour, ſome ſeeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: It is otherwiſe impoſſible, that between brothers and ſiſters, where the love is not doubted on either ſide, ſuch a diſtance ſhould ſubſiſt. You muſt conſult them upon it, and get them to explain themſelves on this ſubject to you; and when they have done ſo, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myſelf more agreeable (more familiar, ſhall I ſay?) to them. But I will not by any means excuſe them, if they give me cauſe to think, that the diſtance is owing to the will and the power I have been bleſſed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not juſtice from their brother? But no more of this ſubject at preſent. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrook; you cannot think *how* impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr Bartlett. So, in ſome caſes, is it found to be by

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Sunday Evening.

POOR Emily! her heart is almoſt broken. This ignoble paſſion, what a mean-ſpirited creature had it like to have made me?—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble*. Did you ever know me before ſo little!—And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherleſs girl, juſt ſtarting into woman, and therefore into more danger than ſhe ever was in before, wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *Mother*.

—Dreadful

—Dreadful circumſtance!—Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be deſpiſed by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-diſcovered envy, jealouſy, littleneſs, at leaſt with regard to this unhappy girl, whoſe calamity endears her to me.

Dear child! ſweet Emily! You *ſhall* go down with me, if it be propoſed. My grandmamma, and uncle and aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous; they have no little paſſion to miſlead their beneficence: They are what I hope to be, now I have found myſelf out—And what if her gratitude ſhall make her heart overflow into love, has ſhe not excuſe for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occaſion of the poor Emily's diſtreſs.—About twelve this day, ſoon after Lord L. and the two ſiſters and I came from church (for Emily happened not to go), a coach and four ſtopped at the gate, and a ſervant in a ſorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dreſs and appearance were military men, and one lady were in it.

My lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his uſual politeneſs.

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother; O'Hara is the name ſhe owns.

She addreſſed herſelf to my lord: I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my lord: This gentleman, Major O'Hara, is my huſband.

The major bowed, ſtrutted, and acknowledged her for his wife: And this gentleman, my lord, ſaid he, is Captain Salmonet; a very brave man: He is in foreign ſervice. His lady is my own ſiſter.

My lord took notice of each.

I underſtand, my lord, that my daughter is here: I deſire to ſee her.

One

One of my lord's ſervants, at that time paſſing by the door, which was open, Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, let Miſs Jervois know, that her mamma is come to ſee her. Deſire her to come to me.

Major. I long to ſee my new daughter: I hear ſhe is a charming young lady. She may depend upon the kindneſs of a father from me.

Capt. De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-*ract*-er, I do aſſure your lordſhip.

He ſpoke Engliſh as a Frenchman, my lord ſays; but pronounced the word *character* as an Iriſhman.

Major (*bowing*). No need of this, my dear friend. My lord has the cha-*ract*-er of a fine gentleman himſelf, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due reſpect.

Lord L. I hope I do. But, madam, you know whoſe protection the lady is in.

Mrs O'Hara. I do, my lord. Sir Charles Grandiſon is a very fine gentleman.

Capt. De vineſt cha-*ract*-er in de vorld. By my ſalvation every body ſay ſo.

Mrs O'Hara. But Sir Charles, my lord, is a very young gentleman to be a guardian to ſo young a creature; eſpecially now that ſhe is growing into woman. I have had ſome few faults I own. Who lives that has not? But I have been baſely ſcandalized. My firſt huſband had *his*, and much greater than I had. He was ſet againſt me by ſome of his own relations: Vile creatures!—He left me, and went abroad; but he has anſwered for all by this time; and for the ſcanty allowance he made me, his great fortune conſidered: But as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive.—Emily, my dear!

She ſtepped to the door on hearing the ruſtling of ſilks, ſuppoſing her at hand; but it was Miſs Grandiſon, followed by a ſervant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to ſee the viſitors; and at the

the ſame time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be aſked to ſtay to dinner.

It is to Miſs Grandiſon that I owe the deſcription of each, the account of what paſſed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs O'Hara has been a handſome woman; but well might Sir Charles be diſguſted with her aſpect. She has a leering, ſly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dreſs denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion ſallowiſh, ſtreaked with red, makes her face (which is not ſo plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miſs Grandiſon has a way of ſaying ill-natured things in ſuch a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear ſmiling, though one ſhould not altogether approve of them; and yet ſometimes one would be ready to wonder how ſhe came by her images.

The Major is pert, bold, vain, and ſeemed particularly fond of his new ſcarlet coat and laced waiſtcoat. He is certainly, Miſs Grandiſon ſays, a low man, though a ſoldier. Anderſon, added ſhe, is worth fifty of him. His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is ſet off to advantage by an enormous ſolitaire. His bad and ſtraggling teeth are ſhewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty diſcourſe is interlarded with oaths, which, with my uncle's leave, I ſhall omit.

Captain Salmonet, ſhe ſays, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a perſon and ſhape uncommonly clumſy.

They both aſſumed military airs, which not ſitting naturally, gave them what Miſs Grandiſon called, The ſwagger of ſoldierly importance.

Emily

Emily was in her own apartment, almoſt fainting with terror: For the ſervant to whom Mrs O'Hara had ſpoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiouſly carried up the meſſage.

To what Mrs O'Hara had ſaid in defence of her own character, my lord anſwered, Mr Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleaſed with a fortune acquired by his own induſtry. A diſagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this caſe, as in a duel, the ſurvivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miſs Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandiſon's protection. *She* thinks ſo; and ſo does every body that knows her. It is your misfortune if *you* do not.

Mrs O'Hara. My lord, I make no diſpute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himſelf, over her child.

Major. That child a daughter too, my lord.

Lord L. To all this I have nothing to ſay. You will not be able, I believe, to perſuade my brother Grandiſon to give up his ward's perſon to you, madam.

Mrs O'Hara. Chancery may, my lord—

Lord L. I have nothing to ſay to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done in this caſe than Sir Charles Grandiſon; and no man will be readier to do what is juſt and fitting without law: But I enter not into the caſe; you muſt not talk to me on this ſubject.

Miſs Gr. Do you think, madam, that your marriage intitles you the *rather* to have the care of Miſs Jervois?

Major (*with great quickneſs*). I hope, madam, that my honour and cha-*ract*-er—

Miſs Gr. Be they ever ſo unqueſtionable, will not intitle you, Sir, to the guardianſhip of Miſs Jervois's perſon.

Major.

Major. I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power, is to ſet aſide the natural authority which a mother has over her child.

Lord L. This is not my affair. I am not *inclined* to enter into a diſpute with you, madam, on this ſubject.

Mrs O'Hara. Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may ſee my child. She is in this houſe, my lord. I hope I may ſee my child.

Major. Your lordſhip and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greateſt hardſhip in the world to deny to a mother the ſight of her child.

Capt. De very greateſt hardſhip of all hardſhips. Your lordſhip will not refuſe to let de daughter come to her moder.

Lord L. Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You muſt apply to him. He is in town. Miſs Jervois is here but as a gueſt. She will be ſoon in town. I muſt not have her alarmed. She has very weak ſpirits.

Mrs O'Hara. Weak *ſpirits*, my lord!—A child to have ſpirits too weak to ſee her mother!—And ſhe felt for her handkerchief.

Miſs Gr. It ſounds a little harſhly, I own, to deny to a mother the ſight of her daughter: But unleſs my brother were preſent, I think, my lord, it cannot be allowed.

Major. Not allowed, madam!

Capt. A moder to be denied to ſee her daughter! Jeſu! And he croſſed himſelf.

Mrs O'Hara. (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it ſeems ſhe wept not). I am a very unhappy mother indeed—

Major (*embracing her*). My deareſt life! My beſt love! I muſt not bear theſe tears—Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—But I came not here to threaten—You, my lord, are a man of the greateſt honour; ſo is Sir Charles.—But what-

ever were the miſunderſtandings between huſband and wife, they ſhould not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife at preſent deſires only to ſee her child: That's all, my lord. Were your brother preſent, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, My dear ſoul, be comforted. You will be allowed to ſee your daughter, no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear ſoul, be comforted.

She ſobbed, Miſs Grandiſon ſays; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved—Let Miſs Jervois be aſked, ſaid he, if ſhe chuſes to come down.

I will go to her myſelf, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

She came down preſently again—

Miſs Byron and Miſs Jervois, ſaid ſhe, are gone out together in the chariot.

Major. Nay, madam—

Capt. Upon my ſalvation this muſt not paſs—And he ſwaggered about the room.

Mrs O'Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: For the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a viſit in the chariot; and it had juſt brought her back. O ſave me, ſave me, dear madam, ſaid Miſs Emily to me, wringing her hands. I cannot, I cannot ſee my mother out of my guardian's preſence: And ſhe will make me own her new huſband. I beſeech you, ſave me; hide me!

I ſaw the chariot from the window, and, without aſking any queſtions, I hurried Miſs Emily down ſtairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any-where, except towards London: And then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, ſmothering me with her kiſſes, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could ſuggeſt to her.

Miſs Grandiſon told the circumſtances pretty near as above; adding, I think, my lord, that Miſs Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occaſion. That lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reaſon for it.

Madam, ſaid the Major, my wife is cruelly uſed. Your brother—But I ſhall talk to *him* upon the ſubject. He is ſaid to be a man of conſcience and honour: I hope I ſhall find him ſo. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And *I* will ſtand by my broder and his lady, ſaid the Captain, to de very laſt drop of my blood. —He looked fierce, and put his hand on his ſword.

Lord L. You don't by theſe airs mean to inſult me, gentlemen—If you do—

Major. No, no, my lord. But we muſt ſeek our remedy elſewhere. Surpriſing! that a mother is denied the ſight of her daughter! *Very* ſurpriſing!

Capt. Very ſurpriſing, indeed! Ver dis to be done in my country—In France—Engliſh liberty! Begar very pretty liberty!—A daughter to be ſupported againſt her moder—Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my ſalvation!—

Mrs O'Hara. And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid ſeeing her mother?—Strange! Does ſhe always intend to do thus?—She *muſt* ſee me—And dearly ſhall ſhe repent it!

And ſhe looked fierce, and particularly ſpiteful; and then declared, that ſhe would ſtay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

Lord L. You will have my leave for that, madam.

Major. Had we not beſt go into our coach, and let that drive in queſt of her?—She cannot be far off. It will be eaſy to trace a chariot.

Lord L. Since this matter is carried ſo far, let me tell you, that, in the abſence of her guardian, I will protect her. Since Miſs Jervois is thus averſe,

verſe, ſhe ſhall be indulged in it. If you ſee her, madam, it muſt be by the conſent, and in the preſence of her guardian.

Major. Well, my dear, ſince the matter ſtands thus, ſince your child is taught to ſhun you thus, let us ſee what Sir Charles Grandiſon will ſay to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not *privileged.* If *he* thinks fit—And there he ſtopped and bluſtered; and offered his hand to his bride. —I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I *will.* But you have a letter for the girl, written on a ſuppoſition that ſhe was not here. —Little did you or I think that ſhe was in the houſe when we came; and that ſhe ſhould be ſpirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother.

Very true, Very true. And, Very true, ſaid each; and Mrs O'Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and deſired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away very much diſſatisfied; the two men muttering, and threatening, and reſolving, as they ſaid, to make a viſit to Sir Charles.

I hope we ſhall ſee him here very ſoon. I hope theſe wretches will not inſult him, or endanger a life ſo precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occaſion, as I was in dread of the reſentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you ſome account of what paſſed between Emily and me: You will be charmed with her beautiful ſimplicity.

When we were in the chariot, ſhe told me, that the laſt time ſhe ſaw her mother, it was at Mrs Lane's: The bad woman made a pretence of private buſineſs with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then inſiſted that ſhe ſhould go off with her, unknown to any body. And becauſe I deſired to be excuſed, ſaid ſhe, my

mother laid her hands upon me, and ſaid ſhe would trample me under her foot. It is true (unhappy woman!) ſhe was—[Then the dear girl whiſpered me, though no body was near us—ſweet modeſt creature, loth to reveal this part of her mother's ſhame, even to me, aloud, and bluſhed as ſhe ſpoke--] ſhe was in her cups.—My mamma is as naughty as ſome *men* in that reſpect: And I believe ſhe would have been as good as her word; but on my ſcreaming (for I was very much frighted) Mrs Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two ſervants, and one of her daughters, and reſcued me. She *had* torn my cap—Yet it was a ſad thing, you know, madam, to ſee one's mother put out of the houſe againſt her will. And then ſhe raiſed the neighbourhood. Lord bleſs me! I thought I ſhould have died. I *did* fall into fits. Then was Mrs Lane forced to tell every one what a ſad woman my mother was!—It was ſuch a diſgrace to me!—It was a month before I could go to church, or look any body in the face. But Mrs Lane's character was of her ſide; and my guardian's goodneſs was a help—Shall I ſay a help againſt my mother?—Poor woman! we heard afterwards ſhe was dead; but my guardian would not believe it. If it would pleaſe God to take me, I ſhould rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the beſt of men, coſt me, when nobody ſees me; and many a time do I cry myſelf to ſleep, when I think it impoſſible I ſhould get ſuch a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I claſped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle boſom. Her calamity, which was the greateſt that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my ſiſter.

And ſo I will: Dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myſelf for ſome paſ-

ſages

ſages in my laſt letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it poſſible that mine could have been ſo narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my aſſurances, and promiſed grateful love to the lateſt hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, ſaid ſhe, for all I am ſo unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of thoſe ſort of faults that give me a reſemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how ſhall I make out what I ſay? You will miſtruſt me I fear: You will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promiſe to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you pleaſe?—Indeed it is an honeſt one. I wiſh you ſaw it through and through.—If ever I do a wrong thing, miſtruſt my head if you pleaſe, but not my heart. But in every thing I will be directed by you, and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her that good often reſulted from evil. It was a happy thing perhaps for both, that her mother's viſit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: We will have but one heart between us.

Let me, add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this ſweet girl into confeſſions of her infant love, and of taking ungenerous advantage of them, though the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to deſpiſe and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She beſought me to let her write to me, to let her come to me for advice, as often as ſhe wanted it, whether here, in my dreſſing-room, or chamber, or at Mrs Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrook.

I conſented very chearfully, and at her requeſt (for indeed, ſaid ſhe, I would not be an intruder for the world) promiſed, by a nod at her entrance,

to let her know, if ſhe came when I was buſy, that ſhe muſt retire, and come another time.

You are too young a lady, added ſhe, to be called my mamma—Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: But I will love you and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were ſhe as good as you.

Does not the beautiful ſimplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes ſwimming in tears, her earneſt looks, her throbbing boſom, her hands now claſped about me, now in one another, added ſuch graces to what ſhe ſaid, that it is impoſſible to do juſtice to it: And yet I am affected as I write; but not ſo much, you may believe, as at the time ſhe told her tender tale.

Indeed her calamity has given her an abſolute poſſeſſion of my heart. I, who had ſuch good parents, and have had my loſs of them ſo happily alleviated, and even ſupplied, by a grandmamma and an aunt ſo truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happineſs to be related; how unworthy of ſuch bleſſings ſhould I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who muſt reckon a living mother as her heavieſt misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the diſturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw, but gave orders that ſhe ſhould never again be allowed to ſee his ward but in his preſence: And ſhe has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now ſhe ſeems, on this her marriage with Major O'Hara, to have meditated new ſchemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the perſons to whom, in her cups, ſhe once boaſted of it:

it: Which was, that as ſoon as Miſs Emily was marriageable, ſhe would endeavour, either by fair means or foul, to get her into her hands: and if ſhe did, but for *one* week, ſhe ſhould the *next* come out the wife of a man ſhe had in view, who would think half the fortune more than ſufficient for himſelf, and make over the other half to her; and then ſhe ſhould come into her right, which ſhe deems to be half of the fortune which her huſband died poſſeſſed of.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother; which, though not well ſpelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardſhips to complain of which might have intitled her to pity:

My dear Emily,

IF you have any love, any duty left for an unhappy mother, whoſe faults have been barbarouſly aggravated, to juſtify the uſage of a huſband who was not faultleſs; I conjure you to inſiſt upon making me a viſit, either at my new lodgings in Dean-ſtreet, Soho; or that you will ſend me word where I can ſee you, ſuppoſing I am not permitted to ſee you as this day, or that you ſhould not be at Colnebrook, where, it ſeems, you have been ſome days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation-ſake, as well as for juſtice-ſake, as he is ſuppoſed to be a good man, will deny you, if you inſiſt upon it; as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you *will* inſiſt upon it? I cannot. I long to ſee you: I long to lay you in my boſom. And I have given hopes to Major O'Hara, a man of one of the beſt families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it, but who wiſhes to proceed amicably, that you

you will not ſcruple, as my huſband, to call him father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told that you are grown very tall and pretty. O my Emily!—What a grievous thing is it to ſay, that I am *told* theſe things, and not to have been allowed to ſee you, and to behold your growth, and thoſe improvements which muſt rejoice my heart, and do, tho' I am ſo baſely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, deſpiſe her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with ſuch fortunes as your father left, that I muſt be made poor and dependent; and then be deſpiſed for being ſo.

But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be one of thoſe, what, though I have ſuch happy proſpects in my preſent marriage, will be my fate, but a bitter death, which your want of duty will haſten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that caſe your great fortune will not ſet you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of, my Emily, by her

Indulgent, tho' heretofore

Saturday, March 18. *unhappy mother,*

HELEN O'HARA.

My Lord thought fit to open this letter: He is ſorry that he did; becauſe the poor girl is ſo low-ſpirited, that he does not chuſe to let her ſee it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleaſes.

Miſs Grandiſon lifted up her hands and eyes as ſhe read. Such a wretch as this, ſhe ſaid, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and that line written as even as the reſt! How was it poſſible, if her wicked heart could ſuggeſt ſuch words, that her fingers could ſteadily write them? But indeed ſhe verifies the words of the wiſe man; *There is no wickedneſs like the wickedneſs of a woman.*

We

We all long to ſee Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured perſon, tho' rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneaſy, not content with itſelf, and always looking out for the perſon wanted.

Emily was told that her mother left a letter for her; but is adviſed not to be ſolicitous to ſee it till her guardian comes. My Lord owned to her that he had opened it; and pleaded tenderneſs, as he juſtly might, in excuſe of having taken that liberty. She thanked his Lordſhip, and ſaid, it was for ſuch girls as ſhe to be directed by ſuch good and kind friends.

She has juſt now left me. I was writing, and wanted to cloſe. I gave her a nod, with a ſmile, as agreed upon a little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, ſaid ſhe, for this freedom. She ſtopped at the door, and with it in her hand, in a whiſpering accent, bending forwards, Only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if poſſible: Becauſe I have been putting part of our converſation upon paper, and ſo have faſtened your merits on my memory.

God bleſs you, madam; I am gone: And away ſhe tript.

But I will make her amends before I go to reſt; and confirm all that I ſaid to her in the chariot; for moſt cordially I can.

I am, dear Lucy, and will be,

Ever yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Mr DEANE, *To Mrs* SELBY.

London, Friday Night, Mar. 17.

YOU wiſhed me, my dear Mrs Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrook, and to give you my obſervations on the ſtate of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all ſo deſirous ſhould be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would at diſtance ſound Sir Charles himſelf on the ſubject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that ſhe herſelf ſhould not have reaſon to miſtruſt me on this nice ſubject.

It ſeems his great engagements in town, and ſome he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his ſiſters much of his company, tho' your Harriet is there; which they all extremely regrete.

I dined at Colnebrook. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon are charming women. Miſs Jervois is a pretty young lady.—But more of her by-and-by.—The couſin Grandiſon you ſpoke of is gone down to Grandiſon-hall; whither Sir Charles himſelf thinks ſhortly of going—But this and other diſtant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My viſit to Sir Charles is moſt in my head, and I will mention that, and give place to other obſervations afterwards.

After dinner I purſued my journey to London. As my own buſineſs was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to ſtay in town, I alighted at his houſe in St James's Square; and was immediately, on ſending my name, introduced to him.

Let me ſtop to ſay, He is indeed a very fine gentleman.

tleman. Majeſty and ſweetneſs are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped, on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuſe the intruſion of a man who was perſonally a ſtranger to him; but who had long wiſhed for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young lady, in whom I claimed an intereſt that was truly paternal. At the ſame time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himſelf, to the confuſion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be aſhamed, that they were ſavages.

He received my compliments as a man might be ſuppoſed to do, to whom praiſe is not a new thing; and made me very handſome ones, declaring himſelf acquainted with my character, with my connections with your family, and with one of the moſt excellent of young ladies. This naturally introduced the praiſes of our Harriet; in which he joined in ſo high and ſo juſt a ſtrain, that I ſaw his heart was touched. I am ſure it is: So ſet yours at reſt. It muſt do. Every-thing is moving, and that not ſlowly, to the event ſo deſireable. I led to the graces of her perſon; he to thoſe of her mind: He allowed her to be, for both, one of the moſt perfect beauties he had ever ſeen. In ſhort, Mrs Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itſelf. His ſiſters, Lord L. Dr Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit ſo extraordinary; it muſt do. Don't you remember what the old ſong ſays?

When Phœbus *does his beams diſplay,*
To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,
Is to ſuppoſe them blind.

All

All I want, methinks, is to have them oftener together. Idleneſs, I believe, is a great friend to love. I wiſh his affairs would let him be a little idle. They muſt be diſpatched ſoon, be they what they will; for Lord L. ſaid, that when he is maſter of a ſubject, his execution is as ſwift as thought. Sir Charles hinted, that he ſhall ſoon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr Bartlett ſaid, that he conſiders all nations as joined on the ſame continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Conſtantinople or Pekin, with as little difficulty as ſome others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's-end. Indeed he appears to be juſt that kind of man. Yet he ſeems not to have any of that ſort of fire in his conſtitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour and ſmoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a deſpicable one. He may, no queſtion, have a woman with a much greater; and ſo may ſhe a man.—What ſay you to Lady D's propoſal, rejected for his ſake; at *hap-hazard* too, as the ſaying is? But let it once come to that queſtion, and leave it to *me* to anſwer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks. She is as lovely as ever: But I think not quite ſo lively, and ſomewhat paler: but it is a clear and healthy, not a ſickly paleneſs: And there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never ſaw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but ſhe has more meekneſs and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I would *wiſh* her to have; becauſe it gives to Miſs Grandiſon, who has fine ſpirits, ſome advantages in converſation over Harriet, that, if ſhe had, methinks ſhe would not take. But they perfectly underſtand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miſs Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miſs Byron of

the greedineſs with which ſhe eats and drinks the praiſes given her guardian; of the glow that overſpreads her cheeks, and of a ſigh that now and then ſeems to eſcape even her own obſervation, when he is ſpoken of [ſo like a niece of mine, who drew herſelf in, and was afterwards unhappy]; and by theſe ſymptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her ſixteen or ſeventeen; but it ſeems ſhe is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls as in fruits, as to their *maturing*, as I may ſay. My mother, I remember, once ſaid of an early bloom in a niece of hers, that ſuch were born to woe. I hope it won't be ſo with this, for ſhe certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world or herſelf. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's houſe at Leghorn till twelve or thirteen, what opportunities could ſhe have? No mother's wings to be ſheltered under; her mother's wickedneſs giving occaſion the more to ſtreighten her education, and at a time of life ſo young, and in ſo reſtraining a country as Italy, for girls and young maidens; and ſince brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman—What can ſhe know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miſs Grandiſon, and that but as a gueſt: So that the world before her is all new to her: And, indeed, there ſeems to be in her pretty wonder, and honeſt declarations of her whole heart, a ſimplicity that ſometimes borders upon childiſhneſs, though at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our *Harriet's account*; and yet Harriet (lover-like, perhaps!) was alarmed at my hinting it to her: But I am on *her own*. I wiſh, as I ſaid before, Sir Charles was more among them: He would ſoon diſcover whoſe

love is fit to be diſcountenanced, and whoſe to be encouraged; and, by that means, give eaſe to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that ſuch a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reſerve to ſuch a young lady as ours, were he but to have the ſhadow of a thought that he has an intereſt in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: But on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley-houſe and Selby-manor—and then (as I hope to ſee Sir Charles again, either in London or at Colnebrook) I will talk to you of all theſe matters. Mean time believe me to be

Your affectionate and faithful humble ſervant,

THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER XV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Emily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miſs Byron? ſaid ſhe, running to me. How good this is!

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to paſs an agreeable half hour with you, if it will not be unſeaſonable.

That it can never be.

You muſt then let your Anne go to bed, ſaid I; elſe, as her time is not her own, I ſhall ſhorten my viſit. I will aſſiſt you in any little ſervices myſelf. I have diſmiſſed Jenny.

God bleſs you, madam, ſaid ſhe; you conſider every body. Anne tells me, that the ſervants throughout the houſe adore you: And I am ſure their

their principals do.—Anne, you may go to your reſt.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miſs Jervois loves to ſit up late either reading, or being read to by Anne; who, tho' ſhe reads well, is not fond of the taſk.

Servants, ſaid I, are as ſenſible as their maſters and miſtreſſes. They ſpeak to their feelings. I queſtion not but they love Miſs Jervois as well as they do me. I ſhould as ſoon chuſe to take my meaſures of the goodneſs of principals by their ſervants love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you ſee, by the ſilent veneration and aſſiduities of the ſervants of Sir Charles Grandiſon, how much they adore their maſter?

I am very fond of being eſteemed by ſervants, ſaid ſhe, from that *very* obſervation of my guardian's goodneſs, and his ſervants' worthineſs, as well as from what my maid tells me all of them ſay of you. But you and my guardian are ſo much alike in every thing, that you ſeem to be born for one another.

And then ſhe ſighed involuntarily, yet ſeemed not to endeavour to reſtrain or recal her ſigh.

Why ſighs my dear young friend? Why ſighs my Emily?

That's good of you to call me *your* Emily. My guardian calls me *his* Emily. I am always proud when he calls me ſo—I don't know why I ſigh: But I have lately got a trick of ſighing I think. Will it do me harm? Anne tells me it will; and ſays, I muſt break myſelf of it. She ſays, it is not pretty in a young lady to ſigh; but where is the un-prettineſs of it?

Sighing is ſaid to be a ſign of being in love; and young ladies—

Ah! madam! And yet *you* ſigh very often—

I felt myſelf bluſh.

I often catch myſelf ſighing, my dear, ſaid I. It is a *trick*, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have *reaſon* for ſighing, madam; which you have not—Such a mother! a mother that I wanted to be good, not ſo much to me as to herſelf: A mother ſo unhappy, that one muſt be glad to run away from her. My poor papa! ſo good as he was to every body, and even to her, yet had his heart broken—O madam!—(flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my boſom) Have I not cauſe to ſigh?

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: So *dutifully* ſenſible of her calamity! and for *ſuch* a calamity, who could forbear?

Such a diſgrace too! ſaid ſhe, raiſing her head. Poor woman!—Yet ſhe has the worſt of it. Do you think that *that* is not enough to make one ſigh?

Amiable goodneſs? (kiſſing her cheek)—I ſhall love you too well.

You are too good to me: You muſt not be ſo good to me: That, even *that* will make me ſigh. My *guardian's* goodneſs to me gives me pain; and I think verily I ſigh more ſince laſt I left Mrs Lane, and have ſeen more of his goodneſs, and how every body admires and owns obligation to him, than I did before.—To have a ſtranger, as one may ſay, and ſo *very* fine a gentleman, to be ſo good to one, and to have ſuch an unhappy mother—who gives *him* ſo much trouble—how can one help ſighing for both reaſons?

Dear girl! ſaid I, my heart overflowing with compaſſion for her, you and I are bound equally by the tie of gratitude to eſteem him.

Ah, madam, you will one day be the happieſt of all women—And ſo you *deſerve* to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't

Don't I ſee, don't I hear what is deſigned to be brought about by Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon? And don't I hear from my Anne, what every body expects and wiſhes for?

And *does* every body expect and wiſh, my Emily—

I ſtopped. She went on—And don't I ſee that my guardian himſelf loves you?

Do you think ſo, Emily?

O how he dwells upon your words when you ſpeak!

You fancy ſo, my dear.

You have not obſerved his eyes ſo much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes too; but have not ſeen that you mind him quite ſo much as he does you.—Indeed he loves you dearly.—And then ſhe ſighed again.

But why *that* ſigh, my Emily? Were I ſo happy as you think, in the eſteem of this good man, would you envy me, dear?

Envy you!—I, ſuch a ſimple girl as I envy you! No, indeed. Why ſhould I envy you? But tell me now, dear madam, tell me, don't you love my guardian?

Every body does. You, my Emily, love him.

And ſo I do: But you love him, madam, with a hope that no one elſe will have reaſon to entertain—Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily: My guardian ſhall never know it from me, by the *leaſt* hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myſelf.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you?

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly eſteem your guardian.

Eſteem! Is that the word? Is that the ladies' word for love? And is not the word *love* a pretty

word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am ſure.

And I am ſure you *cannot* mean harm: I will be ſincere with my Emily. But you muſt not let any one living know what I ſay to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king in all his glory.

And ſo, madam, would I if I were you. I ſhould be glad to be thought like you in every thing.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miſs Jervois, would you not *have* me eſteem your guardian? You know he was *my* guardian too, and that at an exigence when I moſt wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wiſh ſuch a good young lady as Miſs Byron to be ungrateful? No, indeed.—And again ſhe ſighed.

Why *then* ſighed my Emily? You ſaid you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I ſighed then. I wiſh my guardian to be the happieſt man in the world: I wiſh you, madam, to be the happieſt woman: And how can either be ſo, but in one another?—But I am grieved, I believe, that there ſeems to be ſomething in the way of your mutual happineſs——I don't know whether that is all neither——I don't know what it is—If I did, I would tell you—But I have ſuch throbs ſometimes at my heart as make me fetch my breath hard—I don't know what it is—Such a weight here as *makes* me ſigh; and I have a pleaſure, I think, becauſe I have an eaſe in ſighing—What can it be?

Go on, my dear: You are a pretty deſcriber

Why now, if any body, as Anne did laſt time my guardian came hither, were to run up ſtairs in an hurry, and to ſay, Miſs, miſs, miſs, your guardian is come! I ſhould be in *ſuch* a flutter! my heart would ſeem to be too big for my boſom! I ſhould ſit down as much out of breath as if I had

run down a high hill.—And, for half an hour, may be, ſo tremble, that I ſhould not be able to ſee the dear guardian that perhaps I had wanted to ſee. And to hear him with a voice of gentleneſs, as if he pitied me for having ſo unhappy a mother, call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think he has a ſweet voice?——And *your* voice, too, madam, is alſo *ſo* ſweet—Every body ſays, that even in your common ſpeech your voice is melody.—Now Anne ſays—

O my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very ſincere girl: Indeed I am.

I dare ſay you are; but you raiſe my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* fault to tell me what people ſay of me; but it is *mine* to be proud of their commendations—But you were going to tell me what Anne ſays on your being ſo much affected, when ſhe tells you in a hurry that your guardian is come.

Why Anne ſays, that all thoſe are ſigns of love. Fooliſh creature!—And yet ſo they may: But not of ſuch love as ſhe means.—Such a love as ſhe as good as owns ſhe had in her days of *flutteration*, as ſhe whimſically calls them; which, as ſhe explains it, were when ſhe was two or three years older than I am. In the firſt place, I am very young you know, madam, a mere girl: And ſuch a *ſimple* thing!—I never had a mother, nor ſiſter neither, nor a companion of my own ſex.—Mrs Lane's daughters, what were they?—They looked upon me as a child as I was. In the next place, I *do* love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.

But you had not, my dear, any of thoſe flutters, thoſe throbs that you ſpoke of, on any returns of your father after little abſences?

Why,

Why, no; I can't ſay I had. Nor, though I always rejoiced when my guardian came to ſee me at Mrs Lane's, had I, as I remember, any ſuch violent emotions as I have had of late. I don't know how it is—Can you tell me?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this ſweet girl?

My dear Emily!——Theſe *are* ſymptoms, I doubt—

Symptoms of what, madam?—Pray tell me ſincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear—

What then, madam?—

It *would be* love, I doubt—That ſort of love that would make you uneaſy—

No; that cannot be, ſurely. Why, madam, at that rate, I ſhould never dare to ſtand in your preſence. Upon my word, I wiſh no one in the world but you to be Lady Grandiſon. I have but one fear—

And what's that?

That my guardian won't love me ſo well when he marries as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow ſo large a heart as his?

No; not if that woman were you—But, forgive my folly! (and ſhe looked down) he would not take my hand ſo kindly as now he does: He would not look in my face with pleaſure, and with pity on my mother's account as he does now: He would not call me *his* Emily: He would not beſpeak every one's regard for his ward.

My dear, you are now almoſt a woman. He will, if he remain a ſingle man, ſoon draw back into his heart that kindneſs and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he ſuffers to dwell upon his lips. You muſt expect this change of behaviour ſoon from his prudence. You yourſelf, my love, will

will ſet him the example: You will grow more reſerved in your outward behaviour than hitherto there was reaſon to be.

O, madam! never tell me that! I ſhould break my heart were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderneſs that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an incroacher, if he find me forward, and indiſcreet, and troubleſome, then let him call me *any* body's Emily, rather than *his*.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time—

Then, I think, I ſhan't deſire to live to ſee the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to ſet againſt my unhappineſs from my mother is, that ſo good, ſo virtuous, and ſo prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandiſon (now, tell me, would you), grudge me theſe inſtances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: If I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out—Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you?—This is a queſtion I wanted to put to you; but was both aſhamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.

That don't ſatisfy me, madam. Would you be my earneſt, my ſincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you any-thing. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it—Would you) ſay, "Look you here, Sir Charles Grandiſon: 'This girl, this Emily is a good ſort of girl: She 'has a great fortune. Snares may be laid for her: 'She has no papa but you: She has, poor thing!" [I hope you would call me by names of pity to move him] "no mamma; or is more unhappy than if ſhe

'had

'had none. Where can you diſpoſe of her ſo pro-
'perly as to let her be with us? I will be her pro-
'tectreſs, her friend, her mamma"—[Yes, do, ma-
dam, let me chuſe a mamma! Don't let the poor girl be without a mamma, if *you* can give her one. I am ſure I will ſtudy to give you pleaſure, and not pain]—"I *inſiſt* upon it, Sir Charles. It will
'make the poor girl's heart eaſy. She is told of
'the arts and tricks of men, where girls have great
'fortunes; and ſhe is always in dread about them,
'and about her unhappy mother. Who will form
'plots againſt her, if ſhe is with us?"—Dear, dear madam! you are *moved* in my favour—[Who, Lucy, could have forborne being affected by her tender prattle?] She threw her arms about me; I ſee you are moved in my favour!—And I will be your attendant: I will be your waiting maid: I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.

I could not bear this—No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irreſiſtible girl!—Were it to come that [It became me to be unreſerved, for more reaſons than one, to this ſweet child]—Not one requeſt ſhould my Emily make, that heart and mind I would not comply with: Not one wiſh that I would not endeavour to promote and accompliſh for her.

I folded her to my heart, as ſhe hung about my neck.

I grieve you—I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, ſaid ſhe—Henceforth let me call you my mamma—*Mamma*, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than *Mother*—the unhappy Mrs Jervois ſhall be Mrs O'Hara, if ſhe pleaſes; and only *Mother*: A child muſt not renounce her *Mother*, though the mother ſhould renounce, or worſe than renounce, her child.

I muſt leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I muſt

I muſt leave you, *my*, and *more* than *my* Emily—You have cured me of ſleepineſs this night!

O then I am ſorry—

No; don't be ſorry. You have given me pain, 'tis true; but I think it is the ſweeteſt pain that ever entered into a human heart. Such goodneſs! ſuch innocence! ſuch generoſity!—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowledge ſo worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again ſhe wrapped her arms about me) And will you go?

I muſt, I muſt, my dear!—I can ſtay no longer.—But take this aſſurance, that my Emily ſhall have a firſt place in my heart for ever. I will ſtudy to promote your happineſs; and your wiſhes ſhall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am ſure I ſhall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may ſay: And God grant, and down on her knees ſhe dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happieſt of women, and that ſoon, for my ſake, as well as your own, in marriage with the beſt of men, my guardian! (exulting, ſaid ſhe): And ſay, Amen.—Do, God bleſs you, madam, ſay Amen to my prayer.

I ſtruggled from her.—O my ſweet girl! I cannot bear you!—I haſtened out at the door to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kiſſing it with eagerneſs. Say you are not diſpleaſed with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! Who can be angry? How you have diſtreſſed me by your ſweet goodneſs of heart!

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now ſay, once more, *my* Emily—Say, Good reſt to you, *my* Emily—my love—and all thoſe tender names—and ſay, God bleſs you, my child, as if you were

my

my mamma; and I will leave you, and I ſhall in fancy go to ſleep with angels.

Angels only are fit company for *my* Emily—God bleſs *my* Emily! Good night! Be your ſlumbers happy!

I kiſſed her once, twice, thrice, with fervour; and away ſhe tript; but ſtopt at the door, courteſying low, as I, delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had ſaid, and on what might be my fate; ſo many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not cloſe my eyes: I therefore aroſe before day; and while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting ſubject, had recourſe to my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my grandmamma, my aunt, my uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me, if it ſhall be propoſed, to bring down with me my Emily: And yet ſhe ſhall not come, if you don't all promiſe to love her as well as you do

Your for ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

THE active, the reſtleſs goodneſs of this Sir Charles Grandiſon abſolutely dazzles me, Lucy!

The good Dr Bartlett has obliged us all with the ſight of two letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W. his uncle. He has been more than a father to his *Uncle:* Does not that ſound ſtrange? But he is to be the obliger of everybody.

The Doctor ſaid, that ſince Miſs Grandiſon had claimed the benefit of her brother's permiſſion for him to uſe his own diſcretion in communicating to us ſuch of the letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the ſiſters, than by reading to them thoſe two letters, as they were a kind of family ſubject.

After the Doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his cloſet. I ſtole up after him, and obtained his leave to tranſmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when peruſed.

There is no ſuch thing as pointing out particular paſſages of generoſity, juſtice, prudence, diſintereſtedneſs, beneficence, that ſtrike one in thoſe letters, without tranſcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah, Lucy! there are other obſervations to be made; mortifying ones I fear.

Only let me ſay, that I think, if Sir Charles Grandiſon could and would tender himſelf to *my* acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think if I were his, I ſhould not live in continual dread of a ſeparation from him, even by that inevitable ſtroke which, alone, could be the means of *completing* his exiſtence?

LETTER XVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Sat. Night, Mar. 18.

AS ſoon as I had ſeen Mrs Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expreſſions of eſteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character roſe upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he ſaid. I was my *mother*'s ſon.

He commended me for my œconomy, and complimented into *generoſity* the *juſtice* I had done to ſome of my *friends*.

I frankly own, ſaid he, that at your firſt arrival, and even till *now* (that I am determined to be the man you, couſin, would wiſh me to be), I had thought it but prudent to *hold back*: For I imagined, that your father had lived at ſuch a rate, that you would have applied to me to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly, for money to marry your eldeſt ſiſter at leaſt. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others obſerve, that you had not eyes to ſee any of your father's faults, either when he was living or departed, and this gave me reaſon to apprehend, that you had your father's extravagant turn: And I was reſolved, if I were applied to, *to wrap myſelf cloſe about in a general denial*: Elſe, all I had been gathering together for ſo many years paſt might ſoon have been diſſipated; and I ſhould only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out ſome diſagreeable reflections on my father's ſpirit.

To thoſe I anſwered, that every man had a right to judge for himſelf in thoſe articles for which he himſelf is only accountable. My father and your lordſhip, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taſte: Prudence (ſo your lordſhip muſt account it) is yours. There are people in the world who would give different names to both taſtes: But would not your lordſhip think it very preſumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as miſtaken in the meaſures of your prudence?

Look

Look you, nephew, I don't well know what to make of your ſpeech; but I judge that you *mean not* to affront me.

I do not, my lord. While you were apprehenſive, that you might be a ſufferer by me, you acted with your uſual prudence to diſcourage an application. My father had, in your lordſhip's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal ſufferer by it himſelf: Had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoided the neceſſity of doing ſeveral things that were diſagreeable to him, and muſt ever be to a man of ſpirit. His very timber, that *required*, as I may ſay, the ax, would have furniſhed him with all he wanted: And he paid intereſt for a leſs ſum of money than actually was in the hands of his ſtewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to *you*, conſin—

No compliment to me, my lord, I pray you, to the diſcredit of my father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your lordſhip does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own maſter, do as I pleaſe. My taſte is different from both. I purſue mine as he did his. If I ſhould happen to be more right than my father in ſome things, he might have the advantage of me in others; and in thoſe I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am purſuing my own predominant paſſion; and that, perhaps, with as much ardour, and as little power to reſiſt it as my father had to reſtrain his.

Bravo! bravo! ſaid my lord—Let me aſk you, nephew—May *all* young men, if they will, improve by travelling as you have done?—If they may, by my troth, nine parts in ten of thoſe who go abroad ought to be hanged up at their father's doors on their return.

Very ſevere, my lord. But thinking minds will

be thoughtful, whether abroad or at home: Unthinking ones call for our pity.

Well, Sir, I do aſſure you, that I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle: And there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would conſult you upon.

He rang, and aſked what time dinner would be ready:

In half an hour was the anſwer.

Mrs Giffard came in. Her face glowed with paſſion. My lord ſeemed affected at her entrance. It was eaſy to ſee that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my lord was more afraid of her than ſhe was of him.

She endeavoured to aſſume a complaiſant air to me; but it was ſo viſibly ſtruggled for, that it ſat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when ſhe broke ſilence, to aſk officiouſly, as ſhe did, after the health of my ſiſter Charlotte.

I would be alone with my nephew, ſaid my lord, in a paſſionate tone.

You *ſhall* be alone, my lord, impertinently replied ſhe, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more than once before, and that ſhe had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeneſs that he only could take and deſerve, who was conſcious of having degraded himſelf.

Fooliſh woman! Why came ſhe in when I was there, except to ſhew her ſuppoſed conſequence at the expence of his honour? She knew my opinion of her. She would, by a third hand, once have made overtures to me of her intereſt with my lord; but I ſhould have thought meanly of myſelf, had I not, with diſdain, rejected the tender of her ſervices.

A damn'd woman! ſaid my lord; but looked firſt as if he would be ſure ſhe was out of hearing.

This

This woman, nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the ſubjects I wanted to conſult you upon.

Defer this ſubject, my lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not deſign to begin with it. You are diſcompoſed.

And ſo I am: And he puffed and panted, as if out of breath.

I aſked him ſome indifferent queſtions: To have followed him upon the ſubject at that time, whatever reſolutions he had taken, they would probably have gone off, when the paſſion to which they would have owed their vigour had ſubſided.

When he had anſwered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praiſes again, and particularly for my behaviour to Mrs Oldham; who, he ſaid, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily, and never opened her lips, when ſhe was led to mention me, but with bleſſings heaped upon me.

That woman, my lord, ſaid I, was *once* good. A recovery, where a perſon is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wiſhed for in the latter is, that ſhe may be made unhurtful. Her higheſt good was never more than harmleſſneſs. She that was once good cannot be eaſy when ſhe is in a ſtate of true penitence, till ſhe is reſtored to that from which ſhe was induced to depart.

You underſtand theſe matters, couſin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I ſhall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I muſt talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I muſt talk of this woman now—I am reſolved to part with her; I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how ſhe pulled the door after her, though you were preſent?

I did, my lord. But it was plain, that ſomething diſagreeable had paſſed before, or ſhe could

not ſo totally have forgotten herſelf. But, my lord, we will poſtpone this ſubject if you pleaſe; if you yourſelf lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it with all my heart.

Well then, be it ſo. But now tell me, have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the ſtate, and hope to be one day happy in it.

Well ſaid—And are you at liberty, kinſman, to receive a propoſal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for any anſwer, he propoſed Lady Frances N. and ſaid, he had been ſpoken to on that ſubject.

Lady Frances, anſwered I, is a very deſerving young lady. My father ſet on foot a treaty with her family. But it has been long broken off: It cannot be reſumed.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told that *ſhe* is likely to be the lady. She has a noble fortune. Your ſiſters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My ſiſters wiſh me happily married. I have ſuch an opinion of both thoſe ladies, that it would give me ſome little pain to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuſe me, were I offered to her, as I cannot myſelf *make* the offer. I cannot bear, my lord, to think of returning ſlight for reſpect to my *own* ſex: But as to ladies, how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your mother: She was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed ſhe was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.

And excellent kinſman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you ſay of your father, becauſe I ſee it is all from principle.

ciple. I have known ſome men who have ſpoken with reverence of their mothers to give themſelves dignity; that is to ſay, for bringing creatures ſo important as themſelves into the world; and who have exacted reſpect to the good old women, who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incenſe offered the parent into their own noſtrils. This was duty in parade.

The obſervation, my good Dr Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it made by my father, who ſaw very far into men; but was ſometimes led, by his wit, into ſaying a ſevere thing: And yet, whenever I hear a man praiſed highly for the performance of common duties, as for being a good huſband, a good ſon, or a kind father, though each is *comparatively* praiſe worthy, I conclude that there is nothing extraordinary to be ſaid of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed compriſing all the duties in one word: For friendſhip is the balm as well as ſeaſoning of life: And a man cannot be defective in *any* of the ſocial duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly underſtood.

Well, couſin, ſince you cannot think of either of thoſe ladies, how ſhould you like the rich and beautiful Counteſs of R.? You know what an excellent character ſhe bears.

I do. But, my Lord, I ſhould not chuſe to marry a widow: And yet, generally, I do not diſreſpect widows, nor imagine thoſe men to blame who marry them. But as my circumſtances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities; eſpecially as I ſhall hope (and I ſhould not deſerve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I ſhall be married for my whole life.

The Counteſs once declared, ſaid my Lord, before half a ſcore in company, two of them her particular

ticular admirers, that ſhe never would marry any man in the world, except he were juſt ſuch another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Ladies, my Lord, who in abſence ſpeak favourably of a man who forms not pretenſions upon them, nor is likely to be troubleſome to them, would ſoon convince that man of his miſtake, were his preſumption to riſe upon their declared good opinion of him.

I wonder, proceeded my lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, couſin, praiſed in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a ſtranger, as I may ſay. Many youthful follies may perhaps be over-paſſed, that we ſhall never know any-thing of: But, be that as it will, I can tell you, Sir, that I have heard ſuch praiſes of you as have made my eyes gliſten, becauſe of my relation to you. I was told, within this month paſt, that no fewer than five ladies, out of one circle, declared, that they would ſtand out by conſent, and let you pick and chuſe a wife from among them.

What your lordſhip has heard of this nature, let me ſay, without affecting to diſclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one ſex than of the other. I ſhould be glad, that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it), would mend us men.

So ſhould I, nephew: But I [poor man! he hung down his head] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not deſpiſe me in your heart, couſin?—You muſt have heard—That curſed woman—But I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either cenſorious or uncharitable. Tell me, however, do you not deſpiſe me?

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe my mother's brother! No, my lord. Yet were a ſovereign to warrant my freedom, and there were a likelihood that he would be the better for it, I would with decency tell him my whole mind. I am ſorry to ſay it; but your lordſhip, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated, have too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cauſe you to be cenſured for *ſingularity*. But your lordſhip adds, to a confeſſion that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, couſin, has made me half aſhamed of myſelf.

I am not accuſtomed, my lord, to harangue on theſe ſubjects to men who know their duty: But let me ſay, that your lordſhip's good reſolutions, to be efficacious, muſt be built upon a better foundation than occaſional diſguſt or diſobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a ſubject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, couſin. I ſhall, for my own ſake, adore my ſiſter's ſon. Had I conſulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my lord, muſt do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed than I could have imagined: And after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refuſal of a duel, he, by a tranſition that was very natural, mentioned the *reſcued lady*, as he called her. I have heard, couſin, ſaid he, that ſhe is the moſt beautiful woman in England.

I think her ſo, my lord, replied I: And ſhe has one excellence that I never before met with in a beauty: She is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miſs Byron in ſuch terms, as made my lord challenge me, as my ſiſters

once

once did, on the warmth of my deſcription and praiſes of her.

And does your lordſhip think, that I cannot do juſtice to the merits of ſuch a lady as Miſs Byron, but with an intereſted view? I do aſſure you, that what I have ſaid is ſhort of what I think of her. But I can praiſe a lady without meaning a compliment to myſelf. I look upon it, however, as one of the moſt fortunate accidents of my life, that I have been able to ſerve her, and ſave her from a forced marriage with a man whom ſhe diſliked, and who could not deſerve her. There is hardly any-thing gives me more pain, than when I ſee a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at firſt conſulted; and who yet, though deeply ſenſible of her misfortune, irreproachably ſupports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the ſex, kinſman.

I am. I think the man who is not muſt have fallen into bad company; and deſerves not to have been favoured with better. Yet, to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quick-ſighted.

I don't know how it is; but I have not, at this rate, fallen into the beſt company; but perhaps it is for want of that delicacy, in my own mind, which you are ſpeaking of.

Were we men, my lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for thoſe qualities which are principally valuable in the ſex; the leſs eſtimable, if they would not be reformed, would ſhrink out of our company, into company more ſuitable to their taſte; and we ſhould never want objects worthy of our knowledge, and even of our admiration, to aſſociate with. There is a kind of magnetiſm in goodneſs. Bad people will indeed find out bad people to accompany with, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of ſand; while truſt, confidence,

love,

love, ſympathy, twiſt a cord, by a reciprocation of beneficent offices, which ties good men to good men, and cannot eaſily be broken.

I have never had theſe notions, couſin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them; and, to own the truth, meaning to ſerve myſelf, rather than any-body elſe, I never took pains to look out for worthy attachments. The people I had to do with had the ſame views upon *me* as I had upon *them;* and thus I went on in a ſtate of hoſtility with all men; miſtruſting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impoſe upon me, if I placed confidence in him.—But as to this Miſs Byron, nephew, I ſhall never reſt till I ſee her—Pray, what is her fortune? They tell me, it is not above 15000*l.* —What is that, to the offers you have had made you?

Juſt then we were told, dinner was on table.

I am wiſhing for an inclination to reſt; but it flies me. The laſt letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as thoſe from the biſhop, afflict me. Why have I ſuch a feeling heart? Were the unhappy ſituation of affairs there owing to my own enterpriſing ſpirit, I ſhould deſerve the pain it gives me. But I ſhould be too happy, had I not theſe *without door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they ariſe not from *within*, though they make themſelves too eaſy a paſſage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowſy moment, I ſhall welcome its approach: If not, I will riſe, and continue my ſubject.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Sunday, March 19.

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulneſs; I could not, though I tried for it, prevail for more: And I will continue my ſubject.

After dinner, every attendant being diſmiſſed, my lord, making me firſt ſee that nobody was liſtening in the paſſages, began as follows:

I am determined, nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occaſion that I will not mention to you, becauſe you would deſpiſe me, if I did, for my weakneſs: And now ſhe wants to bring in upon me a ſiſter of hers, and her huſband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reaſon, ſhe is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: For this man and his wife have ſix children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honeſtly ſupported.

And have you any difficulty, my lord, in parting with her, but what ariſes from your own want of reſolution?

The moſt inſolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the moſt whining at another. Don't deſpiſe me, nephew; you know I have taken her as—You know what I mean—

I underſtand you, my lord.

But ſay, you don't you deſpiſe me, Sir Charles Grandiſon. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my lord, where I ſee compunction, is ſtronger than my cenſure.

That is well ſaid.—Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and ſhe has held me to it,

to give her an annuity of 150 *l.* for life; which was to be made up 250 *l.* if I parted with her without her conſent; and here we have been, for ſeveral months, plaguing one another, whether I ſhall turn *her* out of the houſe, or ſhe will leave *me*: For ſhe has told me, that ſhe will not ſtay, unleſs I take in her ſiſter and brother; yet will not go, becauſe ſhe will then have no more than the 150 *l.* a-year: And that is too much for her deſerts for theſe two years paſt.

Your lordſhip ſees the inconveniencies of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much happier that ſtate is, which binds a man and woman together by intereſt, as well as by affection, if diſcretion be not forgotten in their choice. But let me expreſs my ſurprize, that your lordſhip who has ſo ample an eſtate, and no child, ſhould ſeem to value your peace of mind at ſo low a rate as 100 *l.* a-year.

I will not let her go away with ſuch a triumph. She has not deſerved from me—

Pray, my lord, was ſhe of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow—

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty diſorders made me want a woman about me. I hated men fellows—

Well, my lord, this regards your *motive*. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't ſay I have. Her curſed temper would frighten, rather than invite, lovers. I *heard* it was no good one; but it broke not out to *me* till within theſe two years.

Your lordſhip, ſurely, muſt not diſpute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250 *l.* a-year, and let her go.

To reward a curſed woman for miſbehaviour!—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to ſay, that your lordſhip has deſerved ſome puniſhmnt: Give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a puniſhment to yourſelf.

You hurt my ſore place, nephew.

Conſider, my lord, that 250 *l.* a-year for life, or even for ever, is a poor price for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condeſcended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment muſt ſtrike her to the heart, if ſhe lives to have compunction ſeize her, when ſhe thinks that ſhe is receiving, for ſubſiſtence, the wages of her ſhame. Be *that* her puniſhment. You intimate, that ſhe has ſo behaved herſelf, that ſhe has but few friends: Part with her, without giving her cauſe of complaint; that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has loſt *her* reputation will not be regardful of *yours*. Suppoſe ſhe ſue you for non-performance of covenants, would your lordſhip appear to ſuch a proſecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on a proſecution that would otherwiſe go againſt you. You cannot be in earneſt to part with this woman; ſhe cannot have offended you beyond forgiveneſs, if you ſcruple 100 *l.* a-year to get rid of her.

He fervently ſwore, that he was in earneſt; and added, I am reſolved, nephew, to marry, and live honeſt.

He looked at me, as if he expected I ſhould be ſurpriſed.

I believe I could not change countenance on ſuch a hint as this. You have come to a good reſolution, my lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your lordſhip will find the difference in your own reflections, as well as in your reputation and intereſt. And ſhall the difference of 100 *l.* a-year—Don't let me ſay, that I am aſhamed for my Lord W.

I knew

I knew that you would deſpiſe me, Sir Charles.

I know that I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, were I not to deal freely with your lordſhip in this reſpect. Indeed, my lord, you have not had ſo good reaſon (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's ſpirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, nephew. He looked diſpleaſed.

You muſt not be angry, my lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, conſulting me, ſhall be diſpleaſed with me for ſpeaking my mind with freedom and ſincerity.

What a man am I talking to!—Well, rid me of this torment (You have ſpirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles), and I will for ever love you. But *talk* to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and ſobs, and threatens, by turns, and I cannot bear it.—Once ſhe was going to tie herſelf up—Would to God I had not prevented her!—And then (O my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr Bartlett, I was aſhamed of my uncle. But you ſee what an artful as well as inſolent woman this is. What *folly* is there in wickedneſs! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it ſucceed ſo often as it does!—Yet my mother's brother to wiſh he had ſuffered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to deſtroy herſelf!—I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be ſerving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance, or I ſhould not have kept my ſeat.—But we ſee in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedneſs debaſes, and how habitual goodneſs exalts the human mind. In their youth they were ſuppoſed nearer an equality in their underſtandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occaſion called out into action their reſpective

talents. But perhaps the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted proſperity that attended him, and for having never met with check or controul; whereas the moſt happily married woman in the world muſt have a will to which ſhe muſt ſometimes reſign her own. What a glory to a good woman muſt it be, who can not only reſign her will, but make ſo happy an uſe of her reſignation as my mother did!

My lord repeated his requeſt, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and ſent for her accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with paſſion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehenſion for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I ſee, Mrs Giffard, ſaid I, that you are in great emotion. I am deſired to talk with you; a taſk I am not very fond of: But you will find nothing but civility, ſuch as is due to you, for your ſex's ſake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will ſee you again in a few moments.

I took a turn, and ſoon came back. Her face looked not quite ſo bloated; and ſhe burſt into tears. She began to make a merit of her ſervices, her care, her honeſty, and then inveighed againſt my lord for the narrowneſs of his ſpirit. She paid ſome compliments to me; and talked of being aſhamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what ſhe was prepared to ſay of her ſacrifices, the loſs of her good name, and the like; on which, with reſpect to my lord, and his ingratitude to her, as ſhe called it, ſhe laid great ſtreſs.

I am never diſpleaſed, my dear friend, with the teſtimony which the moſt profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to ſet a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to ſay, Mrs Giffard, that my lord

lord betrayed, ſeduced, or deceived you. I ſay not this ſo much for reproach as for juſtice-ſake; and not to ſuffer you to deceive yourſelf; and to load him with greater faults that he has been guilty of. You were your own miſtreſs: You had no father, mother, huſband, to queſtion you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a ſole and independent perſon. One hundred and fifty pounds a-year, Mrs Giffard, though a ſmall price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheleſs, greatly above the price of common ſervice. I never ſeek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; though it is not my meaning to affront, a woman eſpecially, and one who ſuppoſes herſelf in diſtreſs. You *muſt know*, madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: You ſtipulated, therefore, for a proviſion accordingly. The woman, who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardſhip to take the ſtipulation, and once more give herſelf the opportunity to recover her loſt fame. This independence my lord is deſirous to give you—

What independence, Sir?

One hundred and fifty—

Two hundred and fifty, Sir, if you pleaſe—if my lord thinks fit to diſmiſs me.

My lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the ſtipulation; but he pleads miſbehaviour.

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100*l.* a-year, though I thought my *lord* ought not—And as to miſbehaviour, Dr Bartlett, I hardly know how to puniſh a woman for that, to her keeper. Does ſhe not firſt miſbehave to herſelf, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her firſt duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere diſcretionary obligation? I would have all theſe *moraliſts*, as they affect to call themſelves, ſuffer by ſuch liber-

tine principles, as cannot be purſued, but in violation of the very firſt laws of morality.

Miſbehaviour! Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baſeneſs of heart. I never miſbehaved, as he calls it, till I ſaw—

Well, madam, this may lead to a debate that can anſwer no end. I preſume you are as willing to leave my lord as he is to part with you. It muſt be a wretchedneſs beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I muſt not palliate in this caſe), and yet of hatred and animoſity, with the perſon who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal taſk, Sir, to talk with *you* on this ſubject. My lord will not refuſe to ſee me, I hope. I know what to ſay to *him*.

He has requeſted me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the taſk. We have all our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and what he will puniſh. His pardon, however, in a great meaſure, depends upon yourſelf. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: Your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: But you have now a proſpect opened of future happineſs, through your mutual miſunderſtandings, that you never otherwiſe *might* have had. And let me make an obſervation to you; that where hatred or diſlike have once taken place of liking, the firſt ſeparation, in ſuch a caſe as this, is always the beſt. Affection or eſteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth—Don't you as heartily diſlike my lord as he does you?

I do, Sir—He is—

I will not hear *what* he is from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, *that* in which you have been joint partakers—But if you might, would you chuſe to live together to be torments to each other?

I can

I can torment him more than he can me—

Diabolical temper!—Woman! (and I ſtood up, and looked ſternly) Can you forget *to* whom you ſay this—and *of* whom?—Is not Lord W. my uncle?

This (as I intended it ſhould) ſtartled her. She aſked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a peer of the realm made of it! to have this ſaid *of* him, and perhaps, had you been in his preſence, *to* him, by a woman whoſe courage is founded in his weakneſs!—Let me tell you, madam—

She held up her claſped hands—For God's ſake, forgive me, Sir! and ſtand my friend.

A hundred and fifty pounds a-year, madam, is rich payment for *any* conſideration that a woman could give, who has more ſpirit that virtue. Had you kept *that*, madam, you would, though the daughter of cottagers, have been ſuperior to the greateſt man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.—But thus far, and as a puniſhment to my lord for his wilful weakneſs, I *will* be your friend—Retire from my lord: You ſhall have 250*l.* a-year: And as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, beſtow the hundred a-year that was in debate, upon young creatures of your ſex, as an encouragement to them to preſerve that chaſtity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and with the reſt live a life ſuitable to that diſpoſition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wiſh you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: She could not, ſhe ſaid, ſtand in my preſence.

I had, indeed, ſpoken with warmth. She withdrew trembling, courteſying, mortified; and I returned to my lord.

He was very earneſt to hear my report. I again put it to him, whether he adhered to his reſolution of parting with his woman? He declared

clared in the affirmative, with greater earneſtneſs than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that ſhe ſhould go, and that without ſeeing him? I cannot bear to ſee her, ſaid he.

Bravoes of the law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are theſe keepers, generally. I have ever ſuſpected the courage (to magnanimity they muſt be ſtrangers) of men who can defy the laws of ſociety. I pitied him: And believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak lord afraid of her; I ſaid, have you a mind, my lord, that ſhe ſhall quit the houſe this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake that ſhe ſhall.

And *can* you do this for me? If you can, you ſhall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: For the moment you are gone ſhe will force herſelf into my preſence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my ſtomach. She reproaches me, as if ſhe had been an innocent woman, and I the moſt ungrateful of men. For God's ſake, nephew, releaſe me from her, and I ſhall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he; but ſhe would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: She ſtands in awe of nobody elſe. You will be my guardian angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my lord, you will leave it to me to do the beſt I can with her: But it cannot be the beſt on your ſide, for your honour's ſake, if we do her not that juſtice that the law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my lord, you muſt forgive me for ſaying, that you ſhall not reſume that dignity to diſtreſs this woman, which you laid aſide when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myſelf to your management: Only this 100*l.* a-year—Once again, I ſay, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me:

me: And 150*l.* a-year is two-thirds more than ever ſhe, or any of her family were intitled to.

The worſt and meaneſt are intitled to juſtice, my lord; and I hope your lordſhip will not refuſe to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: You muſt *not*, if I take any concern in this affair.

Juſt then the woman ſent in to beg the favour of an audience, as ſhe called it, of me.

She addreſſed me in terms above her education. There is ſomething, ſaid ſhe, in your countenance, Sir, ſo terrible, and yet ſo ſweet, that one muſt fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveneſs, when one has offended. I was too free in ſpeaking of my lord to his nephew—And then ſhe made a compliment to my character, and told me, She would be determined by my pleaſure, be it what it would.

How ſeldom are violent ſpirits true ſpirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their ſubmiſſion! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She ſaw, that diſpleaſed as ſhe apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a-year penalty; and this made her ſo acquieſcent.

I was indeed diſpleaſed with you, Mrs Giffard; and could not, from what you ſaid, but conclude in your diſfavour, in juſtification of my lord's complaints againſt you.

Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay before you the true ſtate of every thing between my lord and me?—Indeed, Sir, you don't know—

When two perſons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is ſeldom wholly on one ſide: But thus far I judge between you, and deſire not to hear particulars; the man who diſpenſes with a known duty, in ſuch a caſe as this before us, muſt render himſelf deſpicable in the eyes of the very

perſon whom he raiſes into conſequence by ſinking his own. Chaſtity is the crown and glory of a woman. The moſt profligate of the men love modeſty in the ſex, at the very time they are forming plots to deſtroy it in a particular object. When a woman has ſubmitted to put a price upon her honour, ſhe muſt appear, at times, deſpicable in the eyes even of her ſeducer; and when theſe two break out into animoſity, ought either to wiſh to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am ſtruck with remorſe; I ſee my error. And ſhe put her handkerchief to her eyes, and ſeemed to weep.

I proceeded: You, Mrs Giffard, doubted the continuance of my lord's paſſion: You made your terms therefore, and propoſed a penalty beſides. My lord ſubmitted to the terms, and by that means ſecured his right of diſmiſſing you, at his pleaſure; the only convenience that a man diſhonouring himſelf by deſpiſing marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be ſaid (though you are both anſwerable at a tribunal higher than your own) but that you ſhould have ſeparated long ago? Yet you would not conſent to it: You would not leave him at liberty to aſſert the right he had reſerved to himſelf. Strange weakneſs in him, that he would ſuffer that to depend upon you!—But one weakneſs is the parent of another.

She then viſibly wept.

You found it out, that you could *torment your lord in a higher degree than he could torment you*; and how, acting upon ſuch principles, you have lived together for ſome time paſt, you have let every one ſee.

She, on her knees, beſought my pardon for the freedom of that expreſſion:—Not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend, but from thoſe of policy.

She

She was ſtrong enough to raiſe herſelf without my aſſiſtance. She did unbidden, on ſeeing me ſtep backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do ſo; and looked very ſilly; and the more, for having miſſed my aſſiſting hand: By which I ſuppoſed, that ſhe had uſually better ſucceſs with my lord, whenever ſhe had prevailed on herſelf to kneel to him.

It is eaſy, my good Dr Bartlet, from ſmall crevices, to diſcover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an obſerver, who himſelf diſdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her ſtudy. In a departure from honeſt nature; there will be ſuch curvings, as that the eyes, the countenance, will generally betray the heart: And if ſhe either breaks out into uncalled for apologies, or affects undue reſerve, ſhe gives room to confirm the ſuſpicion, that all is not right in her mind.

I excuſe you, Mrs Giffard, ſaid I; my lord has deſervedly brought much of what has diſtreſſed him upon himſelf: But now it is beſt for you to part. My lord chuſes not to ſee you. I would adviſe you to remove this very afternoon.

What, Sir, and not have my 250*l.* a-year!

Will you leave the houſe this night, if I give you my word—

For the whole ſum, Sir—Two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, Sir?

Yes, for the whole ſum.

I will, Sir, with all my heart and ſoul. Moſt of my things are in the country. My lord came up in a paſſion to talk with you, Sir. Two or three band-boxes are all I have here. Mr Halden (he is my lord's favourite) ſhall go down, and ſee I take nothing but my own—I will truſt to your word of honour, Sir—and leave, for ever, the moſt ungrateful—

Huſh,

Huſh, Mrs Giffard, theſe tears are tears of paſſion. There is not a female feature, at this inſtant, in your face—[What a command of countenance! it cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her] A penitent ſpirit is an humble, a broken ſpirit: You ſhew, at preſent, no ſign of it.

She dropt me a courteſy, with ſuch an air (tho' not deſigned, I believe) as ſhewed that the benefit ſhe was to reap from the advice would not be ſudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her queſtion, if ſhe had my honour for the payment of the entire ſum—And you don't inſiſt, Sir (I have poor relations), that I ſhall pay out the hundred a-year as you mentioned!

You are to do with the whole annuity as you pleaſe. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their neceſſities. But remember Mrs Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at ſome atonement.

The woman could too well bear this ſeverity. Had a finger been ſufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She aſſured me, that ſhe would leave the houſe in two hours time. I returned to my lord, and told him ſo.

He aroſe from his ſeat, embraced me, and called me his good angel. I adviſed him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himſelf juſtice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my lord. If you have brought me off for 150*l.* I will adore you.

Theſe are the terms (you promiſed to leave them to me): You pay no more than 150*l.* a-year for her life, till you aſſure me, upon your honour, that you chearfully, and on mature conſideration, make it up 250*l.*

How is that! How is that, nephew?—Then I never ſhall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever aſk you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried Oh!—

But how did you manage it, kinſman?—I never ſhould have brought her to any thing—How did you manage it?

Your lordſhip does not repent her going?

He ſwore that it was the happieſt event that could have befallen him. I hope, ſaid he, ſhe will go without wiſhing to ſee me—Whether ſhe would whine, or curſe, it would be impoſſible for me to ſee her, and be myſelf.

I believe ſhe will go without deſiring to ſee you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!—But is it poſſible, kinſman, that you could bring me off for 150 *l.* a-year? Tell me truly.

It is: And I tell your lordſhip, that it ſhall coſt you no more till you ſhall know how to value the comfort and happineſs of your future life at more than 100 *l.* a-year: Till then the reſpect I pay to my mother's brother, and the regard I have for his honour, will make me chearfully pay the 100 *l.* a-year in diſpute out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and at laſt burſting out into tears and ſpeech together—And is it *thus*, is it *thus* you ſubdue me? Is it *thus* you convince me of my ſhameful littleneſs? I cannot bear it: All that this woman has done to me is nothing to this. I can neither leave you, nor ſtay in your preſence. Leave me, leave me for ſix minutes only—Jeſus! how ſhall I bear my own littleneſs?

I aroſe. One word only, my lord: When I reenter, ſay not a ſyllable more on this ſubject: Let it paſs as I put it. I would part with a greater ſum than a hundred a-year, for the ſatisfaction of

giving to my uncle the tranquillity he has ſo long wanted in his own houſe, rather than that a perſon who has had a dependence upon him, ſhould think herſelf intitled to complain of injuſtice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it haſtily and retired, leaving him to recollect himſelf.

When I returned, he thruſt into my hand a paper, and held it there, and ſwore that I ſhould take it. If the wretch live ten years, nephew, ſaid he, *that* will reimburſe you; if ſhe dies ſooner, the difference is yours: And, for God's ſake, for the ſake of your mother's memory, don't deſpiſe me; that is all the favour I aſk of you: No man on earth was ever ſo nobly overcome. By all that's good you ſhall chalk me out my path. Bleſſed be my ſiſter's memory for giving me ſuch a kinſman! The name of Grandiſon, that I ever diſliked till now, is the firſt of names: And may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done ſpeaking: I then opened it, and found it to be a bank-note of 1000 *l.* I was earneſt to return it; but he ſwore ſo vehemently that he would have it ſo, that I at laſt acquieſced; but declared that I would pay the *whole* annuity, as far as the ſum went; and this, as well in juſtice to him, as to ſave him the pain of attending to an affair that muſt be grievous to him. And I inſiſted upon giving him an acknowledgment under my hand for that ſum, and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would in the like caſe.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My lord ſtarted up at her voice: His complexion varied: He whipt as nimbly behind the door as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not ſee her, ſaid he.

I ſtepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept; yet, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things againſt my lord: But I ſtopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaſter quarterly of the 250*l.* a-year; and ſhe turned her execrations againſt her lord into bleſſings on me: But, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderneſs, was viſibly the occaſion. Could ſhe have ſecured her whole annuity, I have no doubt but ſhe would have gratified that pride, by leaving her lord in triumph while ſhe thought her departure would have given him regret: But to be *diſmiſſed* was a diſgrace that affected her, and gave bitterneſs to her inſolent ſpirit.

LETTER XIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

In Continuation.

MY lord, though he had acquitted himſelf on the occaſion in ſuch a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's ſpirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleneſs, when he was aſſured Giffard was out of the houſe. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, ariſing (as it came out) from the ſame occaſion; and ordered him to make all his domeſtics happy on his *deliverance*, as he meanly called it: Aſking, if there were any body in the houſe who loved her? Not a ſingle ſoul, ſaid Halden; and I am ſure, that I may venture to congratulate your lordſhip, in the names of

all your ſervants: For ſhe was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranneſs to all beneath her.

I then, for the firſt time, pitied the woman; and ſhould have pitied her ſtill more (true as this might in ſome meaſure be), had ſhe not gone away ſo amply rewarded; for, in this little family, I looked forward to the family of the ſtate, the ſovereign and his miniſters. How often has a miniſter, who has made a tyrannical uſe of power (and even ſome who have not), experienced, on his diſmiſſion, the like treatment from thoſe who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad an uſe of it; who, in its plenitude, were fawning, creeping ſlaves, as thoſe ſervants might be to this miſtreſs of their lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell in all the ſuperb train of Wolſey, when he had fallen into diſgrace; and yet he had in it hundreds, ſome not ignobly born, and all of them leſs meanly deſcended than their magnificent maſter.

Halden addreſſed himſelf to me, as having been the means of making his lord and his whole houſhold happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, ſaid I: The poor woman might poſſibly have numbered among her well-wiſhers (ſhe could not have diſobliged *every* body) ſome of thoſe, who now will be moſt forward to load her with obloquy. You muſt not make her too conſiderable: It is beſt for my lord, as well as for thoſe that loved her not, to forget there ever was ſuch a woman, except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boaſts of her honeſty and management; My lord charges her not with infidelity of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My lord ſwore by his ſoul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Bleſſed, ſaid he, be the name of the Grandiſons! This laſt plaudit gratified my pride [I need not tell my Dr Bartlett, that

I have pride]; the more gratified it, as Lord W.'s animoſity to my father made him not pleaſed with his name.

I did not think when my lord began his ſtory to me, that I ſhould ſo ſoon have brought about a ſeparation of guilt from guilt: But their mutual diſguſts had prepared the way; reſentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one ſide, and ſelf-intereſtedneſs, founded (reaſonably) on a ſtipulation made and not complied with, on the other, were all that hindered it from taking place as from themſelves. A mediator had nothing then to do but to adviſe an act of juſtice, and ſo to gild it by a precedent of diſintereſtedneſs in himſelf, as ſhould excite an emulation in a proud ſpirit, which, if not then, muſt, when paſſion had ſubſided, have ariſen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my lord, and now as to your hints of marriage—

Bleſſed God!—Why, nephew, you *overturn* me with your generoſity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your conſent, were I to aſk it, that I ſhould marry?

I give you not only my *conſent*, as you condeſcendingly phraſe it, but my *advice* to marry.

Good God! *I* could not, in the like caſe, do thus. But, nephew, I am not a *young* man.

The more need of a prudent, a diſcreet, a tender aſſiſtant. Your lordſhip hinted, that you liked not men ſervants about your perſon in your illneſs. You are often indiſpoſed with the gout: Servants will not always *be* ſervants when they find themſelves of uſe. Infirmity requires indulgence: In the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exiſt with ſervility; between man and wife it may: The ſame intereſt unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at leaſt, that reſults from mutual con-

fidence? A man gives his own conſequence to the woman he marries? and he ſees himſelf reſpected in the reſpect paid her: She extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is ſuch a tenderneſs, ſuch an helpfulneſs, ſuch a ſympathy in ſuffering in a good woman, that I am always for excuſing men in years, who marry prudently; while I cenſure, for the ſame reaſon, women in years. Male nurſes are unnatural creatures! [There is not ſuch a character that can be reſpectable]. Women's ſphere is the houſe, and their ſhining place the ſick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and ſhall I ſay, lenient qualities? Marry, my lord, by all means. You are not much more than fifty; but were you ſeventy, and ſo often indiſpoſed, ſo wealthy, no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or her's uncomfortable by their little jealouſies: I would adviſe you to marry. The man or woman deſerves not to be benefited in the diſpoſition of your affairs, that would wiſh you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, from an equal, or from one who deſerves to be made your equal in degree. Only, my lord, marry ſo as not to defeat your own end: Marry not a gay creature, who will be fluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wiſhing for her preſence.

Bleſſings on your heart, my nephew! Beſt of men! I can hold no longer. There was no bearing *before* your generoſity: What can I ſay now? —But you *muſt* be in earneſt.

Have you, my lord, aſked I, any lady in your eye?

No, ſaid he; indeed I have not.

I was the better pleaſed with him that he had not; becauſe I was afraid that, like our VIIIth Henry, he had ſome other woman in view, which might have made him more uneaſy than he would otherwiſe

otherwiſe have been with Giffard: For though it were better that he ſhould marry than live in ſcandal, and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world ſee that ſhe could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better juſtified in his complaints of that woman's miſbehaviour than in the other caſe he would have been: And that it was a happineſs to both (if a right uſe were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on as they had ſet out.

He told me, that he ſhould think himſelf the happieſt of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him a woman that I thought worthy of his addreſſes, and even would court her for him.

Your lordſhip ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She ſhould be a gentlewoman by birth and education; a woman of a ſerious turn: Such a one is not likely in affluence to run into thoſe ſcenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has reſtrained the gayer creature. I would not have your lordſhip fix an age, though I think you ſhould not marry a girl. Some women at thirty are more diſcreet than others at forty: And if your lordſhip ſhould be bleſſed with a child or two to inherit your great eſtate, that happy event would domeſticate the lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears ſeemed to make themſelves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he ſaid on this occaſion, and with anger, till he explained himſelf.

By my ſoul, ſaid he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, I hate your father: I never heartily loved him; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My lord!

Don't

Don't be ſurpriſed. I hate him for keeping ſo long abroad a ſon, who would have converted us both. Leſſons of morality, given in ſo noble a manner by regular *practice*, rather than by preaching *theory* (theſe were his words), not only where there is no intereſt propoſed to be ſerved, but *againſt* intereſt, muſt have ſubdued us both; and that by our own conſents. O my ſiſter! and he claſped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly addreſs before him, how have you bleſſed me in your ſon!

This apoſtrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own maſter!—His father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had deſcribed the very wife he wiſhed to have. Find out ſuch a one for me, my dear kinſman, ſaid he; and I give you *carte blanche*: But let her not be younger than between forty and fifty. Make the ſettlements for me: I am very rich: I will ſign them blindfold. If the lady be ſuch a one as *you* ſay I *ought* to love, I *will* love her: Only let her ſay, ſhe can be grateful for my love, and for the proviſion you ſhall direct me to make for her; and my firſt interview with her ſhall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye ſuch a woman as my lord ought to do very handſome things for, if ſhe condeſcend to have him. I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know ſhe will encourage ſuch a propoſal; and, for her own fortune's ſake, I think ſhe ſhould: But I had her not in my thoughts when I propoſed to my lord the character of the woman he ſhould wiſh for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Tueſday, Mar. 21.

DR Bartlet went to town yeſterday. He returned early enough to breakfaſt with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family and Mr Sylveſter; as alſo the two maſters of the young gentlemen, with Mr Galliard, whoſe ſon is in love with Miſs Danby, and ſhe with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodneſs of Sir Charles, of which he had aſſured Mr Sylveſter and the two brothers and ſiſter before.

I am ſorry, methinks, the Doctor went to town: We ſhould otherwiſe, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, ſuch admiration, ſuch gratitude, the Doctor ſays, were expreſſed from every mouth, that his own eyes as well as Mr Sylveſter's, and moſt of thoſe preſent, more than once were ready to overflow.

Every thing was there ſettled, and even a match propoſed by Sir Charles, and the propoſal received with approbation on both ſides, between the elder Miſs Galliard, and that audacious young man the *drug merchant;* who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every body.

The Doctor ſays, that Mr Hervey and Mr Pouſſin, the two maſters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; ſo is Mr Galliard: And they behaved ſo handſomely on the occaſion, that Sir Charles expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with them all. For Mr Hervey and Mr Galliard offered to accept of leſs money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with

with Miſs Danby, the other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnerſhip with him, on his marriage with his niece. But Sir Charles had no notion, he ſaid, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: The greateſt expences, he obſerved, were then incurred. In ſlight or ſcanty beginnings, ſcanty plans muſt be laid, and purſued. Mr Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby ſhould have the handſomer fortune with his daughter, if ſhe approved of him, for the very handſome one Miſs Danby would carry to his ſon.

Sir Charles's example, in ſhort, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happieſt proſpects, are likely very ſoon to follow theſe noble inſtances of generoſity. Mr Sylveſter propoſed the celebration in one day: In that caſe, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his preſence. He aſſentingly bowed. How many families are here at once made happy!

Dr Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, ſaid, on our joining in one general bleſſing of his patron, you know not, ladies, you know not, my lord, what a general *philanthropiſt* your brother is: His whole delight is in doing good. It has always been ſo: And to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the Doctor on his having ſo conſiderable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. ſaid, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at ſo critical a time of life, as that was in which they become acquainted.

The Doctor very modeſtly received the compliment, and to wave our praiſes, gave us another inſtance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits, as follows:

He

He once, ſaid the Doctor, when his fortune was not what it now is, lent a very honeſt man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he reſided there (as he did ſometimes for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the Engliſh chapel), a conſiderable ſum; and took his bond for it: After a while, things not anſwering to the poor man's expectation, Mr Grandiſon took notice to me, ſaid the Doctor, that he appeared greatly depreſſed and dejected, and occaſionally came into his company with ſuch a ſenſe of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: And why, ſaid he, ſhould I keep it in my power to diſtreſs a man, whoſe modeſty and diffidence ſhew, that he deſerves to be made eaſy?—I may die ſuddenly: My executors may think it but juſtice to exact payment: And that expectation may involve him in as great difficulties as thoſe were, from which the loan delivered him.—I will make his heart light. Inſtead of ſuffering him to ſigh over his uncertain proſpects at his board, or on his bed, I will make both his board and his bed eaſy to him. His wife and his five children ſhall rejoice with him; they ſhall ſee the good man's countenance, as it uſed to do, ſhine upon them; and occaſionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: And at the ſame time, fearing the man's diſtreſs might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further ſum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, that the ſum he owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honeſt man's grievance. He declined with gratitude the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the Doctor; and, juſt before Mr Grandiſon left Italy, would have made him ſome part of payment, from the happier turn in his affairs; which, probably,

was

was owing to his revived ſpirits: But Mr Grandiſon aſked, what he thought he meant, when he cancelled the obligation?—Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender: For free minds, he ſaid, loved not to be ungenerouſly dealt with.

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriouſly employed, with my Lord W. and the Danbys, ſaid Lord L. and perhaps in other acts of goodneſs that we know nothing of, beſides the duties of his executorſhip, that we are deprived of his company! But *ſome* of theſe, as he has ſo good a friend as Dr Bartlett, he might transfer to him—and oblige us more with his preſence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himſelf.

Ah, my lord! ſaid the Doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longeſt on me—You don't know—He ſtopped. We all were ſilent. He proceeded—Sir Charles Grandiſon does nothing without reaſon: A good man muſt have difficulties to encounter with, that a mere man of the world would not be embarraſſed by.—But how I engage your attention, ladies!

The Doctor aroſe; for breakfaſt was over—Dear Doctor, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, don't leave us—As to that Bologna, that Camilla, that Biſhop—Tell us more of them, dear Doctor.

Excuſe me, ladies; excuſe me, my lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, bluſhed! How her heart throbbed!—At what?—

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr Bartlett gueſſes, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandiſon: He muſt be aſſured, that my own heart muſt be abſolutely void of *benevolence*, if I did not more and more eſteem Sir Charles for *his*: And would Dr Bartlett be ſo cruel as to con-

tribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new inſtances of his generous goodneſs, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandiſon was ſo engaged, as to render it impoſſible—What ſhall I ſay?—O this cruel, cruel ſuſpenſe!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures!—But all will too ſoon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandiſon is come—

O no!—A falſe alarm! He is not come: It is only my Lord L. returning from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily—It was owing to her!—A chit!—How we have fluttered each other!—But ſend for me down to Northamptonſhire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

PRAY—Do you know, Lucy, what is the buſineſs that calls Mr Deane to town at this ſeaſon of the year? He has made a viſit to Sir Charles Grandiſon: For Dr Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleaſed with him; yet Mr Deane did not tell *me* that he deſigned it. I beſeech you, my dear friends—Do not—But you would not; you *could* not—I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of—I don't know what I would ſay. Only add not diſgrace to diſtreſs.—But I am ſafe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr Deane, or any body, to make *improper* viſits.—But don't you think, that it muſt look particular to Sir Charles, to have a viſit paid him by a man expreſſing for me ſo much undeſerved tenderneſs and affection, ſo long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it?—I dread, as much for Mr Deane's ſake as my own, every thing that may be conſtrued into officiouſneſs or particularity by ſo nice a diſcerner. Does he not ſay, that no man is

more quick-ſighted than himſelf, to thoſe faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earneſt with Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, that they do not ſuffer their friendſhip for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promiſed to conſult my punctilio as well as my inclination. Miſs Grandiſon was more kindly in earneſt, in her aſſurances of this nature, than I was afraid ſhe would be: And my lord ſaid, it was fit that I ſhould find even niceneſs gratified in this particular.

[I abſolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit thoſe paſſages which very few men have delicacy or ſerioufneſs enough to be truſted with. Yet, a mighty piece of ſagacity, to find out a girl of little more than twenty in love, as it is called! and to make a jeſt of her for it!]—[But I am peeviſh, as well as ſaucy.—This alſo goes between hooks.]

Adieu, my Dear.

LETTER XXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Monday Night, Mar. 20.

I AM very much diſſatisfied with myſelf, my dear Dr Bartlett. What pains have I taken to conquer thoſe ſudden guſts of paſſion, to which, from my early youth, I have been ſubject, as you have often heard me confeſs! yet to find, at times, that I am unequal—to myſelf, ſhall I ſay?—To *myſelf* I *will* ſay; ſince I have been ſo much amended

mended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occaſion.

My gueſts and you had but juſt left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O'Hara, and another bullying man, deſired to ſpeak with me.

I bad the ſervant ſhew the woman into the drawing-room next my ſtudy, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and after a little ſtiff civility (I could not help it) aſked, If theſe gentlemen had buſineſs with me?

The gentleman is Major O'Hara, Sir: He is my huſband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: He is the major's brother-in-law. He is an officer of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themſelves airs of importance and familiarity; and the major motioned as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my ſtudy. The woman aroſe, and would have come with them.

If you pleaſe to ſtay where you are, madam, I will attend you preſently.

They entered, and, as if they would have me think them connoiſſeurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, and buſts.

I took off that ſort of attention—Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O'Hara, Sir: I am the huſband of the lady in the next room, as ſhe told you.

And what, pray, Sir, have I to do either with you or your marriage? I pay that lady, as the widow of Mr Jervois, 200 *l.* a-year; I am not obliged to pay her more than one. She has no demands upon me, much leſs has her huſband.

The men had ſo much the air of bullies, and the woman is ſo very wicked, that my departed

friend, and the name by which ſhe ſo lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandiſon, I would have you to know—

And he put his left hand upon his ſword-handle, preſſing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely inſolent.

What am I to underſtand by that motion, Sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles—D—n me, if I mean any thing by it.—

You are called *Major*, you ſay, Sir. Do you bear the king's commiſſion, Sir?

I *have* borne it, Sir, if I do not now.

That, and the houſe you are in, give you a title to civility. But, Sir, I cannot allow, that your marriage with the lady in the next room gives you pretence to buſineſs with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man ſeemed at a loſs what to ſay; but not from baſhfulneſs. He looked about him, as if for his woman; ſet his teeth; bit his lip, and took ſnuff, with an air ſo like defiance, that, for fear I ſhould not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, ſaid I, what are *your* commands with me?

He ſpoke in broken Engliſh; and ſaid, he had the honour to be Major O'Hara's brother: He had married the major's ſiſter.

And why, Sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations?—Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, ſaid he, to ſee my brother righted, Sir—

Who has wronged him?—Take care, gentlemen, how—But, Mr O'Hara, what are your pretenſions?

Why

Why look ye, Sir Charles Grandiſon (throwing open his coat, and ſticking one hand in his ſide, the other thrown out with a flouriſh), Look ye, Sir, repeated he—

I found my choler riſing. I was afraid of myſelf.

When I treat *you* familiarly, Sir, then treat *me* ſo: Till when, pleaſe to withdraw—

I rang: Frederick came in.

Shew theſe gentlemen into the little parlour—You will excuſe me, Sirs; I attend the lady.

They muttered, and gave themſelves briſk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the ſervant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs O'Hara, as ſhe calls herſelf.

Well, madam, what is your buſineſs with me *now?*

Where are the gentlemen, Sir? Where is my huſband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that ſhall paſs between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your preſence, Sir?

Not, madam, while *you* are before me, and if they had any buſineſs with me, or I with them.

Has not a huſband buſineſs where his wife is?

Neither wife nor huſband has buſineſs with me.

Yes, Sir, I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right.

I anſwer not to ſuch a demand: You know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrook: She was kept from me: My child was carried out of the houſe, that I might not ſee her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a letter for her; and I expect to ſee her upon it.—Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourſelf, Sir, longs to ſee her—

Her *new* father, madam!—You *expect to ſee her!* madam.—What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman! the laſt time you ſaw her? But if you *do* ſee her, it muſt be in my preſence, and without your man, if he form pretenſions on your account, that may give either her or me diſturbance.

You are only, Sir, to take care of her fortune; ſo I am adviſed: I, as her mother, have the natural right over her perſon. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then ſeek your remedy in Chancery: Let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I dare ſay: Common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dreſſed for the occaſion. O'Hara, as ſhe calls him, is probably one of her temporary huſbands only.

Pray, walk in, gentlemen, ſaid I. This lady intimates to me, that ſhe will apply to Chancery againſt me. The Chancery, if ſhe has any grievance, will be a proper *recourſe*. She can have no buſineſs with me after ſuch a declaration—much leſs can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, ſaid I, attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

I turned from them, to go into my ſtudy.

The major, as he was called, aſked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his ſword, if this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This houſe, in which, however, you are an intruder, Sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean any thing by either, would coſt you dear.

I am, Sir, the protector of my wife: You have inſulted her, Sir—

Have

Have I inſulted your wife, Sir—And I ſtepped up to him; but juſt in time recovered myſelf, remembering where I was—Take care, Sir—But you are ſafe here—Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door—

Frederick was not in hearing: The well-meaning man, apprehending conſequences, went, it ſeems, into the offices, to get together ſome of his fellow-ſervants.

Salmonet, putting himſelf in a violent motion, ſwore, that he would ſtand by his friend, his brother, to the laſt drop of his blood; and, in a poſture of offence, drew his ſword half-way.

I wiſh, friend, ſaid I (but could hardly contain myſelf), that I were in *your* houſe, inſtead of your being in *mine*.—But if you would have your ſword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he ſaid, if he bore that! My *own* houſe, on ſuch an inſult as this, ſhould not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himſelf into a poſture of defence.

Now, major! *Now*, major! ſaid the wicked woman.

Her major alſo drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dreſſed. I knew not but the men were aſſaſſins. I drew, put by Salmonet's ſword, cloſed with him, diſarmed him, and, by the ſame effort, laid him on the floor.

O'Hara, ſkipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a puſh with ſafety to himſelf, loſt his ſword, by the uſual trick whereby a man, any thing ſkilled in his weapon, knows ſometimes how to diſarm a *leſs* ſkilled adverſary.

The woman ſcreamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, firſt one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deſerved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by

that

that time were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the ſquare.

They limped into the coach they came in: The woman, in terror, was already in it. They curſed, ſwore, and threatened.

The pretended captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid the ſervants tell me, That I was—That I was—And, avoiding a worſe name, as it ſeemed—*No gentleman!* and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a lady.

The major, in eagerneſs to ſay ſomething, by way of reſentment and menace likewiſe—(beginning with damning his blood)—had his intended threatening cut ſhort, by meeting the captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his ſpeech to the ſervant: And each curſing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to aſk for their ſwords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr Bartlett, how much this idle affair has diſturbed me: I cannot forgive myſelf—To ſuffer myſelf to be provoked by two ſuch men, to violate the ſanction of my own houſe. Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if perſonally made, muſt do it.

My only excuſe to myſelf is, that there were two of them; and that, though I drew, yet I had the command of myſelf ſo far as only to defend myſelf, when I might have done any thing with them. I have generally found, that thoſe that are the readieſt to give offence, are unfitteſt, when brought to the teſt, to ſupport their own inſolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How muſt ſhe be terrified!—I will be with you very ſoon. Let

not

not her know any thing of this idle affair; nor any body but Lord L.

Tueſday Morning.

I HAVE juſt parted with one Blagrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed againſt me: But, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in perſon, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himſelf, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, that if *I* pleaſed to reſtore the ſwords, and the hat, by him, and would promiſe not to ſtop the future quarterly payments of the 200 *l.* a-year, about which they were very apprehenſive, he dared to ſay, that, after ſuch an exertion of ſpirit, as he called a choleric exceſs, I ſhould not hear any more of them for one while; ſince he believed they had only been trying an experiment; which had been carried farther, he dared to ſay, than they had deſigned it ſhould.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commiſſions in any ſervice.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, ſince it is very probable that ſhe has not a real title to that of O'Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hyſterics, as O'Hara told him; who, in conſulting Mr Blagrave, may be ſuppoſed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accuſed the men of cowardice before Mr Blagrave; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excuſed themſelves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they ſaid, they eaſily could have done, eſpecially before I drew.

They

They both pretended to Mr Blagrave perſonal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *moſt* hurt; for I am not at all pleaſed with myſelf. They, poſſibly, though they have no cauſe to be ſatisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accuſtomed to ſuch ſcuffles than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr Blagrave took the ſwords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromiſe, and encouraged their inſolence, I could freely have ſent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to ſuch men.

As to the annuity, I bid Mr Blagrave tell the woman, that the payment of that depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not ſure that ſhe was intitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, that no provocation ſhould hinder me from doing ſtrict juſtice, though I were ſure that they would go to law with the money I ſhould cauſe to be paid to them quarterly. You will therefore know, Sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon, to ſupport a law-ſuit, ſhould they commence one, and think fit to employ in it ſo honeſt a man as you ſeem to be, is 100 *l.* a-year. It would be madneſs, if not injuſtice, to pay the other 100 *l.* for ſuch a purpoſe, when it was left to my diſcretion to pay it or not, with a view to diſcourage that litigious ſpirit, which is one of an hundred of this poor woman's bad qualities.

And thus, for the preſent, ſtands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till ſome new ſcheme ariſes, either among theſe people, or from others whom ſhe may conſult or employ. You and I, when I have the happineſs

to

to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the ſubject.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Wed. Mar. 22.

SIR Charles arrived this morning, juſt as we had aſſembled to breakfaſt; for Lady L. is not an early riſer. The moment he entered, ſunſhine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all but me for his long abſence, eſpecially when they had *ſuch* a gueſt, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he ſighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not aſk Miſs Grandiſon whether ſhe ſaw any thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeneſs, I preſume, that he did not include me in his apologies; becauſe that would have been to ſuppoſe that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not diſpleaſed in the main, that he did not compliment me as a *third* ſiſter. See, Lucy, what little circumſtances a doubtful mind will ſometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleaſed that he had been ſo long abſent, and had my thoughts to myſelf upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps *ſhould*, could I have fancied myſelf of importance enough to make him uneaſy by it [The ſex! the ſex! Lucy, will my uncle ſay; but I pretend not to be above its little foibles]: But the moment I ſaw him, all my diſguſts were over. After the Anderſon, the Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more ſhining light than an hero would have done, returning in a tri-

a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at his wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *The Friend of Mankind*, than that of *The Conqueror of Nations!*

He told me, that he paid his compliments yesterday to Mr and Mrs Reeves. He mentioned Mr Deane's visit to him; and said very kind, but just things in his praise. I read not any thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneasiness on the visit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily sat generously uneasy, I saw, for the trouble she had been the cause of giving to her best friend, though she knew not of a visit, that her mother, and O'Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the Doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodness, as he called it, in getting the good girl so happily out of her mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to see her: And he thanked Lord L. for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My lord gave him the letter which Mrs Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles presented it to the young lady, without looking into it: She instantly returned it to him in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by-and-by, my Emily, said he. Dr Bartlet tells me there is tenderness in it.

The Doctor made apologies to him for having communicated to us some of his letters—Whatever Dr Bartlett does, said Sir Charles, must be right. But what say my sisters to my proposal of correspondence with them?

We should be glad, replied Lady L. to see all you write to Dr Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you letter for letter.

Why so?

Miss Byron, said Miss Grandison, has put us

quite

quite out of heart as to the talent of narrative letter-writing.

I ſhould be greatly honoured with a ſight of ſuch letters of Miſs Byron as you, my lord, have ſeen. Will Miſs Byron, applying to me, favour *one* brother, and exclude *another?*

Brother! Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite ſo handſome a man as when he firſt entered the room.

I was ſilent, and bluſhed. I knew not what anſwer to make; yet thought I ſhould ſay ſomething.

May we, Sir Charles, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, hope for a peruſal of your letters to Dr Bartlett for the ſame number of weeks paſt, letter for letter, if we could prevail on Miſs Byron to conſent to the propoſal?

Would Miſs Byron conſent upon that condition?

What ſay you, Miſs Byron? ſaid my lord.

I anſwered, that I could not preſume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to pleaſe my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

They all anſwered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the moſt reſpectful manner, inſiſting upon not being denied to ſee what Lord L. had peruſed; and Miſs Grandiſon having ſaid that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my letters from the country, I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refuſed to oblige him, in the light (tho' not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of *another* brother: I told him, that I would ſhew him very willingly, and without condition, all the letters I had written of the narrative kind, from my firſt coming to London, to the dreadful maſquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous

treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had ſo generouſly given me.

How did he extol me for what he called my noble frankneſs of heart! In that grace, he ſaid, I excelled all the women he had converſed with. He aſſured me, that he would not wiſh to ſee a line that I was not willing he ſhould ſee; and that if he came to a word or paſſage that he could ſuppoſe would be of that nature, it ſhould have no place in his memory.

Miſs Grandiſon called out—But the *condition*, Sir Charles—

Is only this, replied I (I am ſure of your *candour*, Sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong, in any of my notions or ſentiments. I have been very pert and forward in ſome of my letters; particularly in a diſpute that was carried on in relation to learning and languages. If I could not, for *improvement*-ſake, more heartily beſpeak your correction than your approbation, I ſhould be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miſs Byron! Beauty ſhall not bribe me on your ſide, if I think you wrong in any point that you ſubmit to my judgment: And if I am beauty-proof, I am ſure nothing on earth can bias me.

Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, ſhe would number the letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me, that I might make ſuch conditions with her brother on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

BREAKFAST being over, Miſs Grandiſon renewed the talk of the viſit made here by Mrs O'Hara on Sunday laſt. Miſs Jervois very prettily expreſſed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he ſat, with looks of tenderneſs, and called her his dear Emily, and told her, ſhe was the *child of his compaſſion.*

compaſſion. You are called upon, my dear, ſaid he, young as you are, to a glorious trial, and hitherto you have ſhone in it: I wiſh the poor woman would be but half as much the mother as you would be the child! But let us read her letter.

His goodneſs overwhelmed her. He took her mother's letter out of his pocket: She ſtood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to ſuppreſs her emotion: And when he had unfolded the letter, he put his arm round her waiſt. Surely, Lucy, he is the tendereſt, as well as braveſt of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which ſhone out in his looks, as he caſt his eyes now on the letter, and now up to his Emily!—Poor woman! ſaid he, two or three times, as he read: And, when he had done, you *muſt* read it, my dear, ſaid he; there is the *mother* in it: We will acknowledge the mother where-ever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck juſt then!—She was ready to do ſo. O my beſt of guardians! ſaid ſhe; and, it was plain, was but juſt reſtrained, by virgin modeſty, from doing ſo; her hands caught back, as it were, and reſting for a moment on his ſhoulder: And ſhe looked as much abaſhed, as if ſhe had *not* checked herſelf.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion than any body elſe. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And *muſt* I, Sir, would you *have me* read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He roſe, took her hand, and coming with her to me, put it into mine: Be ſo good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while ſhe reads the mother, in the only inſtance that I have ever known it viſible in this unhappy woman.

Emily and I withdrew into the next room, and

there the good girl read the letter; but it was long in reading; her tears often interrupting her: And more than once, as wanting a refuge, ſhe threw her arms about my neck in ſilent grief.

I called her twenty tender names, but I could not ſay much: What could I? The letter in ſome places affected *me*. It was the letter of a mother who ſeemed extremely ſenſible of hardſhips. Her guardian had promiſed obſervations upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedneſs: I knew not but the huſband might be in ſome fault. —What could I ſay? I could not think of giving comfort to a daughter at the expence of even a *bad* mother.

Miſs Grandiſon came to us: She kiſſed the ſobbing girl, and with tenderneſs, calling us her two loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it ſeems, had owned, in our abſence, that Mr and Mrs O'Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a viſit in town, on their return from Colnebrook, and expreſſed himſelf to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miſs Jervois gave the letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which ſhe leaned, while he looked into the letter, and made obſervations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

An unhappy mother, whoſe faults have been barbarouſly aggravated—My Emily's father was an indulgent huſband! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes, which very few men would have forgiven: She was the wife of his choice: He doated on her: His firſt forgiveneſs of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place to avoid her: At laſt, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackeſt nature, he went abroad, in order to purſue that traffic in perſon, which he managed to great

great advantage by his agents and factors; having firſt, however, made a handſome proviſion for his wife.

Thither, after ſome time paſſed in riot and extravagance, ſhe followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a ſenſible and honeſt man; and every one whom he could ſerve or aſſiſt experienced his benevolence. Not a ſingle ſoul who knew him but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at *that* time inſiſted upon his giving up to her management his beloved Emily, and ſolemnly promiſed reformation on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr Jervois, on her firſt viſit to him at Leghorn; and though I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was ſpecious. I hoped that a mother, whatever *wife* ſhe made, could not but be a *mother*; and poor Mr Jervois had not been forward to ſay the worſt of her. But ſhe did not long ſave appearances. The whole Engliſh factory at Leghorn were witneſſes of her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an exceſs that left her no guard, and made her a ſtranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told that ſhe is leſs frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I ſhould be glad of the leaſt ſhadow of reformation in her. That odious vice led her into every other, and hardened her to a ſenſe of ſhame. Other vices, perhaps, at firſt, wanted *that* to introduce them; but the moſt flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the juſtice due to the character of my departed friend, could have induced me to ſay what I have ſaid of this unhappy woman. Forgive me my Emily: But ſhall I not defend your father?—I have not ſaid the *worſt* I could ſay of his wife.

Yet ſhe writes, *that her faults have been barbarouſly aggravated, in order to juſtify the ill uſage of a huſband, who*, ſhe ſays, *was not faultleſs*. Ill uſage of a huſband! Wretched woman! She knew I muſt ſee this letter: How *could* ſhe write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in my cuſtody of his unexceptionable goodneſs to her; and confeſſions, under her own hand, of her guilt and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily—and he aroſe, and took her hand, her face overwhelmed with tears, you may rejoice in your father's character: He was a good man in every ſenſe of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault, and that was his indulgence.—Shall I ſay, that after repeated elopements, after other men had caſt her off, he took her back! When ſhe had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour, and ſhe was hardened enough to deſpiſe the man who could much more eaſily forgive than puniſh her. I am grieved to be obliged to ſay this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend muſt not be unjuſtly loaded. Would to heaven that I could ſuggeſt the ſhadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileneſs, either reſpecting him or herſelf: let whoſe-ſoever character ſuffer by it, I would ſuggeſt it. How often has this worthy huſband wept to me, for thoſe faults of his wife, for which *ſhe* could not be ſorry.

I diſcourage not theſe tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me ſay; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: It is unneceſſary, proceeded he, to ſay any thing further at this time in defence of your father's character: we come now to other parts of the letter, that will not, I hope, be ſo affecting to the heart of a good child.

She inſiſts upon your making her a viſit, or receiving one from her: She longs, ſhe ſays, to ſee you,

you, to lay you in her boſom. She congratulates you on your improvements: She very *pathetically* calls upon you not to deſpiſe her—

My dear girl! you *ſhall* receive her viſit: She ſhall name her place for it, provided I am preſent. I ſhall think it a ſign of her amendment, if ſhe is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you muſt diſtinguiſh between the *crime* and the *mother*: The one is intitled to your pity, the other calls for your abhorrence—Do you *chuſe*, my dear, to ſee your mother? —I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cauſe to complain of unkindneſs from us. There are faults that muſt be left to heaven to puniſh, and againſt the conſequences of which it behoves us only to *guard*, for our own ſakes. I hope you are in a ſafe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: you are *guarded therefore*. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the laſt interview, and calmly, in my preſence, kneel to her mother?

Whatever you command me to do, I will do.

I would have you anſwer this letter. Invite her to the houſe of your guardian—I think you ſhould not go to her lodgings: Yet, if you incline to ſee her there, and ſhe inſiſts upon it I will attend you.

But, Sir, muſt I own her huſband for my father?

Leave that to me, my dear: Little things, punctilios, are not to be ſtood upon: Pride ſhall have no concern with us. But I muſt firſt be ſatisfied that the man and ſhe are actually married. Who knows, if they are, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection ſhe may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto ſhe has aimed to do? If ſhe ſave but appearances for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in every thing, Sir, do as you would have me.

One

One thing, my dear, I think, I will adviſe: if they are really married, if there be any proſpect of their living tolerably together, you ſhall, if you pleaſe (your fortune is very large), make them a handſome preſent, and give hope that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains that ſhe is made poor, and dependent. Poor if ſhe be, it is her own fault: She brought not 200 *l.* to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for love. With 200 *l.* a-year well paid, ſhe ought not to be poor, but dependent ſhe muſt be. Your father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known by experience, that it was but ſtrengthening her hands to do miſchief, and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers after his death. This his *intention*, if there could have been any hope of a good uſe to be made of it, juſtifies my advice to you to *enlarge* her ſtipend: I will put it in ſuch a way, that you, my dear, ſhall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myſelf the advice of reſtraining it to good behaviour, for their own ſakes, and for yours.

O Sir! how good you are! You may give me courage to wiſh to ſee my poor mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: Continue to your Emily the bleſſing of your direction, and I ſhall be a happy girl indeed. O that my mother *may* be married! that ſhe may be intitled to the beſt you ſhall adviſe me to do for her.

I doubt her man is a man of the town, added he; but he *may* have lived long enough to ſee his follies. She may be tired of the life ſhe has led. I have made ſeveral efforts to do her ſervice, but have no hope to reclaim her; I wiſh ſhe may now be a wife in earneſt. But this I think ſhall be my laſt

laſt effort—Write, my dear, but nothing of your intention. If ſhe is not married, things muſt remain as they are.

She haſtened up ſtairs, and very ſoon returned with the following lines:

Madam,

I Beſeech you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my mother. You rejoice my heart, when you tell me that you love me. My guardian was ſo good, before I could have time to aſk him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know that he will himſelf preſent me to you, whenever you pleaſe to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you at his houſe in St James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be ſo angry with your poor girl, as you was laſt time I ſaw you at Mrs Lane's, and then I will ſee you with all the duty that a child owes to her mother. For I am, and will ever be,

Your dutiful daughter,

EMILIA JERVOIS.

Sir Charles generouſly ſcrupled the laſt paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, ſaid he, remind a mother, who has written ſuch a letter as that before us, of a behaviour that ſhe ſhould be glad to forget.

Miſs Grandiſon deſired it might ſtand. Who knows, ſaid ſhe, but it may make her aſhamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deſerves not generous uſage, ſaid Lady L.; ſhe cannot feel it.

Perhaps *not*, replied Sir Charles; but we ſhould do proper things, *for our own ſakes*, whether the perſons are capable of feeling them as they ought or not. What ſay *you*, Miſs Byron, to this laſt paragraph?

I was

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reaſon he gave; but the two ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earneſt manner, and my lord ſaying he thought it might paſs, I was afraid it would look like beſpeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopted his ſentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who ſat ſuſpended in her judgment, as one who feared ſhe had done a wrong thing, I ſaid, it was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miſs Jervois's pen; as it was written, I dared to ſay, rather in apprehenſion of hard treatment, from what ſhe remembered of the laſt, than in a ſpirit of recrimination or reſentment.

The good girl declared it was. Both ladies, and my lord, ſaid, I had diſtinguiſhed well: But Sir Charles, though he ſaid no more upon the ſubject, looked upon each ſiſter with meaning; which I wondered they did not obſerve. Dr Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honeſty to ſpeak out, which I had not: But the point was a point of delicacy and generoſity; and I thought I ſhould not ſeem to imagine, that I underſtood it better than they; Nor did I think that Sir Charles would have acquieſced with their opinion.

Miſs Jervois retired to tranſcribe her letter. We all ſeparated to dreſs; and I, having ſoon made an alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr Bartlett in his cloſet.

I am ſtealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography; I am delighted with my tutor, and he profeſſes to be pleaſed with his ſcholar; but ſometimes more intereſting articles ſlide in: But now he had juſt begun to talk of Miſs Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the propoſal hinted at by Miſs Grandiſon, from the letter ſhe had ſo clandeſtinely ſeen, of my taking her

her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn when he ſaw me; but the doctor, riſing from his chair, beſought him to oblige us with his company.

I was ſilly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I ſilly on being found with Dr Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himſelf, at firſt addreſſing me, ſeemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, doctor: Here I am. But if you were upon a ſubject that you do not purſue, I ſhall look upon myſelf as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had concluded one ſubject, Sir, and were beginning another—I had juſt mentioned Miſs Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miſs Byron? ſaid Sir Charles.

Indeed, Sir, ſhe is.

We then had ſome general talk of the unhappy ſituation ſhe is in from ſuch a mother; and I thought ſome hints would have been given of his deſire that ſhe ſhould accompany me down to Northamptonſhire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I ſhould behave upon it: And the more, as I was not to be ſuppoſed to have ſo much as *heard* of ſuch a deſigned propoſal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the letter? But not one word paſſed leading to that ſubject.

I now begin to *fear* that he has changed his mind, if that was his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was poſſible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I ſee not, that there is the leaſt likelihood that

that any thing, on which you had all ſet your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, ſhe ſaw great ſigns of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I ſee no grounds for ſuch a ſurmiſe: His affections are certainly engaged. God bleſs him, whatever his engagements are!—When he was abſent, encouraged by his ſiſters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myſelf; but, now he is preſent, I ſee ſo many excellencies ſhining out in his mind, in his air and addreſs, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I ſay? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the paſſion we are ſo fooliſhly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debaſe, one's ſelf?—You ſee how Lord W. depreciates me on the ſcore of fortune. [I was loth to take notice of that before, becauſe I knew, that were ſlenderneſs of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would ſooner die than ſuffer to be made. This, Lucy, obſerve, is between hooks.]

I forget the manner in which Lord W.'s objection was permitted to go off—But I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to anſwer it; and yet he tells my Lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him; and that he has an ample eſtate of his own. No queſtion but a man's duties will riſe with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a leſs eſtate as with a larger: And is not goodneſs the eſſential part of happineſs? Be our ſtation what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquieſce in it, and fulfil the duties belonging to that ſtation?

But who, for ſelfiſh conſiderations, can wiſh to *circumſcribe* the power of this good man! The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the higher

higher muſt be his enjoyment.—No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourſelves.

Sir Charles rejoices on Sir Hargrave's having juſt now, by letter, ſuſpended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his houſe on the foreſt.

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I LEFT Sir Charles with Dr Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to ſtay longer; but I thought the ladies would miſs me, and think it particular to find me with him in the doctor's cloſet.

My lord and the two ſiſters were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library: On my entrance, Well, Harriet, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, we will now endeavour to find out my brother: You muſt be preſent to yourſelf, and put in a word now and then. We ſhall ſee if Dr Bartlett is right, when he ſays that my brother is the moſt unreſerved of men.

Juſt then came in Dr Bartlett—I think, doctor, ſaid Lady L. we will take your advice, and aſk my brother all the queſtions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done ſpeaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and juſt *then* I thought myſelf he looked upon me with equal benignity and reſpect.

Miſs Grandiſon began with taking notice of the letter from which Dr Bartlett, ſhe ſaid, had read ſome paſſages, of the happineſs he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman. She wiſhed, ſhe told him, that ſhe knew who was the

lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my lord, and my ſiſters. I am ſure my ſiſters will approve of their aunt, if ſhe accept of my lord for a huſband: I ſhall pay my compliments to her in my return from Grandiſon-hall.—Do you, Charlotte, chuſe to accompany me thither? I muſt, I think, be preſent at the opening of the church. I don't aſk you, my lord, nor you Lady L. ſo ſhort as my ſtay will be there. I purpoſe to go down on Friday next, and return on the Tueſday following.

Miſs Gr. I think, brother, I ſhould wiſh to be excuſed. If, indeed, you would ſtay there a week or a fortnight, I could like to attend you; and ſo, I dare ſay, would Lord and Lady L.

Sir Ch. I muſt be in town on Wedneſday next week; but you may ſtay the time you mention: You cannot paſs it diſagreeably in the neighbourhood of the hall; and there you will find your couſin Grandiſon: He will gallant you from one neighbour to another: And, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him than perhaps you know you have.

Miſs Gr. Your ſervant, Sir, bowing—But I will take my revenge—Pray, Sir Charles, may I aſk (we are all brothers and ſiſters)—

Sir Ch. Stop, Charlotte *(pleaſantly)*: If you are going to aſk any queſtions by way of *revenge*, I anſwer them not.

Miſs Gr. Revenge!—Not revenge, neither—But when my Lord W. as by the *paſſages* Dr Bartlett was ſo good as to read to us, propoſed to you this lady for a wife, and that lady; your anſwers, gave us apprehenſion that you are not inclined to marry—

Lady L. You are very unceremonious, Charlotte—

Indeed,

Indeed, Lucy, ſhe made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have ſeen the *whole* letter—ſeen myſelf named in it.

Miſs Gr. What ſignifies ceremony among relations?

Sir Ch. Let Charlotte have her way.

Miſs Gr. Why then, Sir, I would aſk—Don't you intend one day to marry?

Sir Ch. I do, Charlotte. I ſhall not think myſelf happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, viſibly affected: I knew not how to ſtay; yet it would have looked worſe to go.

Miſs Gr. Very well, Sir—And pray, have you not, either abroad or at home, ſeen the woman you could wiſh to call yours?—Don't think me impertinent, brother.

Sir Ch. You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any thing of me, it pleaſes me beſt when you come directly to the point.

Miſs Gr. Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are beſt pleaſed when you are moſt freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the propoſals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Frances N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?

Sir Ch. The friends of the firſt named lady proceeded not generouſly with my father in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the intereſt and quality of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I choſe, as much as poſſible, to fix my happineſs within my own little circle. I have ſtrong paſſions: I am not without ambition. Had I looſened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquility would have been pinned to the feather in another man's

cap. Does this ſatisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

Miſs Gr. Why yes; and the eaſier, becauſe there is a lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I ſhould not, thought I, have been preſent at this converſation. Lord L. looked at me. Lord L. ſhould *not* have looked at me: The ladies did not.

Sir Ch. Who is ſhe?

Miſs Gr. Lady Anne S. you know, Sir.—Pray may I aſk, why that *could not be?*

Sir Ch. Lady Anne is, I believe, a deſerving woman; but her fortune muſt have been my principal inducement, had I made my addreſſes to her. I never yet went ſo low as that alone, for an inducement to ſee a lady three times.

Miſs Gr. Then, Sir, you *have* made your addreſſes to ladies—abroad, I ſuppoſe?

Sir Ch. I thought, Charlotte, your curioſity extended only to the ladies in England.

Miſs Gr. Yes, Sir, it extends to ladies in England and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a ſingle man, when ſuch offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, Sir, that there *are* ladies abroad—

Sir Ch. Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a reſpondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a queſtioner.

Miſs Gr. By your anſwers to my queſtions, Sir, teach me how I am to anſwer yours, if you have any to aſk.

Sir Ch. Very well, Charlotte. Have I not anſwered ſatisfactorily your queſtions about the ladies you named?

Miſs Gr. Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not ſeen ladies abroad whom you like better than either

either of thoſe I have named?—Anſwer me to that.

Sir Ch. I *have*, Charlotte, and at home too.

Miſs Gr. I don't know what to ſay to you—But pray, Sir, have you not ſeen ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever ſaw at home?

Sir Ch. No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

Miſs Gr. Only, brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this propoſal and that is owing to ſome previous attachment—And now *all* is out.

Lord L. And now, my dear brother, all *is* out.—

Lady L. If our brother will gratify our curioſity—

Had I ever before, Lucy, ſo great a call upon me as now for preſence of mind?

Sir Charles ſighed: He pauſed: And at laſt ſaid—You are very generous, very kind, in your wiſhes to ſee me married. I *have* ſeen the lady with whom, of all women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine bluſh overſpread his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you bluſh? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman was not preſent, was ſhe?—Ah, No! no! no!—

Sir Ch. And now, Charlotte, what other queſtions have you to aſk, before it comes to your turn to anſwer ſome that I have to put to *you*?

Miſs Gr. Only one—Is the lady a foreign lady?

How every body but I looked at him, expecting his anſwer!—He really heſitated. At laſt, I think, Charlotte, you will excuſe me, if I ſay that this queſtion gives me ſome pain—Becauſe it leads to *another*, that, *if* made, I *cannot at preſent myſelf*

anſwer [But why ſo, Sir? thought I]: And if *not* made, it cannot be of any ſignification to ſpeak to this.

Lord L. We would not give you pain, Sir Charles: And yet—

Sir Ch. What *yet*, my dear Lord L.?

Lord L. When I was at Florence, there was much talk—

Sir Ch. Of a lady of that city—Olivia, my Lord!—There was.—She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others leſs approveable.—But I have nothing to wiſh for from Olivia. She has done me too much honour. I ſhould not ſo readily have named her now, had ſhe herſelf been more ſolicitous to conceal the diſtinction ſhe honoured me with. But your lordſhip, I dare hope, never heard even *ill will* open its mouth to her diſreputation, only that ſhe deſcended too much in her regard for one object.

Lord L. Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to the reputation of her favour, as—

Sir Ch. (interrupting). O my lord, how *brotherly* partial! But, this lady out of the queſtion, my peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in my conſtitution—And yet I would not be without it.

The ſweet Emily aroſe, and, in tears, went to the window. A ſob, endeavoured to be ſuppreſſed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went and took her hand; why weeps my Emily?

Becauſe you, who ſo well deſerve to be happy, ſeem not to be ſo.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to reſtrain *my* tears.

He kindly conſoled her. My unhappineſs, my dear, ſaid he, ariſes chiefly from that of other people. I ſhould but for *that* be happy in myſelf, becauſe I endeavour to accomodate my mind to bear

bear inevitable evils, and to make, if poſſible, a virtue of neceſſity: But, Charlotte, ſee how grave you have made us all! and yet I muſt enter with *you* upon a ſubject that poſſibly may be thought as ſerious by you, as that which at preſent I wiſh to quit.

"Wiſh to quit!" "The queſtion gave him 'ſome pain, becauſe it led to another, which he 'cannot himſelf, at preſent, anſwer!—" What, Lucy, let me aſk you, before I follow him to his next ſubject, can you gather from what paſſed in *that* already recited? If he is himſelf at an uncertainty, he may deſerve to be pitied, and not blamed: But don't you think he might have anſwered, whether the lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next queſtion would have been?

I had the aſſurance to aſk Miſs Grandiſon afterwards, aſide, whether any thing could be made out, or gueſſed at, by his eyes, when he ſpoke of having *ſeen* the woman he could prefer to all others? For he ſat next to me; ſhe over-againſt him.

I know not what to make of him, ſaid ſhe: But be the lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion that my brother is in love. He has all the ſymptoms of it that I can gueſs by.

I am of Charlotte's opinion, Lucy. Such tender ſentiments, ſuch ſweetneſs of manners, ſuch gentleneſs of voice!—Love has certainly done all this for him: And the lady, to be ſure, is a foreigner. It would be ſtrange if ſuch a man ſhould not have engaged his heart in the ſeven or eight years paſt; and thoſe from eighteen to twenty-ſix or ſeven the moſt ſuſceptible of a man's life.

But what means he by ſaying, "His peace has "been broken in pieces by a tender fault in his "conſtitution?"—Compaſſion, I ſuppoſe, for ſome unhappy object.—I will ſoon return to town, and

there

there prepare to throw myſelf into the arms of my deareſt relations in Northamptonſhire: I ſhall otherwiſe, perhaps, add to the number of thoſe who have broken his peace. But it is ſtrange, methinks, that he could not have anſwered, whether the lady is a foreigner or not.

Dr Bartlett, you are miſtaken: Sir Charles Grandiſon is not ſo very *un*-reſerved a man as you ſaid he was.

But Oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and ſaw them always kindly bent on me?—Yes, perhaps, when you thought ſo, he was drawing compariſons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my leſs agreeable features!—

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know ſomething more of *her*. "Nothing," he ſays, "to "wiſh for from Olivia."—Poor lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but I will proceed now to his next ſubject. I wiſh I could find ſome faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of neceſſity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: And yet in the next converſation you will ſee *him* angry. Don't you long, Lucy, to ſee how Sir Charles Grandiſon will behave when he is angry?

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

NOW, Charlotte, ſaid he (as if he had fully anſwered the queſtions put to him—O theſe men!), let me aſk *you* a queſtion or two—I had a viſit made me yeſterday by Lord G. What, my dear, do you intend to do with regard to him?—

But,

But, perhaps, you would chuſe to withdraw with me on this queſtion.

Miſs Gr. I wiſh I had made to you the ſame overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the queſtions I put to you: If I had, I ſhould have received more ſatisfaction, I fancy, than I can now boaſt of.

Sir Ch. I will withdraw with you, if you pleaſe, and hear any other queſtions you have to put to me.

Miſs Gr. You can put no queſtions to me, Sir, that I ſhall have any objections to anſwer before this company.

Sir Ch. You know my queſtion, Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. What would *you* adviſe me to do in that affair, brother?

Sir Ch. I have only one piece of advice to give you:—It is, that you will either encourage or diſcourage his addreſs—if you know your own mind.

Miſs Gr. I believe, brother, you want to get rid of me.

Sir Ch. Then you intend to encourage Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Does that follow, Sir?

Sir Ch. Or you could not have ſuppoſed that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is difficult to get a direct anſwer to ſuch queſtions as theſe from ladies before company, though the company be ever ſo nearly related to them.

Miſs Gr. I can anſwer, before this company, any queſtions that relate to Lord G.

Sir Ch. Then you *don't* intend to encourage him?

Miſs Gr. I don't ſee how that follows, neither, from what I ſaid.

Sir Ch. It does, very clearly. I am not an abſolute

ſolute ſtranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. I thought my brother too polite to reflect upon the ſex.

Sir Ch. Is it to reflect upon the ſex, to ſay that I am not an abſolute ſtranger to their language?

Miſs Gr. I proteſt I think ſo in the way you ſpoke it.

Sir Ch. Well then, try if you cannot find a language to ſpeak in, that may *not* be capable of ſuch an interpretation.

Miſs Gr. I am afraid you are diſpleaſed with me, brother. I will anſwer more directly.

Sir Ch. Do, my Charlotte: I have promiſed Lord G. to procure him an anſwer.

Miſs Gr. Is the queſtion he puts, Sir, a brief one—*On* or *off?*

Sir Ch. Truſt *me*, Charlotte: You *may*, even with your punctilio.

Miſs Gr. Will you not adviſe me, Sir?

Sir Ch. I will—To purſue your inclination.

Miſs Gr. Suppoſe, if I knew *yours*, that *that* would turn the ſcale?

Sir Ch. Is the balance even?

Miſs Gr. I can't ſay that neither.

Sir Ch. Then *diſmiſs* my Lord G.

Miſs Gr. Indeed, brother, you are angry with me.

Sir Ch. (*addreſſing himſelf to me*). I am ſure, Miſs Byron, that I ſhall find, in ſuch points as this, a very different *ſiſter* in you, when I come to be favoured with the peruſal of your letters. Your couſin Reeves once ſaid, that when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in ſuſpenſe.

Miſs Gr. But I, brother, can't ſay that I *know* my mind abſolutely.

Sir Ch. That is another thing; I am ſilent. Only when you do, I ſhall take it for a favour, if you will communicate it to me for your ſervice.

Miſs

Miſs Gr. I am among my beſt friends—Lord L. what is your advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me *his*.

Sir Ch. It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to diſpleaſure or petulance, that I do not.

Lord L. I have a very good opinion of Lord G. What is yours, my dear? [to Lady L.]

Lady L. I really think very well of my Lord G. What is yours, Miſs Byron?

Harriet. I believe Miſs Grandiſon muſt be the ſole determiner on this occaſion. If *ſhe* has no objection, I preſume to think that no one elſe can have any.

Miſs Gr. Explain, explain, Harriet—

Sir Ch. Miſs Byron anſwers as ſhe always does: Penetration and prudence with her never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her ſentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G. is a good-natured, mild man: He will make a woman happy who has ſome ſhare of prudence, though ſhe has a ſtill greater ſhare of will. Charlotte is very lively: She loves her jeſt *almoſt* as well as ſhe loves her friend—

Miſs Gr. How, brother!

Sir Ch. And Lord G. will not ſtand in competition with her in that reſpect: There ſhould not be a rivalry in particular qualities in marrriage. I have known a poet commence a hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verſes than he. Let Charlotte agree upon thoſe qualities in which ſhe will allow her huſband to excel; and he allow in her thoſe ſhe has a deſire to monopolize, and all may do well.

Miſs Gr. Then Lord G. muſt not be diſputed with, I preſume, were I to be his wife, on the ſubject of moths and butterflies.

Sir Ch. Yet Lord G. may give them up, when he has a more conſiderable trifle to amuſe himſelf with.

with. Pardon me, Charlotte—Are you not, as far as we have gone in this converſation, a pretty trifler?

Miſs Gr. (*bowing*). Thank you, brother. The epithets *pretty*, and *young*, and *little*, are great qualities of harſh words.

Sir Ch. But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. I think not. He is not, I believe, ſo *good-natured* a man as the other.

Sir Ch. I am glad you make that diſtinction, Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. You think it a neceſſary one in my caſe, I ſuppoſe, Sir?

Sir Ch. I have a letter of his to anſwer. He is very urgent with me for my intereſt with you. I am to anſwer it. Will you tell me, my ſiſter (giving her the letter), what I ſhall ſay?

Miſs Gr. (*after peruſing it*). Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: But I ſhould have ſome trouble to teach him to ſpell: And yet, they ſay, he has both French and Italian at his fingers' ends.

She then began to pull in pieces the letter.

Sir Ch. I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the letter. No woman is intitled to ridicule a lover whom ſhe does not intend to encourage. If ſhe has a good opinion of herſelf, ſhe will pity him. Whether ſhe has or not, if ſhe wounds, ſhe ſhould heal. Sir Walter may addreſs himſelf to a hundred women, who, for the ſake of his gay appearance and good eſtate, will forgive him his indifferent ſpelling.

Miſs Gr. The fluttering ſeaſon is approaching. One wants now and then a *dangling* fellow or two after one in public: Perhaps I have not ſeen enough of *either* of theſe to determine which to *chuſe*. Will you not allow one, ſince neither of them have *very* ſtriking merits, to behold them in

different lights, in order to enable one's ſelf to judge which is the moſt *tolerable* of the two? Or, whether a ſtill *more* tolerable wretch may not offer?

She ſpoke this in her very archeſt manner, ſerious as the ſubject was, and ſeriouſly as her brother wiſhed to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely ſaid, I wonder how our couſin Everard is amuſing himſelf at this inſtant at the hall.

She was ſenſible of the intended rebuke, and aſked him to forgive her.

Wit, my lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon ſhe aſked, is a dangerous weapon: But that ſpecies of it which cannot ſhine without a foil is not a wit to be proud of. The lady before me (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a miſtake: I took her for my ſiſter Charlotte: She took me for our couſin Everard.

Every one felt the ſeverity. It ſeemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unuſually ſevere from Sir Charles Grandiſon; and delivered with ſuch ſerious unconcern in the manner: I would not, at that moment, have been Miſs Grandiſon for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her ſiſter: Tears were in the eyes of both.

At laſt Miſs Grandiſon aroſe. I will take away the impoſtor, Sir; and when I can rectify my miſtake, and bring you back your *ſiſter*, I hope you will receive her with your uſual goodneſs.

My Charlotte! my ſiſter! (taking her hand) you muſt not be *very* angry with me. I love to feel the *finer* edge of your wit: But when I was beſpeaking your attention upon a very ſerious ſubject, a ſubject that concerned the happineſs of your future life, and, if *yours*, mine; and you could be able to ſay ſomething that became only the mouth

of an unprincipled woman to ſay; how could I forbear to wiſh that ſome *other* woman, and not my ſiſter, had ſaid it? *Times* and *occaſions*, my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beſeech you, Sir; I am ſenſible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't *you;* but take the comfort your friends are diſpoſed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her againſt falling into my folly.

Dr Bartlett retired in ſilence.

Lady L. expreſſed her concern for her ſiſter; but ſaid, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L. blamed her. Indeed, ſiſter, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a ſerious one. He had engaged very ſeriouſly, and even from principle, in it. O Miſs Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and ſees your treatment of the humble ſervants you reſolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will ſhine at my expence; but *may* ſhe!—ſince I have loſt my brother's favour, I pray to heaven that ſhe may gain it. But he ſhall never again have reaſon to ſay I take him for my couſin Everard. But was I *very* wicked, Harriet?—Deal fairly with me: Was I *very* wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But for what you laſt ſaid, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and ſeeming to aim at making new conqueſts, I could have chidden you, had you *not* had your brother to hear it. Will you forgive me (whiſpering her)? They were the words of a very coquet; and the air was ſo arch!—Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So!

So!—Every body againſt me!—I muſt have been wrong indeed—

The *time*, the *occaſion* was wrong, ſiſter Charlotte, ſaid Lord L. Had the ſubject been of leſs weight, your brother would have paſſed it off as pleaſantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied ſhe, to have ſuch a character, that every body muſt be in fault who differs from him or offends him.

In the midſt of his diſpleaſure, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. he forgot not the brother. The ſubject, he told you, concerned the happineſs of your future life; and, if *yours*, his.

One remark, reſumed Lord L. I muſt make to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiſs, ſiſter Charlotte): Not the leaſt hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he muſt think of it, ſo lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim evidently is to amend, not to wound.

I think, my lord, retorted Miſs Grandiſon, with a glow in her cheeks, you might have ſpared your remark. If the one brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L. Pray, ſiſter, blame not my lord: You will loſe *my* pity if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cauſe? Surely, Charlotte, we are to ſpeak our whole hearts to each other!

So!—I have brought man and wife upon me now. Pleaſe the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *ſomebody* on my ſide. But, Harriet, ſay, am I wrong *again?*

I hope, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, replied I, that what you ſaid to my lord was in pleaſantry: And if ſo, the fault was, that you ſpoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day; I am ſorry I ſpoke not my pleaſantry with a pleaſant air—Yet were not you likewiſe guilty of the ſame fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L. it ſhould paſs ſo: But, my dear, you muſt not, by your petulance, rob yourſelf of the ſincerity of one of the beſt hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

As I hope to live, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid ſo heavy a hand upon me: And ſo *he* ſeemed to think, by what he ſaid at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do aſſure you, ſaid my lord, I did pity you: But had I not thought my ſiſter in fault, I ſhould *not*.

Your ſervant, my lord. You are a nice diſtinguiſher.

And a *juſt* one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L.

No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was *your* motive too. I beſeech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*. I have *yours* alſo, Harriet, upon the ſame kind conſideration.

Why now *this* archneſs becomes you, Charlotte, ſaid I [I was willing it ſhould paſs ſo, Lucy]: This is *pretty* pleaſantry.

It is a *pretty* ſpecimen of Charlotte's penitence, ſaid Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. ſpoke this with an air of good humour; but Miſs Grandiſon withdrew upon it not well pleaſed.

We heard her at her harpſichord, and we all joined her. Emily alſo was drawn to us by the muſic.

muſic. Tell me, my dear, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon to her (ſtopping), have you not had all my faults laid before you for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian ſaid but one word about you, and this was it: I love my ſiſter: She has amiable qualities: We are none of us right at all times. You ſee, Emily, that I, in chiding her, ſpoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bleſs my brother! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, in a kind of rapture: But now his goodneſs makes my flippancy odious to myſelf——Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of ſerenity, as if nothing had paſſed to diſturb him.

When Emily had done playing and ſinging, Miſs Grandiſon began to make apologies: But he ſaid, let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Sir Charles complaiſantly led his ſiſter Charlotte to her ſeat at the table.

A moſt *intolerable* ſuperiority!—I wiſh he would do ſomething wrong, ſomething cruel: If he would but bear malice, would but ſtiffen his air by reſentment, it would be ſomething. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly and aſſuming, and where he is ſo much regarded, I may ſay *feared*, nod his imperial ſignificance to his vaſſals about him?—Cannot he be imperious to ſervants, to ſhew his diſpleaſure with principals? No! it is *natural* to him to be good and juſt. His whole aim, as my lord obſerved, is, "to convince and amend, and not to "wound or hurt."

After dinner, Miſs Grandiſon put into my hands the parcel of my letters which I had conſented Sir Charles ſhould ſee. Miſs Byron, Sir, ſaid ſhe, will oblige you with the peruſal of ſome of her letters. You will in them ſee another ſort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be

but half as good!—When you have read them, you will ſay, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be ſatisfied with your ſiſter.

He received them from me, ſtanding up, bowing, and kiſſed the papers with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him [O the vanity of this girl! methinks my uncle ſays at this place]. He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. Except thoſe of candour, yet correction, anſwered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to ſay to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleaſed to hear me praiſed; and the ladies and my lord miſs no opportunity to ſay kind things of me: But could he not have anſwered Miſs Grandiſon's queſtion, Whether his favourite was a *foreigner* or not?—Had any other queſtion ariſen afterwards that he had not cared to anſwer, he could but have declined anſwering it as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's converſation make, when there are three or four ſpeakers in company, and one attempts to write what each ſays in the *firſt* perſon! I am amazed at the quantity on looking back. But it *will* be ſo in narrative letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long letters, when you went with your brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was ſorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwiſe with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: Yet, methinks, ſhe ſhews, by her anger, that ſhe had a value for me. As to what you told me of Lord D.'s ſetting his heart on the propoſed alliance, I am not ſo much concerned at that, becauſe he never ſaw me: And had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very ſolicitous about his ſucceſs.

Many

Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardour when repulſed, which they would never have known had they ſucceeded.

Lady Betty and Miſs Clements were ſo good as to make me a viſit this afternoon, in their way to Windſor, where they are to paſs two or three days. They lamented my long abſence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me the many fine entertainments I had loſt, both public and private, by my country excurſion at this unpropitious ſeaſon of the year, as ſhe called it, ſhrugging her ſhoulders as if in compaſſion to my ruſtic taſte.

Good lady! ſhe knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themſelves. They have no time to kill or to delude: on the contrary, our conſtant complaint is, that time flies too faſt: And I am ſure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; ſince, between converſation and writing, I have not a moment to ſpare: And I never in my life devoted ſo few hours to reſt.

Sir Charles ſpoke very handſomely of Miſs Clements, on occaſion of Miſs Grandiſon's ſaying, ſhe was a plain, but good young woman. She is not a beauty, ſaid he, but ſhe has qualities that are more to be admired than mere beauty.

Would ſhe not, aſked Lady L. make a good wife for Lord W.? There is, ſaid Sir Charles, too great a diſparity in years. She has, and muſt have too many hopes. My Lord W.'s wife will probably be confined ſix months out of twelve to a gouty man's chamber. She muſt therefore be one who has outlived half her hopes: She muſt have been acquainted with affliction and known diſappointment. She muſt conſider her marriage with him, though as an act of condeſcenſion, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderneſs will, by this means, be engaged, yet her dignity ſupported: And if ſhe is not too much in years to bring my

lord

lord an heir, he will then be the moſt grateful of men to her.

My dear brother, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, forgive me all my faults: Your actions, your ſentiments, ſhall be the rule of mine!—But who can come up to you? The Danbys—Lord W.—

Any body may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of *doing to others as you would they ſhould do unto you.* Were you in the ſituation of the Danbys, of Lord W. would you not wiſh to be done by as I have done, and intend to do by them? What muſt be thoſe who, with hungry eyes, wait and wiſh for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to ſavages on the ſea-ſhore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the ſpoils of the miſerable? Lord W has been long an unhappy man from want of principles: I ſhall rejoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong courſe, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in *my* decline, wiſh for a nephew that had the ſame notions? And can I expect ſuch a one if I ſet not the example?

Pretty ſoon after ſupper Sir Charles left us; and Miſs Grandiſon, ſeeing me in a reverie, ſaid, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fancy my brother is gone up to read your letters—Nay, you are in the right; for he whiſpered as much to me before he withdrew. But do not be apprehenſive, Harriet (for ſhe ſaw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am ſure.

Lady L. ſaid, that her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike on every ſubject: but yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cauſe to be under actual examinations, one cannot but have ſome heartakes.—Yet why?—if his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what ſignifies his opinion of my letters?

—And

—And yet it does: One would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday, March 23.

WE ſat down early this morning to breakfaſt: Miſs Grandiſon diſmiſſed the attendants as ſoon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addreſſed himſelf to me the moment he ſaw me: Admirable Miſs Byron, ſaid he, what an entertainment have your letters given me, down to a certain period!—How, at and after that, have they diſtreſſed me for your ſufferings from a ſavage!—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I ſaw not ſooner this latter part of your affecting ſtory: I have read through the whole parcel.

He took it from his boſom, and, with a reſpectful air, preſented it to me—Ten thouſand thanks for the favour—I dare not hope for further indulgence—Yet not to ſay, how deſirous I am—But forgive me—Think me not too great an incroacher—

I took them.

Surely, brother, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, you cannot already have read the whole.

I have——I could not leave them—I ſat up late—

And ſo, thought I, did your *ſiſter* Harriet, Sir.

Well, brother, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, and what are the *faults?*

Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble heart! ſuch an amiable frankneſs! No prudery! No coquetry!

Yet

Yet ſo much, and ſo juſtly, admired by as many as have had the happineſs to approach her!—Then, turning to me, I adore, madam, the goodneſs, the *greatneſs* of your heart.

How I bluſhed! How I trembled! How, tho' ſo greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is Miſs Byron, in thoſe letters, all perfect, all faultleſs, all excellence, Sir Charles? aſked Miſs Grandiſon: Is there no—But I am ſenſible (tho' you have raiſed my envy, I aſſure you) that Miſs Byron's is another ſort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, Sir, ſaid I, that you will correct—

You called upon me yeſterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr Walden: I think I have ſomething to obſerve upon that ſubject. I told you, that beauty ſhould not bribe me. I have very few obſervations to make upon it.

Lady L. Will you give us, brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read?

Sir Ch. That would fill a volume: And it would be almoſt all panegyric.

How flattering!—But *this* foreign lady, Lucy!

Lady L. began another ſubject.—

Pray, brother, ſaid ſhe, let me revive one of the topics of yeſterday—Concerning Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns—And I hope you, Charlotte, will excuſe me.

Miſs Gr. If it *can* be revived without reviving the memory of my flippant folly—Not elſe will I excuſe you, Lady L. And caſting her eye baſhfully round her, Dr Bartlett withdrew: But as if he had buſineſs to do.

Lady L. Then let me manage this article for my ſiſter. You ſaid, brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G. either hope or otherwiſe—

Sir

Sir Ch. Lord G. was very earneſt with me for my intereſt with my ſiſter. I, ſuppoſing that ſhe is now abſolutely diſengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, That I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

Lady L. Charlotte is afraid, that you would not, of yourſelf, from diſpleaſure, have revived the ſubject——Not that ſhe values—

There ſhe ſtopt.

Sir Ch. I might, at the time, be a little petulant; but I *ſhould* have revived the ſubject, becauſe I had engaged to procure an anſwer for an abſent perſon, to a queſtion that was of the higheſt importance to him: But, perhaps, I ſhould have entered into the ſubject with Charlotte when we were alone.

Lady L. She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are preſent, know her mind on this occaſion.

Miſs Gr. To be ſure I have not.

Lady L. What ſignifies mincing the matter? I undertook, at *her* deſire, to recal the ſubject, becauſe you had ſeemed to intereſt yourſelf in it.

Sir Ch. I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L. as I ought to be inquiſitive about.

Lady L. How ſo, brother? What have I ſaid?

Sir Ch. What meant the words you ſtopt at—*Not that ſhe values?*—Now, though I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a *prince*, yet would I be *earneſt* to oppoſe her marriage with a man for whom ſhe declaredly has no value.

Lady L. You are a little ſudden upon me, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. You muſt not think the words you ſtopt at Lady L. ſlight words: *Principle*, and Charlotte's future happineſs, and that of a worthy man, are

are concerned here. But perhaps you mean no more than to give a little ſpecimen of lady-like pride in thoſe words. It is a very hard matter for women, on ſuch occaſions as theſe, to be abſolutely right.—Dear Miſs Byron, bowing to me, excuſe me.—There is one lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to ſee, on her *own* account, to take amiſs my freedom with her ſex, though ſhe perhaps will on *that* of thoſe ſhe loves. But have I not ſome reaſon for what I ſay, when even Lady L. ſpeaking for her ſiſter on this concerning ſubject, cannot help throwing in a ſalvo for the pride of her ſex.

Harriet. I doubt not, Sir, but Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon will explain themſelves to your ſatisfaction.

Lady L. then called upon her ſiſter.

Miſs Gr. Why, as to value—and all that—To be ſure—Lord G.—is not a man that—(And ſhe looked round her on each perſon)—that a woman—Hem!—that a woman—But, brother I think you are a little too ready—to—to—A word and a blow, as the ſaying is, are two things—Not that—And there ſhe ſtopt.

Sir Ch. (*ſmiling*). O my dear Lord L.! What ſhall we ſay to theſe *Not thats?* Were I my couſin Everard, I am not ſure but I ſhould ſuppoſe, when ladies were ſuſpending unneceſſarily, or with affectation, the happineſs of the man they reſolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themſelves by an indirect acknowledgment of *ſelf-denial*—

Miſs Gr. Good God! Brother.

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this *good* man, thought I, by ſuch thoughts as theſe of our ſex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with ſuch a man, were he to apply to her in courtſhip, whether ſhe denied or accepted of him?

Sir Ch. You will conſider, Lady L. that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourſelves. *That* I call female pride, which diſtinguiſhes not either time, company, or occaſion. You will remember, that Lord G. is not *here;* we are *all* brothers and ſiſters; and why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the ſubject in this company; yet come with your exceptions, as if Lord G. had his father preſent, or pleading for him? Theſe *Not that ſhe values*, and ſo forth, are ſo like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and ſellers, that I love *properly* (obſerve that I ſay *properly*) to diſcourage them among perſons of ſenſe and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cauſe: You are an excellent pleader, on occaſion. You know, or at leaſt you *ought* to know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency* (Lady L. excuſe me—Will you give up yours?) where principals can be preſent.

Lady L. With all my heart. I ſtumbled at the very threſhold. E'en Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cauſe is on.

Miſs Gr. Why, I don't know what to ſay.—My brother will be *ſo* peremptory, perhaps—

Sir Ch. A good ſign for ſomebody—Don't you think ſo, madam? to me.—But the ſnail will draw in its horns, if the finger haſtily touch it—Come, *no* good ſign, perhaps, Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. You ſhall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty *circumambages* cuſtomary on theſe occaſions.

Miſs Gr. This is charming;—But pray, Sir, what is your advice on this ſubject?

Sir Ch. In our former converſation upon it, I told you what I thought of my lord's good humour; what of your vivacity—Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G. content yourſelf now and then to make him ſtart, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the

ſkin? Without expoſing him (and yourſelf for doing ſo) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he can bear with *yours?* And if the forbearance is greater on *his* ſide than on *yours*, can you value him for it, and for his good humour?

Miſs Gr. Finely run off, upon my word!

Sir Ch. I am afraid only, that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am ſorry to have cauſe to ſay that I have ſeen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence!—Waller was not abſolutely wrong as to *ſuch* when he ſaid, "that women were born to be 'controuled." If controul is *likely* to be neceſſary, it will be with women of ſuch charming ſpirits as you know whoſe, Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwiſe* agreeable vivacities.

Miſs Gr. Well, but, Sir, if it ſhould chance to *be* ſo, and I were Lord G.'s upper ſervant; for *controul* implies *dominion;* what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him ſo well (though he might ſtill, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife ſo flippant!

Sir Ch. Bachelors, Charlotte, are cloſe obſervers. It is not every married couple, if they were ſolicitous to have a bachelor marry, that ſhould admit him into a very cloſe intimacy with themſelves.

Miſs Gr. (archly). Pray, Lord L. did we not once hear our *couſin Everard* make an obſervation of this nature?

Sir Ch. Fairly retorted, Charlotte!—But how *come* your couſin Everard to make this obſervation? I once heard you ſay, that he was but a *common* obſerver. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.

Miſs Gr. Well, well, I believe married people muſt do as well as they can. But may I aſk you, brother,

brother, is it owing to ſuch obſervations as thoſe you have been making that you are now a ſingle man?

Sir Ch. A fair queſtion from you, Charlotte. I anſwer, it is not.

Miſs Gr. I ſhould be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

Sir Ch. When the ſubject comes fairly on the carpet, your curioſity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, do you intend that the ſubject you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, ſhould be diſmiſſed at preſent? I mean not to be *peremptory*, Charlotte: Be not *afraid* to anſwer.

Miſs Gr. Why that's kind. No, I can't ſay that I do: And yet I frankly confeſs, that I had much rather *aſk* than *anſwer* queſtions. You *know*, Sir, that I have a wicked curioſity.

Sir Ch. Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To ſome things that you may want to know, in relation to my ſituation, you needed not now to have been a ſtranger, had I had the pleaſure of being more with you, and had you yourſelf been as explicit as I would have wiſhed you to be. But the criſis is at hand. When I am certain myſelf, you ſhall not be in doubt. I would not ſuppoſe that my happineſs is a matter of indifference to my ſiſters; and if it be not, I ſhould be ungrateful, not to let them know every thing I know that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this ſpeech has a noble ſound with it: Don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandiſon. But by what clouds does this ſun ſeem to be obſcured? He ſays, however, that the *criſis is at hand*—Solemn words, as they ſtrike *me*. Ah, Lucy!—But this is my pray-

er—May the criſis produce happineſs to him, let who will be unhappy!

Miſs Gr. You are always good, noble, uniform—*Curioſity*, get thee behind me, and lie ſtill!—And yet, brother, like a favoured ſquirrel repulſed, I am afraid it would be ſoon upon my ſhoulder, if the criſis be ſuſpended.

"Criſis is at hand," Lucy!—I *cannot* get over theſe words; and yet they make my heart ake.

Sir Ch. But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers——

Miſs Gr. Why, Sir, methinks I would not be a *petty-chapwoman*, if I could help it: And yet, what can I ſay?—I don't think highly of either of the men: But, pray now, *what*, Lady L. (affecting an audible whiſper) will you aſk a queſtion for me?—

Lady L. What is it, Charlotte?

Miſs Gr. (*whiſpering*), (but ſtill loud enough for every one to hear.) What ſort of a man is Beauchamp?

Lady L. Mad girl!—You heard the queſtion, brother.

Miſs Gr. No!—You did not hear it, Sir, if it will diſpleaſe you. The whiſpers in converſation are no more to be heard than the *aſides* in a play.

Sir Ch. Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whiſperings in converſation are cenſurable, to a proverb: The *aſides*, as you call them, and the ſoliloquies, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (becauſe unnatural) ſhifts of bungling authors to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard your whiſper, Charlotte, or not?

Miſs Gr. I think the man my brother ſo much eſteems muſt be worth a hundred of ſuch as thoſe we have juſt now heard named.

Sir

Sir Ch. Well, then, I am ſuppoſed to be anſwered, I preſume, as to the two gentlemen. I will ſhew you the letter, when written, that I ſhall ſend to Sir Walter Watkyns. I ſhall ſee Lord G. I ſuppoſe, the moment he knows I am in town—

Miſs Gr. The Lord bleſs me, brother!—Did you not ſay you would not be *peremptory?*

Lord L. Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my ſiſter part with the *two*, without being ſure of a *third.*

Miſs Gr. Pray, Lord L. do you be quiet: Your ſiſter is in no hurry, I do aſſure you.

Sir Ch. The female drawback again, Lady L. —*Not that ſhe values.*

Harriet. Well but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miſs Grandiſon's queſtion in relation of Mr Beauchamp?

Miſs Gr. That's my dear creature!

Sir Ch. It is impoſſible that Miſs Byron can give offence.—Mr Beauchamp is an excellent young man; about five-and-twenty, not more: He is brave, learned, ſincere, chearful; gentle in his manners, agreeable in his perſon. Has my good Miſs Byron any further queſtions to aſk? Your frankneſs of heart, madam, intitle you to equal frankneſs. Not a queſtion you can aſk, but the anſwer ſhall be ready upon my lips.

Is the lady, Sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an Engliſh lady?—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I aſked him this queſtion?—O no! but I had a mind to ſtartle you. I *could* have aſked it, I can tell you: And if it had been proper, it would have been the firſt of queſtions with me: Yet had not the anſwer been ſuch as I had liked, perhaps I ſhould not have been able to ſtay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe bluſhed with complacency, at the kind manner in which he ſpoke to

me: Every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleaſure.

Lady L. Well, brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's queſtion? Charlotte ſays, that ſhe does not think highly of either of the other men.

Sir Ch. That, at preſent, is all that concerns me to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G. know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for: That ladies muſt not be eaſily won. Milton juſtifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the firſt interview between her and the man *for whom* ſhe *was created.* Charming copiers! You, Miſs Byron, are an exception. You know nothing of affectation. You—

Miſs Gr. (unſeaſonably interrupting him). Pray, Sir, be pleaſed, ſince we are ſuch fine copiers of the old lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.

Sir Ch. *She heard me thus; and, tho' divinely brought,*
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That wou'd be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Wrought in her ſo, that, ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd.
I follow'd her. She what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon—

I have looked for the paſſage ſince, Lucy. He miſſed ſeveral lines.

Now, Charlotte, ſaid Sir Charles, though theſe lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of the daughters of the *old lady*, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an inſtruction to *them*, ſince it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve who was *divinely brought* to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the ſtate of innocence, could

could not be conſcious of *diſhonour* in receiving his addreſs; yet, if you know what is meant by *obſequious majeſty*, you had as good try for it: And as you are *followed*, and ſhould not *follow*, approve of the *pleaded reaſon* of one or other of your admirers.

Miſs Gr. After hearing the *pleaded reaſon* of *both*, ſhould you not ſay? *I* have the choice of two: that had not Eve. But hold! I had like to have been drawn in to be flippant again; and then you would have enquired after my couſin Everard, *and ſo forth*, and been angry.

Sir Ch. Not *now*, Charlotte: We are now at play together. I ſee there is conſtitution in your fault. The ſubjects we are upon, *courtſhip* and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be talked ſeriouſly of by a lady before company. Shall I retire with you to ſolitude? Make a lover's *camera obſcura* for you? Or, could I place you upon the moſſy bank of a purling ſtream, gliding through an enamelled mead; in ſuch a ſcene, a now deſpiſed Lord G. or a Sir Walter might find his account, ſighing at your feet. No witneſſes but the grazing herd, lowing love around you; the feathered ſongſters, from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonize and fan the lambent flame—

Miſs Gr. (interrupting.) Upon my word, brother, I know you had travelled through Greece, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-cady!*—But one queſtion let me aſk you concerning your friend Beauchamp—We women don't love to be ſlighted!—Whether do you think him *too* good, or not good *enough* for your ſiſter?

Sir Ch. The friendſhip, Charlotte, that has for ſome years ſubſiſted, and I hope will for ever ſubſiſt, between Mr Beauchamp and me, wants not the tie of relation to ſtrengthen it.

Lord L. Happy Beauchamp!

Sir

Sir Ch. Lord L. himſelf is not dearer to me, brother as I have the honour to call him, than my Beauchamp. It is one of my pleaſures, my lord, that I am aſſured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and, if *he* did, his good lady, you may be ſure, partook of her lord's delight. They are a happy pair! They want not ſenſe; they have both fine underſtandings! But, O my Lucy, they are not the ſtriking, dazzling qualities in men and women that make us happy. Good ſenſe, and ſolid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a deſire of obliging, and an eaſineſs to be obliged, procure the ſilent, the ſerene happineſs, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous fervors of paſſion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be laſting.

Miſs Gr. Not that I value—There, brother—You ſee, I am a borrower of Lady L.—

Lady L. Upon my honour, Charlotte, I believe you led me into thoſe words; ſo don't ſay you borrowed them.

Sir Ch. Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on ſuch ſubjects as that which *lately* was before us—I don't know what is become of it (looking humorouſly round, as if he had loſt ſomething which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, ladies, to ſay, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a neceſſary reſerve in another—Charlotte has genius enough, I am ſure, to vary her humour to the occaſion; and, if ſhe would give herſelf time for reflection, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

Miſs Gr. I don't know *that*, brother: But let me ſay for Charlotte, that I believe you ſometimes think better for her (as in the preſent caſe), ſometimes worſe, than ſhe deſerves. Charlotte has not much reflection; ſhe is apt to ſpeak as the humour comes upon her, without conſidering much about the fit or the unfit. It is *conſtitution*, you know, brother; and

and ſhe cannot eaſily cure it: But ſhe will try.—Only, Sir, be ſo good as to let me have an anſwer to my laſt queſtion, whether you think your friend too good, or not good enough? Becauſe the anſwer will let me know what my brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

Sir Ch. You have no reaſon, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end by indirect or comparative means. Your brother loves you.—

Miſs Gr. With all my faults, Sir?

Sir Ch. With all your faults, my dear; and I had almoſt ſaid *for* ſome of them. I love you for the pretty playfulneſs on ſerious ſubjects, with which you puzzle yourſelf, and bewilder me: You ſee I follow your lead. As to the other part of your queſtion (for I would always anſwer directly, when I can); my friend Beauchamp deſerves the beſt of women. *You* are excellent in my eyes; but I have known two very worthy perſons, who, taken ſeparately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

Miſs Gr. Is it poſſible? To what could their unhappineſs be owing?—Both, I ſuppoſe, *continuing* good.

Sir Ch. To a hundred almoſt nameleſs reaſons—Too little conſideration on one ſide; too much on the other: Diverſions different: Too much abroad the man—Too much at home will ſometimes have the ſame effect: Acquaintance approved by the one—Diſapproved by the other: One liking the town, the other the country: Or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte—

Miſs Gr. No more, no more, I beſeech you, brother—Why this human nature, I believe, is a very

very vile thing! I think, Lady L. I won't marry at all.

Sir Ch. Some ſuch trifles as theſe I have enumerated will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellencies, not ſo happy as I wiſh you to be. If you cannot have a man of whoſe underſtanding you have a higher opinion than you have of your own, you ſhould think of one who is likely to allow to yours a ſuperiority. If—

Miſs Grandiſon interrupted him again: I wiſhed ſhe would not ſo often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our ſex. I am afraid, with all his politeneſs, he thinks us poor creatures. But why ſhould not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

Miſs Gr. Well, but, Sir, I ſuppoſe the gentleman abroad has more underſtanding than I have.

Sir Ch. A good deal will depend upon what *you'll* think of that: Not what I or the world will judge.

Miſs Gr. But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

Sir Ch. Not *generally* in *matrimonial* inſtances. A wife in general may allow of a huſband's ſuperior judgment; but, in particular caſes, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult to have it allowed in any one inſtance.

Miſs Gr. I think you ſaid, Sir, that bachelors were *cloſe* obſervers.

Sir Ch. We may in the *ſiſter* ſometimes ſee the *wife*. I admire you myſelf for your vivacity; but I am not ſure that a huſband would not think himſelf hurt by it, eſpecially if it be true, as you ſay, "that Charlotte has not much reflection, and is "apt to ſpeak as the humour comes upon her, "without troubling herſelf about the fit or the "unfit."

Miſs

Miſs Gr. O, Sir, what a memory you have! I hope that the man who is to call me *his* (that's the dialect, i'n't it?) will not have half your memory!

Sir Ch. For his ſake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

Miſs Gr. Let me ſee—Why for *both* our ſakes, I believe.

Sir Ch. You'll tell them an, in courtſhip, I hope, that all this livelineſs is "conſtitution;" and "that "you know not how to cure it."

Miſs Gr. No, by no means, Sir: Let him in the *miſtreſs*, as ſomebody elſe in the *ſiſter*, gueſs at the *wife*, and take warning.

Sir Ch. Very well anſwered, Charlotte, in the play we are at; but I am willing to think highly of my ſiſter's prudence, and that ſhe will be happy, and make the man ſo to whom ſhe may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the queſtion recurs, what ſhall I ſay to Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?

Miſs Gr. Why I think you muſt make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be ſo good; and, after the example of my ſiſter Harriet to the men ſhe ſends a-grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as ſoon as he pleaſes; for that I cannot be his.

Sir Ch. Strange girl! But I wiſh not to lower this lively ſpirit—You will put your determination into Engliſh.

Miſs Gr. In plain Engliſh, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the addreſs of Sir Walter Watkyns.

Sir Ch. Well, and what ſhall I ſay to Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Why that's the thing—I was afraid it would come to this—Why, Sir, you muſt tell him, I think—I profeſs I can't tell what—But, Sir, will you let me know what you would have me tell him?

Sir

Sir Ch. I will follow your lead as far as I can. —Can you, do you think, love Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Love him! love Lord G.! what a queſtion is that!—Why no! I verily believe that I can't ſay that.

Sir Ch. Can you eſteem him?

Miſs Gr. Eſteem!—Why that's a quaint word, though a *female* one. I believe, if I were to marry the honeſt man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very complaiſant, very obſervant, and all that—Pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

Sir Ch. I will not, Charlotte, ſmiling. It is *conſtitution*, you ſay.—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil, and if *he* is to be very obſervant, you'll make it your agreement with him before you meet him at the altar, that he ſhall ſubſcribe to the woman's part of the vow, and that you ſhall anſwer to the man's.

Miſs Gr. A good thought, I believe! I'll conſider of it. If I find in courtſhip the man will bear it, I may make the propoſal.—Yet I don't know but it will be as well to *ſuppoſe* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do, and act accordingly. One would not begin with a ſingularity, for fear of putting the parſon out. I heard an excellent lady once adviſe a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any thing that he would wiſh to be done, except ſhe choſe to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

Harriet. Nay now, Miſs Grandiſon, you are much more ſevere upon your ſex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. Have I been ſevere upon either, my dear Miſs Byron?

Harriet. Indeed I think ſo.

Sir Ch. I am ſorry for it; I only intended to be *juſt*. See, Charlotte, what a cenſure from goodneſs itſelf you draw upon me!—But I am to give encouragement (*am* I?) to Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Do as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Ch. That is ſaying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. In the world, Sir!——A very wide place, I profeſs.

Sir Ch. You know what I mean by it.

Miſs Gr. Why No—Yes—No—What can I ſay to ſuch a queſtion?

Sir Ch. Help me, Lady L. You know better than I Charlotte's language: Help me to underſtand it.

Lady L. I believe, brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience if he come——

Sir Ch. "Will not be denied an audience if he "come!" And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women! Women!—*You*, Miſs Byron, I repeat it with pleaſure, are an exception—In your letters and behaviour we ſee what a woman is, and what ſhe ought to be—Yet I know you have too much greatneſs of mind to accept (as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith) of a compliment made you at the expence of your ſex—But my *heart* does you juſtice.

Lord L. See, however, brother Grandiſon, this excellence in the two ſiſters! You ſay, indeed, but juſt things in praiſe of Miſs Byron, but they are more than women: For they *enjoy* that praiſe, and the acknowledged ſuperiority of the only woman in Britain to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments ſo high? I did.

You DID, Harriet?

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to ſurpriſe you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcaſt ſilence,

and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The ſiſters have ſince obſerved to me (flattering ladies!) that their brother's eyes—But is it not ſtrange, Lucy, that they did not aſk him, in this long converſation, whether his favourite of our ſex is a *foreigner* or not? If ſhe be, what ſignifies the eye of pleaſure caſt upon your Harriet?

But what do you think was Miſs Grandiſon's addreſs to me on this agreeable occaſion? You, my grandmamma, will love her again, I am ſure, tho' ſhe ſo lately incurred your diſpleaſure.

Sweet and ever amiable Harriet! ſaid ſhe; ſiſter! friend! enjoy the juſt praiſes of two of the beſt of men!—You *can* enjoy them with equal modeſty and dignity; and we can (What ſay *you*, Lady L.?) find our praiſe in the honour you do our ſex, and in being allowed to be ſeconds to you.

And what do you think was the anſwer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her ſiſter?

I can chearfully, ſaid ſhe, ſubſcribe to the viſible ſuperiority of my Harriet, as ſhewn in all her letters, as well as in her whole conduct: But then you, my lord, and you, my brother, who in my eye are the firſt of men, muſt not let me have cauſe to dread, that your Caroline is ſunk in yours.

I had hardly power to ſit, yet had leſs to retire, as I had for a moment a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: My return to company muſt have been aukward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my letters to deſerve all theſe fine ſpeeches?—But my lord and his ſiſters are my true friends, and zealous well-wiſhers. No fear that I ſhall be too proud on this occaſion: It is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than neceſſary to eſtabliſh me with ſomebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* lady, what ſignify all theſe fine things?

But

But how (you will aſk) did the brother acknowledge theſe generous ſpeeches of his ſiſters and Lord L.?—How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodneſs to their Harriet, in preference to themſelves, ſuch due praiſes, as more than reſtored them, in my eye, to the ſuperiority they had ſo nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addreſſed himſelf to me jointly with his ſiſters: I ſee, with great pleaſure, ſaid he, the happy underſtanding that there is between you three ladies: It is a demonſtration to me of ſurpaſſing goodneſs in you all. To expreſs myſelf in the words of an ingenious man, to whoſe works your ſex, and if *yours*, *ours*, are more obliged than to thoſe of any ſingle man in the Britiſh world,

Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn *.

The two ſiſters and your Harriet bowed as they ſat.

Encouraged by this happy underſtanding among you, let me hope, proceeded he, that *you*, Miſs Byron, will be ſo good as to inform your-*ſelf*, and let *me* know, what I may certainly depend upon to be *our* Charlotte's inclinations, with reſpect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that ſhe *can* or *does* prefer to the moſt favoured of either of them. From *you* I ſhall not meet with the "Not that ſhe values"—The depreciating indifferences, the affected ſlights, the *female circumambages*, if I may be allowed the words; the coldly-expreſſed conſent to viſits not deſerving to be diſcouraged, and perhaps not *intended* to be ſo, that I have had to encounter with in the paſt converſation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my ſiſter's vivacity: But as the af-

* ADDISON's *Campaign*.

ſair is of a very ſerious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interpoſition, having really no choice but hers, and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on *any* man at preſent; on *your* noble frankneſs I can rely; and Charlotte will open her mind to you: If not, ſhe has very little profited by the example you have ſet her in the letters you have permitted her to read.

He aroſe, bowed, and withdrew; Miſs Grandiſon called after him, Brother, Brother, Brother —One word—Don't leave us—But he only kiſſed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a ſmiling air, left us looking at each other in a ſilence that held a few moments.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

LORD L. broke the ſilence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

O my Lord, ſaid ſhe, if we women play our cards right, we ſhall be able to manage the beſt and wiſeſt of you all as we pleaſe. It is but *perſevering*, and you men, if not out-*argued*, may be out-*teazed*.—But, Harriet—upon my word—The game ſeems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my brother to be among us, ſaid Lady L. Beauty would ſoon find its power: And *ſuch* a mind—And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miſs Grandiſon told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She ſaid, ſhe was glad that her brother had propoſed to know her mind from *me*. Something, Harriet, ſaid ſhe, may

may riſe in the tete-a-tete converſation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But ſhall I truſt myſelf with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my-*ſelf* rather. My own concerns ſo much in my head, I wiſh I don't confound them with Miſs Grandiſon's. A fine piece of work ſhall I make of it if I do. If I get it ſo happily over, as not to be diſſatisfied with myſelf, for my part in it, I ſhall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all theſe diſtinctions paid me in this converſation, and all this confidence placed in me produce nothing—If—Why, what *if?*—In one word, ſhould this *if* be more than *if*—Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if ſhe had not been ſo much diſtinguiſhed.

At afternoon-tea, the Danbys being mentioned, Lord L. aſked Sir Charles what was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requeſting particulars, he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as poſſible, in his own words. My heart intereſted itſelf in the relation.

"Mr Danby, ſaid he, was a merchant of equal eminence and integrity: He was ſettled at Cambray: He had great dealings in the manufactures of cambrics and lace. His brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he denied him, a thouſand guineas; for no better reaſon, but becauſe he had generouſly given that ſum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were thoſe of his children. No plea is too weak for folly and ſelf-intereſt to inſiſt upon. Yet my Mr Danby had often given this brother large ſums, which he ſquandered away almoſt as ſoon as he received them.

"My father uſed to make remittances to Mr Danby for my uſe; for his dealings in other branches of commerce extended to the ſouth of France and Italy: This brought me acquainted with him.

"He took a great liking to me. I ſaw him firſt at Lyons; and he engaged me to viſit him at Cambray, whenever I ſhould go to Paris or Flanders.

"Accompanying a friend, ſoon after, to Paris, I performed my promiſe.

"He had a villa in the Cambreſis, at a ſmall diſtance from the city, which he ſometimes called his *cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone houſe: He valued it for its elegance. Thither, after I had paſſed two days with him at his houſe in the city, he carried me.

"His brother, enraged at being refuſed the ſum he had ſo unreaſonably demanded, formed a plot to get poſſeſſion of his whole fortune. My Mr Danby was a bachelor, and, it was known, had, to that time, an averſion to the thought of making his will.

"The wretch, in ſhort, hired three ruffians to murder him. The attempt was to be made in this little houſe, that the fact might have the appearance of being committed by robbers; and the cabinets in the bed-chamber, if there were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broke open and rifled, in order to give credit to that appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thouſand crowns, payable on the wicked man's getting poſſeſſion of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty crowns a-piece paid them in hand.

"Their unnatural employer waited the event at Calais, though he told them he ſhould be at Dunkirk.

"I had one ſervant with me, who lay with a man-ſervant of Mr Danby in a little room over the ſtable,

ſtable, about an hundred yards from the houſe. There were only conveniencies in the houſe for Mr Danby and a friend, beſides two women-ſervants in the upper part of it.

" About midnight I was alarmed by a noiſe, as of violence uſed at the window of Mr Danby's room. Mine communicated with his. The faſtening of the door was a ſpring-lock, the key of which was on my ſide.

" I ſlipt on my cloaths in an inſtant, and, drawing my ſword, ruſhed into the next room, juſt as one villain, with a large knife in his hand, had ſeized the throat of Mr Danby, who, till then, was in a ſound ſleep. The ſkin of his neck, and one hand lifted up to defend himſelf, were ſlightly wounded before I ran the ruffian into the ſhoulder, as I did with my ſword, and in the ſame moment diſarmed him, and threw him with violence from the bed againſt the door. He roared out that he was a dead man.

" A ſecond fellow had got up to the window, and was half in: He called out to a third below, to haſten up after him on a ladder, which was generally left in an outhouſe near the little garden.

" I haſtened to this ſecond fellow, who then fired a piſtol, but happily miſſed me; and who, feeling my ſword's point in his arm, threw himſelf, with a little of my help, out of the window, upon the third fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off: And then both made their eſcape by the way they came.

" The fellow within had fainted, and lay weltering in his blood.

" By this time the two women-ſervants had let in our men, who had been alarmed by the report of the piſtol, and by the ſcreams of the women from their window; for they ventured not out of their chamber, till they were called upon for entrance, by their fellow-ſervant from below.

The

"The two footmen, by my direction, bound up the ruffian's ſhoulder: They dragged him down into the hall: He ſoon came to himſelf, and offered to make an ample confeſſion.

"Poor Mr Danby had creep into my room, and in a corner of it had fainted away. We recovered him with difficulty.

"The fellow confeſſed, before a magiſtrate, the whole villainy, and who ſet him at work: The other two, being diſabled by their bruiſes from flying far, were apprehended next day. The vile brother was ſent after to Dunkirk, according to the intelligence given of him by the fellows; but he having informed himſelf of what had happened, got over from Calais to Dover.

"The wounded man, having loſt much blood, recovered not. They were all three ordered to be executed; but, being interceded for, the ſurviving villains were ſent to the gallies.

"It ſeems they knew nothing of Mr Danby's having a gueſt with him: If they had, they owned they would have made their attempts another night."

We were about to deliver our ſentiments on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles turning to Lord L. Let me aſk you, ſaid he (the ſervant being withdrawn), has Charlotte found out her own mind?

Yes, yes, Sir; I believe ſhe has opened all her heart to Miſs Byron.

Then I ſhall know more of it in ten minutes, than Charlotte would let me know in as many hours.

Stand by, every body, ſaid the humorous lady—Let me get up, and make my brother one of my beſt courteſies.

Sir Charles was juſt then called out to a meſſenger, who brought him letters from town. He returned

turned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little diſcompoſed.

I intended, madam, ſaid he to me, to have craved the honour of your company for half an hour in my lord's library on the ſubject we were talking of: But theſe letters require my immediate attention. The meſſenger muſt return with my anſwers to two of them early in the morning. You will have the goodneſs, looking round him, to diſpenſe with my attendance on you at ſupper. But perhaps, madam, to me, you will be ſo good, as, in one word, to ſay no, or yes, for Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. What, Sir, to be *given up* without a preface!—I beg your pardon. *Leſs* than *ten words* ſhall not do, I aſſure you, though from my ſiſter Harriet.

Sir Ch. Who given up, Charlotte? *yourſelf?* If ſo, I have my anſwer.

Miſs Gr. O Lord G.—I have not ſaid which. Would you have my poor lord rejected by a ſlighting monoſyllable only?

Lady L. Mad girl!

Miſs Gr. Why, Lady L. don't you ſee that Sir Charles wants to take me by *implication?* But my Lord G. is neither ſo ſoon loſt, nor Charlotte ſo eaſily won. Harriet, if *you* would give up yourſelf at a firſt queſtion, then I will excuſe you if you give up *me* as eaſily; but not elſe.

Harriet. If Sir Charles thinks a conference upon the ſubject unneceſſary—Pray don't let us give him the trouble of holding one. His time, you ſee, is very precious.

Can you gueſs, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I ſaid this?—If you think it was a very good one, you are miſtaken; yet I was ſorry for it afterwards. Fooliſh ſelf-betrayer! Why ſhould I ſeem to wiſh for a conference with him? But that was not all—To be petulant with ſuch a one, when

when his heart was diſtreſſed; for ſo it proved: But he was too polite, too great, (ſhall I ſay?) to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

Had I, ſaid he, ever ſo eaſily obtained a knowledge of my ſiſter's mind, I ſhould not have known how to depend upon it, were it not ſtrengthened, madam, from your lips. The conference, therefore, which you gave me hopes you would favour me with, would have been abſolutely neceſſary. I hope Miſs Byron will allow me to invite her to it to-morrow morning. The intended ſubject of it is a very ſerious one with me. My ſiſter's happineſs, and that of a man not unworthy, are concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte has hitherto treated it. He bowed, and was going.

Miſs Gr. Nay, pray, brother—You muſt not not leave me in anger.

Sir Ch. I do not, Charlotte. I had rather bear with you than you ſhould with me. I ſee you cannot help it. A lively heart is a great bleſſing. Indulge it. Now is your time.

Dear doctor, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, when Sir Charles was gone out, what can be the meaning of my brother's gravity? It alarms me.

Dr B. If goodneſs, madam, would make a heart lively, Sir Charles's would be as lively as your own; but you might have perceived by his air, when he entered, that the letters brought him affected him too much to permit him to laugh off a a light anſwer to a ſerious queſtion.

Miſs Gr. Dear doctor!—But I *do* now recollect that he entered with ſome little diſcompoſure on his countenance. How *could* I be ſo innattentive?

Harriet. And I too, I doubt, was a little captious.

Dr B. A *very* little. Pardon me, madam.

Juſt then came in the excellent man.

Dr

Dr Bartlet, I would wiſh to aſk you one queſtion, ſaid he.

Miſs Gr. You are angry with me, brother.

Sir Ch. No, my dear!—But I am afraid I withdrew with too grave an air. I have been a thouſand times pleaſed with you, Charlotte, to one time diſpleaſed; and when I have been the latter, you have always known it: I had ſomething in my hand that ruffled me a little. But how could patience be patience if it were not tried? I wanted to ſay a few words to my good Dr Bartlett: And, to ſay truth, being conſcious that I had departed a little abruptly, I could not be eaſy till I apologized in perſon for it; therefore came to *aſk* the favour of the doctor's advice, rather than *requeſt* it by meſſage.

The doctor and he withdrew together.

In theſe ſmall inſtances, ſaid my lord, are the characters of the heart diſplayed, far more than in greater. What excellence ſhines out in full luſtre, on this unaffected and ſeemingly little occaſion! Fear of offending; of giving uneaſineſs; ſolicitude to remove doubts; patience recommended, in one ſhort ſentence, more forcibly than ſome would have done it in a long diſcourſe, as well as by example; cenſuring himſelf, not from a conſciouſneſs of being wrong, but of being *taken* wrong. Ah! my dear ſiſter Charlotte, we ſhould all edify by ſuch an example—But I ſay no more.

Miſs Gr. And have *you* nothing to ſay, Harriet?

Harriet. Very little, ſince I have been much to blame myſelf: Yet let me remind my Charlotte, that her brother was diſpleaſed with her yeſterday, for treating too highly a ſubject he had engaged in ſeriouſly; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herſelf, to help him to the knowledge of her mind. O Charlotte!

regrete

regrete you not the occaſion given for the expedient? And do you not [Yes, I ſee you do] bluſh for giving it? Yet to ſee him come voluntarily back, when he had left us in a grave humour, for fear the babies ſhould think him angry with them; O how great he is! and how little are we!

Miſs Gr. Your ſervant, ſiſter Harriet!—You have made a *dainty* ſpeech, I think: But, great and good as my brother is, we know how it comes to paſs, that your pretty imagination is always at work to aggrandize the man, and to lower the babies!

Harriet. I will not ſay another word on the ſubject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand: Forgive me, my dear—I touched too tender a ſtring. Then turning to Miſs Jervois, and with the other hand taking hers, why twinkles thus my girl?—I charge you, Emily, tell me all you think.

I am thinking, ſaid ſhe, that my guardian is not happy. To ſee him bear with every body; to have him keep all his troubles to himſelf, becauſe he would not afflict any body, and yet ſtudy to lighten and remove the troubles of every body elſe—Did he not ſay, that he ſhould be happy, but for the unhappineſs of other people?

Excellent young creature! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: I love you every day better and better. For the future, my dear, do not retire, whatever ſubjects we talk of; I ſee that we may confide in your diſcretion. But, well as you love your guardian, ſay nothing to him of what women talk to women. My Lord L. is an exception in *this* caſe: He is one of us.

Harriet. O Miſs Grandiſon! what a mixed character is yours! How good you can be, when you pleaſe! and how naughty!

Miſs Gr. Well, and you like me, juſt now?—That's the beauty of it; to offend and make up

at pleaſure. Old Terence was a ſhrewd man: The falling out of lovers, ſays he (as Lord L. once quoted him), is the renewal of love. Are we not now better friends than if we had never differed? And do you think that I will not, if I marry, exerciſe my huſband's patience now and then for this very purpoſe?—Let *me* alone, Harriet: Now a quarrel; now a reconciliation; I warrant I ſhall be happier than any of the yawning ſee-ſaws in the kingdom. Everlaſting *ſummers* would be a grievance.

Harriet. You may be right, if you are exceeding *diſcreet* in your perverſeneſſes, Charlotte; and yet if you *are*, you will not lay out for a quarrel, I fancy. The world, or you will have better luck than your brother ſeems to have had, will find you opportunities enow for exerciſing the tempers of both, without your needing to ſtudy for occaſions.

Miſs Gr. *Study* for them, Harriet! I ſhall not ſtudy for them neither: They will come of courſe.

Harriet. I was about to aſk a queſtion—But 'tis better let alone.

Miſs Gr. I *will* have it. What was your queſtion? Don't you ſee what a good-natur'd fool I am! You may ſay any thing to me: I won't be angry.

Harriet. I was going to aſk you, if you were ever concerned, two hours together, for any fault you ever committed in your life?

Miſs Gr. Yes, yes, yes; and for two and twenty hours: For ſometimes the inconveniencies that followed my errors were not preſently over, as in a certain caſe, which I'll be hang'd if you have not in your head, with that ſly leer that ſhews the rogue in your heart: But when I got rid of conſequences, no bird in ſpring was ever more blyth. I carolled away every care at my

harpſichord.—But Emily will think me mad—Remember, child, that Miſs Byron is the woman by whoſe mind you are to form yours: Never regard *me* when ſhe is in company.—But now (and ſhe whimſically aroſe, and opened the door, and ſaying *begone*, ſhut it, and coming to her place), I have turned my folly out of door.

Friday Morning, ſeven o'clock.

I HAVE written for theſe two days paſt at every opportunity; and, for the two nights (hardly knowing what ſleepineſs was) two hours each night have contented me. I wonder whether I ſhall be ſummoned by and by to the propoſed conference: but I am equally ſorry and apprehenſive, on occaſion of the letters which have given Sir Charles Grandiſon ſo much anxiety: Foreign letters, I doubt not!—I wiſh this ugly word *foreign* were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory rather. I never, till of late, was ſo narrow-hearted—But that I have ſaid before twenty times.

I have written—how many ſheets of paper—A monſtrous letter—pacquet rather. I will begin a new one with what ſhall offer this day. Adieu, till by and by, my Lucy.

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Friday, March 24.

THE conference, the impatiently expected conference, my Lucy, is over: And what is the reſult!—Take the account of it, as it was brought on, proceeded with, and concluded.

Miſs

Miſs Grandiſon and her lovers were not our only ſubjects. I will ſoon be with you, my dear.—But I'll try to be as minute as I uſed to be, notwithſtanding.

Notwithſtanding what?—

You ſhall hear, Lucy.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfaſt. He entered with a kind of benign ſolemnity in his countenance; but the benignity increaſed, and the ſolemnity went off, after a little while.

My lord ſaid, he was very ſorry that he had met with any thing to diſturb him, in the letters that were brought him yeſterday. Emily joined by her eyes, though not in ſpeech, her concern with his lordſhip's: Miſs Grandiſon was ſedately ſerious: Lady L. had expectation in her fine face: and Dr Bartlett ſat like a man that was determined to be ſilent. I had apprehenſion and hope, I ſuppoſe, ſtruggling in mine, as I knew not whether to wiſh for the expected conference, or not.

Let us think of nothing, my lord, in this company, ſaid he, but what is agreeable.

He inquired kindly of my health, and laſt night's reſt, becauſe of a ſlight cold that had affected my voice: Of Emily, why ſhe was ſo ſad? Of Lady L. and my lord, when they went to town? Of Miſs Grandiſon, why ſhe looked ſo *meditatingly?* that was his word—Don't you ſee, Miſs Byron, ſaid he, that Charlotte looks as if ſhe had not quite ſettled the humour ſhe intends to be in for the next half-hour!

Charlotte looks, I believe, Sir, replied ſhe, as if ſhe were determined to take her humour for the next half-hour from yours, whether grave or airy.

Then, returned he, I will not be grave, becauſe I will not have you ſo.—May I hope, madam, by and

and by, addreſſing himſelf to me, for the honour of your hand to my lord's library?

Sir, I will—I will—attend you—heſitated the ſimpleton; but ſhe can't tell how ſhe looked.

Thus, Lucy, was the matter brought on:

He conducted me to my lord's library.—How did I ſtruggle with myſelf for preſence of mind! What a mixture was there of tenderneſs and reſpect in his countenance and air!

He ſeated me; then took his place over-againſt me. I believe I looked down, and conſcious, and ſilly; but there was ſuch a reſpectful modeſty in his looks, that one could not be uneaſy at being now and then, with an air of languor, as I thought, contemplated by him: Eſpecially as, whenever I reared my eye-lids to caſt a momentary look at him as he ſpoke, I was always ſure to ſee his eye withdrawn: This gave more freedom to mine than it poſſibly otherwiſe could have had. What a bold creature, Lucy, ought *ſhe* to be who prefers a bold man! If ſhe be *not* bold, how ſilly muſt ſhe look under his ſtaring confident eye! How muſt *her* want of courage add to his ſelf-conſequence!

Thus he began the ſubject we were to talk of.

I will make no apology for requeſting the favour of this conference with one of the moſt frank and open-hearted young ladies in the world: I ſhall have the honour, perhaps, of detaining your ear on *more* than one ſubject [How my heart throbbed!]: But that which I ſhall begin with relates to my Lord G. and *our* ſiſter Charlotte. I obſerve, from hints thrown out by herſelf, as well as from what Lady L. ſaid, that ſhe intends to encourage his addreſſes; but it is eaſy to ſee that ſhe thinks but ſlightly of him. I am indeed apprehenſive that ſhe is rather induced to favour my lord, from an opinion that he has my intereſt and good wiſhes, than from her own inclination. I have

have told her, more than once, that hers are, and ſhall be, mine: But ſuch is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted that ſhe prefers my lord to Sir Walter.

I believe, Sir—But why ſhould I ſay *believe*, when Miſs Grandiſon has *commiſſioned* me to own, that Lord G. is a man whom ſhe greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns?

Does ſhe, *can* ſhe, do you think, madam, prefer Lord G. not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom ſhe at preſent knows? In other words, is there *any* man that you think ſhe would prefer to Lord G.? I am extremely ſolicitous for my ſiſter's happineſs; and the more, becauſe of her vivacity, which, I am afraid, will be thought leſs to become the wife than the ſingle woman.

I dare ſay, Sir, that if Miſs Grandiſon thought of any other man in preference to Lord G. ſhe would not encourage his addreſſes upon any account.

I don't expect, madam, that a woman of Charlotte's ſpirit and vivacity, who has been diſappointed by a failure of ſuppoſed merit in her firſt love (if we may ſo call it), ſhould be deeply in love with a man that has not *very* ſtriking qualities. She can play with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy, though not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance ſucceed often, where men of intrinſic merit fail. Were Charlotte to conſult her happineſs, poſſibly ſhe would have no objection to Lord G. She cannot, in the ſame man, have every thing. But if Lord G. conſulted *his*, I don't know whether he would wiſh for Charlotte. Excuſe me, madam, you have heard, as well as ſhe, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you ſay, has no part in the queſtion; Lord G. wants not underſtanding: He

is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man, a quality not to be deſpiſed in a young nobleman: He is alſo a mild man: He will bear a great deal. But contempt, or ſuch a behaviour as ſhould look like contempt, in a wife, what huſband can bear? I ſhould much more dread, for her ſake, the exaſperated ſpirit of a meek man, than the ſudden guſts of anger of a paſſionate one.

Miſs Grandiſon, Sir, has authorized me to ſay, that if you approve of Lord G.'s addreſſes, and will be ſo good as to take upon yourſelf the direction of every thing relating to ſettlements, ſhe will be entirely governed by you. Miſs Grandiſon, Sir, has known Lord G. ſome time: His good character is well known: And I dare anſwer, that ſhe will acquit herſelf with honour and prudence in *every* engagement, but more eſpecially in that which is the higheſt of all worldly ones.

Pray, madam, may I aſk, if you know what ſhe could mean by the queſtions ſhe put in relation to Mr Beauchamp? I think ſhe has never ſeen him. Does ſhe ſuppoſe, from his character, that ſhe could prefer him to Lord G.?

I believe, Sir, what ſhe ſaid in relation to that gentleman was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which ſhe never thought of before, and, probably, never will again. Had ſhe meant any thing by it, I dare ſay, ſhe would not have put the queſtions about him in the manner ſhe did.

I believe ſo. I love my ſiſter, and I love my friend. Mr Beauchamp has delicacy. I could not bear, for *her* ſake, that were ſhe to behold him in the light hinted at, he ſhould imagine he had reaſon to think ſlightly of my ſiſter, for the correſpondence ſhe carried on, in ſo private a manner, with a man abſolutely unworthy of her. But I hope ſhe meant nothing but to give way to that vein of raillery, which, when opened, ſhe knows not always how to ſtop.

My

My ſpirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief—O my dear Miſs Grandiſon! ſaid I, I was *afraid* ſhe had forfeited, partly at leaſt, what ſhe holds moſt dear, the good opinion of her brother!

Forgive me, madam, 'tis a generous pain that I have made you ſuffer: I adore you for it. But I think I can reveal all the ſecrets of my heart to you. Your noble frankneſs calls for equal frankneſs: You would inſpire it where it is not. My ſiſter, as I told her more than once in your hearing, has not loſt any of my love. I love her, with all her faults, but muſt not be blind to them. Shall not praiſe and diſpraiſe be juſtly given? I have faults, great faults, myſelf: What ſhould I think of the man who called them virtuous? How dangerous would it be to me, in that caſe, were my opinion of his judgment, joined to ſelf-partiality, to lead me to believe him, and acquit myſelf!

This, Sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

It is worthy of every man, my good Miſs Byron.

But, Sir, it would be very hard, that an indiſcretion (I *muſt* own it to be ſuch) ſhould faſten reproach upon a woman who recovered herſelf ſo ſoon, and whoſe virtue was never ſullied, or in danger.

Indeed it would; and therefore it was in tenderneſs to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an alliance with a man of Mr Beauchamp's nice notions, were *both* to incline to it.

I hope, Sir, that my dear Miſs Grandiſon will run no riſque of being ſlighted by any *other* man, from a ſtep which has coſt her ſo dear in her peace of mind—I heſitated, and looked down.

I know,

I know, madam, what you mean. Although I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I do Lord G. or any other man, as much juſtice as I would do him. I was ſo apprehenſive of my ſiſter's indifference to Lord G. and of the difference in their tempers, though both good, that I did my utmoſt to diſſuade him from thinking of her: And when I found that his love was fixed beyond the power of diſſuaſion, I told him of the affair between her and Captain Anderſon; and how lately I had put an end to it. He flattered himſelf, that the indifference, with which ſhe had hitherto received his addreſſes, was principally owing to the difficulty of her ſituation; which being now ſo happily removed, he had hopes of meeting with encouragement; and doubted not, if he did, of making a merit with her by his affection and gratitude. And now, madam, give me your opinion—Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope ſhe can) by indulgence, by love? Let me caution her by you, madam, that it is fit ſhe ſhould ſtill be more careful to reſtrain her vivacity if ſhe marry a man to whom ſhe thinks ſhe has ſuperior talents, than ſhe need to be if the difference were in his favour.

Permit me to add, that if ſhe ſhould ſhew herſelf capable of returning ſlight for tenderneſs; of taking *ſuch* liberties with a man who loves her, after ſhe had given him her vows, as ſhould depreciate him, and, of conſequence, *herſelf*, in the eye of the world; I ſhould be apt to forget that I had more than one ſiſter: For, in caſes of right and wrong, we ought not to know either relation or friend.

Does not this man, Lucy, ſhew us, that goodneſs and greatneſs are ſynonymous words?

I think, Sir, replied I, that if Lord G. prove the good-natured man he ſeems to be; if he diſlike not that brilliancy of temper in his *lady*, which

which he ſeems not to value *himſelf* upon, though he may have qualities at leaſt *equally* valuable, I have no doubt but Miſs Grandiſon will make him very happy: For has ſhe not great and good qualities? Is ſhe not generous, and perfectly good-natured? You know, Sir, that ſhe is; and can it be ſuppoſed, that her charming vivacity will ever carry her ſo far beyond the bounds of prudence and diſcretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation ſhe will have entered into requires of her?

Well, madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G. by telling him, that he is at liberty to viſit my ſiſter at her coming to town; or, if ſhe come not ſoon (for he will be impatient to wait on her), at Colnebrook?

I dare ſay you may, Sir.

As to articles and ſettlements, I will undertake for all thoſe things; but be pleaſed to tell her, that ſhe is abſolutely at her own liberty for me. If ſhe ſhall think, when ſhe ſees further of Lord G.'s temper and behaviour, that ſhe cannot eſteem him as a wife ought to eſteem her huſband, I ſhall not be concerned if ſhe diſmiſs him; provided that ſhe keeps him not in ſuſpenſe, after ſhe knows her own mind; but behaves to him according to the example ſet her by the beſt of women.

I could not but know to whom he deſigned this compliment; and had liked to have bowed; but was glad I did not.

Well, madam, and now I think this ſubject is concluded. I have already written a letter to Sir Walter, as at the requeſt of my ſiſter, to put an end, in the civilleſt terms, to his hopes. My Lord G. will be impatient for my return in town. I ſhall go with the more pleaſure, becauſe of the joy I ſhall be able to give him.

You

You muſt be very happy, Sir; ſince, beſides the pleaſure you take in doing good for its own ſake, you are intitled to partake, in a very high manner, of the pleaſures of every one you know.

He was ſo nobly modeſt, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than I believed, at my entrance into my lord's ſtudy, would fall to my ſhare: And I had, beſides, been led into a preſence of mind, by being made a perſon of ſome conſequence in the love-caſe of another. But I was ſoon to have my whole attention engaged in a ſubject ſtill nearer to my heart; as you ſhall hear.

Indeed, madam, ſaid he, I am not *very* happy in myſelf. Is it not right, then, to endeavour, by promoting the happineſs of others, to intitle myſelf to a ſhare of theirs?

If *you* are not happy, Sir—and I ſtopt: I believe I ſighed; I looked down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I ſhould want it.

There ſeems, ſaid he, to be a mixture of generous concern and kind curioſity in one of the loveliеſt and moſt intelligent faces in the world. My ſiſters have, in your preſence, expreſſed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myſelf in a manner uncertain as to the event that muſt, in ſome meaſure, govern my future deſtiny, I would have gratified it; eſpecially as my Lord L. has of late joined in it. The criſis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.

I do remember you ſaid ſo, Sir. And indeed, Lucy, it was *more* than *perhaps*. I had not thought of any words half ſo often, ſince he ſpoke them.

The criſis, madam, *is* at hand: And I had not intended to open my lips upon the ſubject till it was over, except Dr Bartlett, who knows the whole affair, and indeed every affair of my life: But,

But, as I hinted before, my heart is opened by the frankneſs of yours. If you will be ſo good as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my ſituation; and leave it to you to communicate or not, at your pleaſure, what I ſhall relate, to my two ſiſters and Lord L. You four ſeem to be animated by one ſoul.

I am extremely concerned, Sir—I am very much concerned—repeated the trembling ſimpleton [one cheek feeling to myſelf very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimſon, perhaps to the eye] that any thing ſhould make you unhappy. But, Sir, I ſhall think myſelf favoured by your confidence.

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don't be impatient, Lucy, I almoſt wiſh I had not heard it myſelf.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with a hiſtory of all that part of my life which I was obliged to paſs abroad from about the ſeventeenth to near the twenty-fifth year of my age; though perhaps it has been as buſy a period as could well be, in the life of a man ſo young, and who never ſought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr Bartlett ſhall be at liberty to ſatisfy your curioſity in a more *particular* manner; for he and I correſponded for years, with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man advanced in life. And here let me own the advantages I have received from his condeſcenſion; for I found the following queſtions often occur to me, and to be

of

of the higheſt ſervice in the conduct of my life—"What account ſhall I give of this to Dr Bart-'lett?"—"How, were I to give way to this temp-'tation, ſhall I report it to Dr Bartlett?"—Or, "Shall I be a hypocrite, and only inform him of the 'beſt, and meanly conceal from him the worſt?"

Thus, madam, was Dr Bartlett in the place of a ſecond conſcience to me. And many a good thing did I do, many a bad one did I avoid, for having ſet up ſuch a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more neceſſary that I ſhould, as I am naturally paſſionate, proud, ambitious; and as I had the honour of being early diſtinguiſhed (Pardon, madam, the ſeeming vanity) by a ſex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and, poſſibly the *more* diſtinguiſhing, as, for my ſafety's ſake, I was as ſtudious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by rank, or celebrated for beauty, as moſt young men are to cultivate their favour.

Nor is it ſo much to be wondered at, that I had advantages which every one who travels has not. Reſiding for ſome time at the principal courts, and often viſiting the ſame places in the length of time I was abroad, I was conſidered in a manner as a native, at the ſame time that I was treated with the reſpect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France as Italy. I was very genteelly ſupported: I ſtood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being ſerviceable. They made known to every body my father's affection for me; his magnificent ſpirit; the antient families, on both ſides, from which I was deſcended. I kept the beſt company; avoided intrigues; made not myſelf obnoxious to ſerious or pious people, though I ſcrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles.—From all theſe advantages, I was reſpected beyond my degree.

I ſhould not, madam, have been thus laviſh in my own praiſe, but to account to you for the favour I ſtood in with ſeveral families of the firſt rank; and to ſuggeſt an excuſe for more than one of them, which thought it no diſgrace to wish me to be allied with them.

Lord L. mentioned to you, madam, and my ſiſters, a Florentine lady, by the name of OLIVIA. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, generous, amiable in her features, genteel in her perſon, and miſtreſs of a great fortune in poſſeſſion, which is entirely at her own diſpoſal, having not father, mother, brother, or other near relations. The firſt time I ſaw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her ſight, where a lady, inſulted by a lover made deſperate by her juſt refuſal of him, claimed and received my protection. What I did on the occaſion was generally applauded: Olivia, in particular, ſpoke highly of it. Twice, afterwards, I ſaw her in company where I was a viſiter: I had not the preſumption to look up to her with hope; but my countryman Mr Jervois gave me to underſtand, that I might be maſter of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion: He believed, he ſaid, that matter might be made eaſy—But could I be pleaſed with the change, would ſhe have made it, when paſſion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive?—There could be no objection to her perſon: Nobody queſtioned her virtue; but ſhe was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left MIND out of my notions of love: I could not have been happy with her, had ſhe been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myſelf to the lady's face: It was a mortification to me, as much for her ſake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it for ſome time; having been appriſed that the

ſpirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler paſſion, and that I was in danger from it.

How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a father's arms, and in my native country, which ſubjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years, and to all the inconveniencies that can attend a baniſhed man! Indeed I often conſidered myſelf in this light; and, as the inconveniencies happened, was ready to repine; and the more ready, as I could not afflict myſelf with the thought of having forfeited my father's love; on the contrary, as the conſtant inſtances which I received of his paternal goodneſs, made me ſtill more earneſt to acknowledge it at his feet.

Ought I to have forborn, Lucy, ſhewing a ſenſibility at my eyes on this affecting inſtance of filial gratitude? If I ought, I wiſh I had had more command of myſelf: But conſider, my dear, the affecting ſubject we were upon. I was going to apologize for the trickling tear, and to have ſaid, as I *truly* might, Your filial goodneſs, Sir, affects me: But, with the conſciouſneſs that muſt have accompanied the words, would not that, to ſo nice a diſcerner, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? Theſe little tricks of ours, Lucy, may ſatisfy our own punctilio, and ſerve to keep us in countenance with ourſelves (and that, indeed, is doing ſomething); but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to ſhew, that we imagined a cover, a veil wanting; and what is that veil but a veil of gauze?

What makes me ſo much afraid of this man's diſcernment? Am I not an honeſt girl, Lucy?

He proceeded.

From this violent lady I had great trouble; and to this day—But this part of my ſtory I leave to Dr Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that yet gives me concern, for her ſake,

and

and as what I find has given ſome amuſement to my ſiſter Charlotte's curioſity.

But I haſten to the affair which, of all others, has moſt embarraſſed me; and which, engaging my compaſſion, though my honour is free, gives torture to my very ſoul.

I found myſelf not well—I thought I ſhould have fainted.—The apprehenſions of his taking it as I wiſhed him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was *that*) made me worſe. Had I been by *myſelf*, this faintiſhneſs might have come over my heart. I am ſure it was not *that:* But it ſeized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll ſay.

With a countenance full of tender concern he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. My dear Miſs Jervois, ſaid I, leaning upon her—Excuſe me, Sir—And I withdrew to the door: And, when there, finding my faintiſhneſs going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither: I am better, Sir, already: I will return inſtantly. I muſt beg of you to proceed with your intereſting ſtory.

I was well the moment I was out of the ſtudy. It was kept too warm, I believe; and I ſat too near the fire: That was it, to be ſure; and I ſaid ſo on my return, which was the moment I had drank a glaſs of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abaſh me by *cauſeleſsly* laying my diſorder on his ſtory, and by offering to diſcontinue or poſtpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to *that;* I ſhould eaſily have diſtinguiſhed it if it had: on the contrary, as I am not generally ſo much affected at the moment when any-thing unhappy befals me, as I am upon reflection, when I extend, compare, and weigh conſequences, I was quite brave in my heart. Any thing, thought I, is better than ſuſpenſe. Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itſelf; and I warrant I bear, as well as he,

an evil that is inevitable. At this inſtant, this trying inſtant, however, I found myſelf thus brave: So, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to aſſume all my courage; and deſired him to proceed, but held by the arm of my chair to ſteady me, leaſt my little tremblings ſhould increaſe. The faintneſs *had* left ſome little tremblings upon me, Lucy; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by any thing in his ſtory. He proceeded.

AT Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are ſeated two branches of a noble family, Marquiſſes and Counts of Porretta, which boaſts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

The Marcheſe della Porretta, who reſides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: His lady is illuſtrious by deſcent, and ſtill more ſo for her goodneſs of heart, ſweetneſs of temper and prudence. They have three ſons and a daughter.—

[Ah, that daughter! thought I.]

The eldeſt of the ſons is a general officer in the ſervice of the king of the two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but paſſionate and haughty, valuing himſelf on his deſcent. The ſecond is devoted to the church, and is already a biſhop. The intereſt of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the ſacred college. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or, as he is ſometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the ſervice of the king of Sardinia. The ſiſter is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her perſon, gentle in her manners, and has high, but juſt notions of the nobility of her deſcent, of the honour of her ſex, and of what is due to her own character.

racter. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her intereſts to their own. Her father uſed to call her, *The pride of his life*; her mother, *Her other ſelf! her own Clementina.*

[CLEMENTINA!—Ah! Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina!]

I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome near two years before I had the honour to be known to the reſt of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was maſter of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendſhip with a ſet of diſſolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earneſt to make me acquainted. I allowed myſelf to be often in their company; but as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them: But a love of pleaſure had got faſt hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good nature. He had courage, but not enough to reſiſt their libertine attacks upon his morals.

Such a friendſhip could not hold, while each ſtood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In ſhort, we parted, nor held a correſpondence in abſence: But afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniencies, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendſhip was renewed.

It however held not many months: A lady, leſs celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, againſt warning, againſt promiſe.

On being expoſtulated with, and his promiſe claimed, he reſented the friendly freedom. He was paſſionate; and, on this occaſion, leſs polite than it was natural for him to be: He even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo! how generouſly has he acknowledged ſince the part his friend at

that time acted! But the reſult was, they parted, reſolving never more to ſee each other.

Jeronymo purſued the adventure which had occaſioned the difference; and one of the ladies admirers, envying him his ſuppoſed ſucceſs, hired Breſcian bravoes to aſſaſſinate him.

The attempt was made in the Cremoneſe. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at ſome diſtance from the road. I, attended by two ſervants, happened to be paſſing, when a frighted horſe ran croſs the way, his bridle broken, and his ſaddle bloody. This making me apprehend ſome miſchief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and ſoon beheld a man ſtruggling on the ground with two ruffians; one of whom was juſt ſtopping his mouth, the other ſtabbing him. I leapt out of the poſt-chaiſe, and drew my ſword, running towards them as faſt as I could; and calling to my ſervants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this they fled; and I heard them ſay, Let us make off; we have done his buſineſs. Incenſed at the villainy, I purſued, and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trombone*, a kind of blunderbuſs, juſt as he preſented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but ſeeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a ſudden two others appearing with their horſes, I thought it beſt to retreat, though I would fain have ſecured one of them. My ſervants, then ſeeing my danger, haſtened ſhouting towards me. The bravoes (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) ſeemed as glad to get off with their reſcued companion as I was to retire. I haſtened then to the unhappy man: But how much was I ſurpriſed, when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in diſguiſe, had been actually purſuing his amour!

He

He gave ſigns of life. I inſtantly diſpatched one of my ſervants to Cremona for a ſurgeon: I bound up, mean time, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his ſhoulder, the other in his breaſt. He had one in his hip joint, which diſabled him from helping himſelf, and which I found beyond my ſkill to do any thing with, only endeavouring with my handkerchief to ſtop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaiſe, ſtepped in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me they had, in another part of the thicket, found his ſervant bound and wounded, his horſe lying dead by his ſide. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaiſe, he being ſtiff with his hurts, and unable to ſtand.

I walked by the ſide of it; and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to ſhorten the way of the expected ſurgeon.

My ſervant ſoon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The ſurgeon dreſſed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that, opening his eyes, he beheld and knew me; and being told by the ſurgeon that he owed his preſervation to me, O Grandiſon! ſaid he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promiſe with you!—How did I inſult you!—Can my deliverer forgive me? You ſhall be the director of my future life, if it pleaſe God to reſtore me.

His wounds proved not mortal; but he never will be the man he was: Partly from his having been unſkilfully treated by this his firſt ſurgeon, and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip joint. Excuſe this particularity, madam. The ſubject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deſerves it, and all your pity.

I attended him at Cremona till he was fit to remove. He was viſited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate

affectionate to one another. The ſuffering of one is the ſuffering of every one. The Barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, ſiſter, for the ſweetneſs of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit ſo delightfully gay and lively, that his company was ſought by every body.

You will eaſily believe, madam, from what I have ſaid, how acceptable to the whole family the ſervice was which I had been ſo happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bleſs me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the perſon whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters to his ſiſter, and to both brothers, and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occaſion of the coolneſs that had paſſed between us, with circumſtances as honourable for me as the contrary for himſelf: Such were his penitential confeſſions, in the deſperate condition to which he found himſelf reduced.

He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch-ſide, frequently called for a repetition of thoſe arguments which he had till *now* derided. He beſought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and me with diſreſpect, next, as he ſaid, to inſult: And he begged his family to conſider me not only as the preſerver of his life, but as the reſtorer of his *morals*. This gave the whole family the higheſt opinion of *mine*; and ſtill more to ſtrengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, though, as I may ſay, at his own expence (for his reformation was ſincere), a letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions; for he had a noble nature, and a lively ſenſe of what was due to his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the biſhop, and his ſiſter; though he was loth to think he could be wrong in thoſe purſuits in which he was willing to indulge himſelf.

Never

Never was there a more grateful family. The noble *father* was uneaſy, becauſe he knew not how to acknowledge, according to the largeneſs of his heart, to a man in genteel circumſtances, the obligation laid upon them all. The *mother*, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian ladies are accuſtomed to expreſs, bid her Clementina regard, as her fourth brother, the preſerver of the third. The Barone declared, that he ſhould never reſt nor *recover*, till he had got me rewarded in ſuch manner as all the world ſhould think I had honour done me in it.

When the Barone was removed to Bologna, the whole family were ſtudious to make occaſions to get me among them. The general made me promiſe, when *my relations*, as he was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The biſhop, who paſſed all the time he had to ſpare from his dioceſe, at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his *fourth* brother, would have me initiate him into the knowledge of the Engliſh tongue.

Our Milton has deſervedly a name among them. The friendſhip that there was between him and a learned nobleman of their country, endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were uſually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him: *He* alſo became my ſcholar. The father and mother were often preſent; and at ſuch times their Clementina was ſeldom abſent. *She* alſo called me her tutor; and though ſhe was not half ſo often preſent at the lectures as her brothers were, made a greater proficiency than either of them.

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

The father, as well as the biſhop, is learned; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French

a French education, being brought up by her uncle, who reſided many years at Paris in a public character: And her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or ſought after by the Italian ladies. In ſuch company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad againſt my wiſhes, paſſed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioneſs, who opened her heart to me, and conſulted me on every material occurrence. Her lord, who is one of the politeſt of men, was never better pleaſed than when he found us together; and not ſeldom, though we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was.

About this time the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to ſettle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the Princeſs of Parma, and attended that lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late King of Spain, where he held a very conſiderable poſt, and lately died there immenſely rich. On a viſit to this noble family, the young lord ſaw, and loved Clementina.

The Count of Belvedere is a handſome, a gallant, a ſenſible man; his fortune is very great: Such an alliance was not to be ſlighted. The Marquis gave his countenance to it: The Marchioneſs favoured me with ſeveral converſations upon the ſubject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was neceſſary to know my thoughts on this occaſion; for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family, but by giving me a relation to it. Dr Bartlett, madam, can ſhew you, from my letters to him, ſome converſations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are perſons of honour, of goodneſs,

goodneſs, of generoſity; and who are above reſerve, vindictiveneſs, jealouſy, and thoſe other bad paſſions by which ſome mark indiſcriminately a whole nation.

For my own part, it was impoſſible (diſtinguiſhed as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, miſtreſs of a thouſand good qualities, and myſelf abſolutely diſengaged in my affections) that my vanity ſhould not ſometimes be awakened, and a wiſh ariſe, that there might be a poſſibility of obtaining ſuch a prize: But I checked the vanity the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myſelf to the young lady's favour, though but by looks, by aſſiduities, I ſhould have thought an infamous breach of the truſt and confidence they all repoſed in me.

The pride of a family ſo illuſtrious in its deſcent; their fortunes unuſually high for the country which, by the goodneſs of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and intereſt; the lady's exalted merits, which made her of conſequence to the hearts of ſeveral illuſtrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his paſſion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion; the young lady ſo remarkably ſtedfaſt in hers, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty they could reſtrain her from aſſuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that ſhe grudged to a heretic the glory of having ſaved the Barone della Porretta; all theſe conſiderations outweighed any hopes that might otherwiſe have ariſen in a boſom ſo ſenſible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

About

About the ſame time the troubles, now ſo happily appeaſed, broke out in Scotland: Hardly anything elſe was talked of, in Italy, but the progreſs, and ſuppoſed certainty of ſucceſs of the young invader. I was often obliged to ſtand the triumphs and exultations of perſons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the intereſt of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of ſpirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding; but it was impoſſible. Every new advice from England revived the diſagreeable ſubject; for the ſucceſs of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the reſtoration of what they called the Catholic religion: And Clementina particularly pleaſed herſelf, that then her *heretic tutor* would take refuge in the boſom of his holy mother, the church: And ſhe delighted to ſay things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, ſhe ſpoke very intelligibly.

I took a reſolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to ſome one of the German courts that was leſs intereſted than they were in Italy in the ſucceſs of the Chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more deſirous to do ſo, as the diſpleaſure of Olivia againſt me began to grow ſerious, and to be talked of even by herſelf, with leſs diſcretion than was conſiſtent with her high ſpirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

I communicated my intention to the Marchioneſs firſt: The noble lady expreſſed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for ſome weeks; but, at the ſame time, hinted to me, with an explicitneſs that is peculiar to her, her apprehenſions, and her lord's, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour in this particular; and ſhe ſo well ſatisfied the Marquis in this reſpect, that,

on their daughter's abſolute refuſal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and I had a conference upon the ſubject; Dr Bartlet can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed themſelves in a cloſet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that: They had no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with what they heard me ſay to their daughter.

The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refuſing the Count of Belvedere, the younger brother (ſtill unknown to me, for he doubted not but I ſhould rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficultes in relation to religion, and my country: He deſired to be commiſſioned to talk to me on thoſe ſubjects, and to his ſiſter on her motives for refuſing the Count of Belvedere; but they would not hear of his ſpeaking to me on this ſubject; the Marchioneſs giving generous reaſons, on my behalf, for her joining in the refuſal; and undertaking herſelf to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her her reaſons for rejecting every propoſal that had been made her.

She accordingly cloſeted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her but tears: A ſilence, without the leaſt appearance of ſullenneſs, had for ſome days before ſhewn, that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart: She was, however, offended when love was attributed to her; yet her mother told me, that ſhe could not but ſuſpect, that ſhe was under the dominion of that paſſion without knowing it; and the rather, as ſhe was never chearful but when ſhe was taking leſſons for learning a tongue, which never, as the Marchioneſs ſaid, was likely to be of uſe to her.

["As the *Marchioneſs* ſaid"—Ah, my Lucy!]

The melancholy increaſed. Her tutor, as he was

called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was a task put upon him that had its difficulties. It was observed, that she generally assumed a chearful air while she was with *him*, but said little; yet seemed pleased with every thing he said to her; and the little she did answer, though he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly acquired language: But the moment he was gone, her countenance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company.

[What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl! But my curiosity kept up my spirits. When I come to reflect, thought I, I shall have it all upon my pillow.]

Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be love. She was taxed with it; and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish, as to the object; but still she could not, with patience, bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in love, would you have me hate myself?—Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable: She heard her with attention, but made no answer.

The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany, the family made a sumptuous entertainment, in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to see, whether his absence would affect their Clementina; and, if it did, in what manner.

They left it to her choice, whether she would appear at table, or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceedingly chearful: She supported her part of the conversation, during the whole evening, with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself I had departed sooner.

Yet

Yet it is ſurpriſing, thought I, that this young lady, who ſeemed always to be pleaſed, and even ſince theſe reveries have had power over her, to be moſt chearful in my company, ſhould rejoice in my departure; ſhould ſeem to owe her recovery to it; a departure which every one elſe kindly regrets: And yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the leaſt affected. When acknowledgments were made to me of the pleaſure I had given to the whole family, ſhe joined in them: When my health and happineſs were wiſhed, ſhe added *her* wiſhes by chearful bows, as ſhe ſat: When they wiſhed to ſee me again before I went to England, ſhe did the ſame. So that my heart was dilated: I was overjoyed to ſee ſuch a happy alteration. When I took leave of them, ſhe ſtood forward to receive my compliments with a polite French freedom. I offered to preſs her hand with my lips: My brother's deliverer, ſaid ſhe, muſt not affect this diſtance, and, in a manner, offered her cheek; adding, God preſerve my tutor wherever he ſets his foot (and in Engliſh, God convert you too, Chevalier!) May you never want ſuch an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: O my Grandiſon! ſaid he, and flung his arms about my neck; and will you go?—Bleſſings attend you!—But what will become of a brother and ſiſter, when they have loſt you?

You will rejoice me, replied I, if you will favour me with a few lines, by a ſervant whom I ſhall leave behind me for three or four days, and who will find me at Inſpruck, to let me know how you all do; and whether your ſiſter's health continues.

She muſt, ſhe ſhall be yours, ſaid he, if I can manage it. Why, why, will you leave us?

I was ſurpriſed to hear him ſay this: He had never before been ſo particular.

That cannot, cannot be, ſaid I. There are a thouſand obſtacles—

All of which, rejoined he, that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?

They all knew, from that lady's indiſcretion, of the propoſals that had been made me relating to her; and of my declining them. I aſſured him that my heart was free.

We agreed upon a correſpondence, and I took leave of one of the moſt grateful of men.

But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inſpruck the expected letter, which acquainted me, that this ſunſhine laſted no longer than the next day! The young lady's malady returned with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her?

She ſhut herſelf up in her chamber, not ſeeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; nor did ſhe anſwer to two or three queſtions that her woman aſked her; but, ſetting her chair with its back towards her, over-againſt a cloſet in the room, after a profound ſilence, ſhe bent forwards, and, in a low voice, ſeemed to be communing with a perſon in the cloſet.—"And you ſay he is actu-
'ally gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever!"

Who gone, madam? ſaid her woman. To whom do you direct your diſcourſe?

"We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So
'bravely to reſcue my brother, and to purſue the
'bravoes; and as my brother ſays, to put him in
'his own chaiſe, and walk on foot by the ſide of it
'—Why, as you ſay, aſſaſſins might have murdered
'him: The horſes might have trampled him un-
'der their feet." Still looking as if ſhe were ſpeaking to ſome body in the cloſet.

Her

Her woman ſtept to the cloſet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the courſe of her ideas; but ſtill ſhe bent forwards towards it, and talked calmly as if to ſomebody in it: Then breaking into a faint laugh, "In love!—that is ſuch a ſilly no-'tion: And yet I love every body better than I 'love myſelf."

Her mother came into the room juſt then. The young lady aroſe in haſte, and ſhut the cloſet-door, as if ſhe had ſomebody hid there, and, throwing herſelf at her mother's feet, my dear, my ever honoured mamma, ſaid ſhe, forgive me for all the trouble I have cauſed you—But I will, I muſt, you can't deny me; I will be God's child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

It came out afterwards, that her confeſſor, taking advantage of confeſſions, extorted from her of regard for her tutor, though only ſuch as a ſiſter might bear to a brother, but which he had ſuſpected might come to be of conſequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young lady of exemplary piety.

I will not dwell on a ſcene ſo melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miſs Byron!

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? Indeed I did—Poor young lady!—But my mind was *fitted* for the indulging of ſcenes ſo melancholy. Pray, Sir, proceed, ſaid I: What a heart muſt that be, which bleeds not for ſuch a diſtreſs! Pray, Sir, proceed.]

Be it Dr Bartlett's taſk to give you further particulars. I will be briefer—I will not indulge my own grief.

All that medicine could do was tried: But her confeſſor, who, however, is an honeſt, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He ſaw the

favour her tutor was in with the whole family: He knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: He had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles; and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raiſed ſuch a conflict in her mind, as her tender nature could not bear.

At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart, and her genius; and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life by an uncle to whoſe care ſhe was committed by her dying father, was received both as a companion and a bleſſing, by the ladies of the family ſhe has now for many years lived with. She is an Engliſhwoman, and a Proteſtant; but ſo very diſcreet, that her being ſo, though at firſt they hoped to proſelyte her, gives them not a leſs value for her; and yet they are all zealous Roman Catholics. Theſe two ladies, and this their companion, were viſiting one day at the Marcheſe della Porretta's; and there the diſtreſſed mother told them the mournful tale: The ladies, who think nothing that is within the compaſs of human prudence impoſſible to their Mrs Beaumont, wiſhed that the young lady might be entruſted for a week to her care at their own houſe at Florence.

It was conſented to as ſoon as propoſed; and Signora Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and ſhe (as every body elſe) having a high opinion of Mrs Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they ſet out for Florence.

Here, again, for ſhortening my ſtory, I will refer to Dr Bartlett. Mrs Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: She gave her advice to the family upon it. They were reſolved (Signor

nor Jeronymo ſupported her advice) to be governed by it. The young lady was told, that ſhe ſhould be indulged in all her wiſhes. She then acknowledged what thoſe were, and was the eaſier for the acknowledgment, and for the advice of ſuch a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna much more compoſed than when ſhe left it. The tutor was ſent for by common conſent, for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino branch, as well as the general, being preſent. In that, the terms to be propoſed to the ſuppoſed happy man were ſettled; but they were not to be mentioned to him till after he had ſeen the lady: A wrong policy, ſurely.

He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him in high terms, as a man, whom he had it now, at laſt, in his power to reward: And he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be ſuch, as it was impoſſible but he muſt find his very great advantage in them; as to fortune, to be ſure, he meant.

The friend ſo highly valued could not but be affected with the news: Yet, knowing the lady and the family, he was afraid that the articles of reſidence and religion would not be eaſily compromiſed between them. He therefore ſummoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in ſuſpenſe.

He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother's preſence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception both from mother and daughter! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronymo! He called the ſuppoſed happy man *Brother*. The marquis was ready to recognize the *fourth* ſon in him. A great fortune additional to an eſtate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was propoſed. My father was to be invited over to grace the nuptials by his preſence.

But

But let me cut ſhort the reſt. The terms could not be complied with. For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to ſettle in Italy; only once in two or three years was allowed, if I pleaſed, for two or three months, to go to England; and as a viſit of curioſity, once in her life, if their daughter deſired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

What muſt be my grief to be obliged to diſappoint ſuch expectations as were raiſed by perſons who had ſo ſincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my diſtreſs: So little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they ſuppoſed to be in an error that would inevitably caſt him into perdition! But when the friendly brother implored my compliance; when the excellent mother, in effect, beſought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on her *child*'s head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting *herſelf* out of the queſtion, urged me, for my ſoul's ſake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you!

[He ſtopt—His handkerchief was of uſe to him, as mine was to me—What a diſtreſs was here!]

And what, and what, Sir, ſobbing, was the reſult? Could you, *could* you reſiſt?

Satisfied in my own faith: Entirely ſatisfied! Having inſuperable objections to that I was wiſhed to embrace!—A lover of my native country too—Were not my God and my country to be the ſacrifice, if I complied! But I *laboured*, I *ſtudied* for a compromiſe. I muſt have been unjuſt to Clementina's merit, and to my own character, had ſhe not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then* that I had before reſolved to ſhut my eyes againſt; her rank next to princely, her fortune high as her rank, religion, country, all ſo many obſtacles that had appeared to me inſuperable,

ſuperable, removed by themſelves, and no apprehenſion left of a breach of the laws of hoſpitality, which had, till now, made me ſtruggle to behold one of the moſt amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference.—I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there: if not, I would content myſelf with paſſing only three months in every year in my native country. I propoſed to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion; and, in caſe of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by *her*, the ſons by *me*; a condition to which his Holineſs himſelf, it was preſumed, would not refuſe his ſanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great ſacrifice to compaſſion, to love.—What *could* I more?

And would not, Sir, would not Clementina conſent to this compromiſe?

Ah the unhappy lady! It is this reflection that ſtrengthens my grief. She *would* have conſented: She was earneſt to procure the conſent of her friends upon theſe terms. This her earneſtneſs in my favour, devoted as ſhe was to her religion, *excites* my compaſſion, and *calls for* my gratitude.

What ſcenes, what diſtreſsful ſcenes followed! —The noble father forgot his promiſed indulgence; the mother indeed ſeemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngeſt brother was ſtill, however, firm in my cauſe; but the marquis, the general, the biſhop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family were not to be moved; and the leſs, becauſe they conſidered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour, in the ſame proportion as they thought it honourable to me; a *private*, an *obſcure* man, as now they began to call me. In ſhort, I was allowed, I was *deſired* to depart from Bologna; and not ſuffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, though on her knees ſhe begged to be allowed

ed a parting interview—And what was the conſequence?—Dr Bartlett muſt tell the reſt—Unhappy Clementina!—Now they wiſh me to make them one more viſit at Bologna!—Unhappy Clementina!—To what purpoſe?

I ſaw his noble heart was too much affected to anſwer queſtions, had I had voice to aſk any.

But, O my friends! you ſee how it is! Can I be ſo unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr Bartlett ſay, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himſelf ſay, that he has ſuffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of ſleepleſs nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandiſon!—And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am ſure,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I WAS *forced* to lay down my pen. I begin a new letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles ſaw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my *humanity*, as he called it, and ſoothe me. I have often, ſaid he, referred you, in my narrative to Dr Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you ſee any thing you ſhall wiſh to ſee, in the free and unreſerved correſpondence we have held. You that love to entertain your friends with your narrations, will find ſomething, perhaps, in a ſtory like this, to engage their curioſity. On their honour and candour, I am ſure, I may depend. Are they not *your* friends? Would to heaven it were

were in my *power* to contribute to *their* pleaſure and *yours!*

I only bowed. I *could* only bow.

I told you, madam, that my compaſſion was engaged; but that my honour was free; I *think* it is ſo. But when you have ſeen all that Dr Bartlett will ſhew you, you will be the better able to judge *of* me, and *for* me. I had rather be thought favourably of by Miſs Byron, than by any woman in the world.

Who, Sir, ſaid I, knowing only ſo far as I know of the unhappy Clementina, but muſt wiſh her to be—

Ah Lucy! there I ſtopt—I had like to have been a falſe girl!—And yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to ſay what I was going to ſay?—I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that love is a narrower of the heart. Did I not uſe to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all ſelfiſhneſs? But am I ſo now?

And now, madam, ſaid he [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedom would be too great—A tenderneſs *ſo* ſpeaking in his eyes; a reſpectfulneſs *ſo* ſolemn in his countenance; he juſt touched it, and withdrew his hand], What ſhall I ſay?—I cannot tell what I *ſhould* ſay—But you, I ſee, can pity me—You can pity the noble Clementina—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjuſt, ungenerous—ſelfiſh!—

He aroſe from his ſeat—Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear—Pardon me for the trouble I ſee I have given to a heart that is capable of a ſympathy ſo tender—

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me ſee his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then, as giving it up for irrecoverable,

able, I became for a few moments motionleſs, and a ſtatue.

A violent burſt of tears recovered me to ſenſe and motion; and juſt then Miſs Grandiſon (who, having heard her brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, ſuppoſing he would return), hearing me ſob, ruſhed in.—O my Harriet! ſaid ſhe, claſping her arms about me, What is done? —Do I, or do I not embrace my ſiſter, my *real* ſiſter, my ſiſter Grandiſon?

Ah my Charlotte! No flattering hope is now left me—No ſiſter! It muſt not, it cannot be! The lady is—But lead me, lead me out of this room! —I don't love it! ſpreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers—Tears that flowed not only for myſelf, but for Sir Charles Grandiſon and the unhappy Clementina: For, gather you not, from what he ſaid, that ſomething diſaſtrous has befallen the poor lady? And then, ſupporting myſelf with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L.'s ſtudy, and up ſtairs into my own chamber; ſhe following me—Leave me, leave me here, dear creature, ſaid I, for ſix minutes: I will attend you then in your dreſſing-room.

She kindly retired; I threw myſelf into a chair, indulged my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two ſiſters, who, hand in hand, came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had paſſed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their brother was to be pitied, not blamed; and that if they would allow me to recollect ſome things that were moſt affecting, I would attend them; and they ſhould have my narrative the more exactly for the indulgence.

They ſtaid no longer with me than to ſee me a little compoſed.

Sir Charles and Dr Bartlett went out together in his chariot: He enquired more than once of my health;

health; ſaying to his ſiſter Charlotte, that he was afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excuſed himſelf from dining with us. Poor man! What muſt be his diſtreſs!—Not able to ſee us, to ſit with us!

I would have excuſed myſelf alſo, being not very fit to appear, but was not permitted.

I ſat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner; yet how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The ſervants eyes were irkſome to me; ſo were Emily's (dear child!) gliſtening as they did, though ſhe knew not for what, but ſympathetically, as I may ſay, ſhe ſuppoſing that all was not as ſhe would have it.

She came up ſoon after to me—One word, my deareſt madam (the door in her hand, and her head only within it): Tell me only that there is no miſunderſtanding between my guardian and you!—Tell me only *that*—

None, my dear!—None, none at all, my Emily!

Thank God! claſping her hands together; thank God! If there were, I ſhould not have known whoſe part to take!—But I won't diſturb you—And was going.

Stay, ſtay, my precious young friend! Stay, my Emily! I aroſe; took her hand: My ſweet girl! ſay, will you live with me?

God for ever bleſs you, deareſt madam!—*Will* I? It is the wiſh next my heart.

Will you go down with me to Northamptonſhire, my love?

To the world's end I will attend you, madam: I will be your handmaid; and I will love you better than I love my guardian, if poſſible.

Ah my dear! but how will you live without ſeeing your guardian now-and-then?

Why, he will live with us, won't he?

No, no, my dear!—And you would chuſe then to live with him, not with me; would you?—

Indeed but I won't—Indeed I will live and die with you, if you will let me; and I warrant his kind heart will often lead him to us. But tell me, why theſe tears, madam? why this grief?—Why do you ſpeak ſo quick and ſhort? And why do you ſeem to be in ſuch a hurry?

Do I ſpeak quick and ſhort? *Do* I ſeem to be in a hurry?—Thank you, my love, for your obſervation. And now leave me: I will profit by it.

The amiable girl withdrew on tiptoe, and I ſet about compoſing myſelf.

I was obliged to her for her obſervation: It was really of uſe to me. But you muſt think, Lucy, that I muſt be fluttered.—His manner of *leaving* me—Was it not particular?—To break from me ſo *abruptly*, as I may ſay—And what he ſaid with looks ſo earneſt! Looks that ſeemed to carry more meaning than his words: And withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in—and as if—I don't know how as if—But you will give me your opinion of all theſe things. I can't ſay but I think my ſuſpenſe is over, and yet in a way not very deſirable—Yet—But why ſhould I puzzle myſelf? What muſt be, muſt.

At afternoon-tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the waiter's office, I gave my lord and the two ladies, though ſhe was preſent, ſome account of what had paſſed, but briefly; and I had juſt finiſhed, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles inſtantly addreſſed me with apologies for the concern he had given me. His emotion was viſible as he ſpoke to me. He heſitated: He trembled. *Why* did he heſitate? *Why* did he tremble?

I told him, I was not aſhamed to own, that I was very much affected by the melancholy ſtory.

The

The poor lady, ſaid I, is greatly to be pitied—But remember, Sir, what you promiſed Dr Bartlett ſhould do for me.

I have been requeſting the doctor to fulfil my engagements.

And I am ready to obey, ſaid the good man. My agreeable taſk ſhall ſoon be performed.

As I *was* at the door, going up ſtairs to my cloſet, I courteſied, and purſued my intention.

He bowed, ſaid nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were diſappointed that I did not return to company.—No, indeed!

Yet I pity him at my heart: How odd is it then to be angry with him?—So much goodneſs, ſo much ſenſibility, ſo much compaſſion (whence all his woes, I believe), never met together in a heart ſo manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy—Yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr Bartlett: Then, I hope, we ſhall have every thing before us.

Saturday, March 25.

HE [Yet why that diſreſpectful word?—Fie upon me for my narrowneſs of heart!] *Sir Charles* is ſetting out for town. He cannot be happy himſelf: He is therefore giving himſelf the pleaſure of endeavouring to make his friend ſo. He can *enjoy* the happineſs of his *friends!* O the bleſſing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon ſuch a one, it cannot poſſibly bereave it of all delight.—Fortune, do thy worſt! If Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot be happy with his Clementina, he will make himſelf a partaker of Lord G.'s happineſs; and as that will ſecure, if not her own fault, the happineſs of his ſiſter, he will not be deſtitute of felicity. And let me, after his example—Ah, Lucy! that I could!—But in time, I

hope, I ſhall *deſerve*, as well as be eſteemed, to be the girl of my grandmamma and aunt; and then, of courſe, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

Saturday Noon.

SIR Charles is gone, and I have talked over the matter again with the ladies and Lord L.

What do you think?—They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very beſt of my recollection—*They all will have it*, that Sir Charles's great ſtruggle, his great grief, is owing——His great ſtruggle (I don't know what I write, I think—But let it go) is between his *compaſſion* for the unhappy Clementina, and his *love*—for—ſomebody elſe.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half a heart? *Compaſſion*, Lucy!—The compaſſion of ſuch a heart—It muſt be *love*—And ought it not to be to *ſuch* a woman?—Tell me—Don't you, Lucy, with all *yours*, pity the unhappy Clementina, who loves againſt the principles of her religion; and, in that reſpect, againſt her *inclination*, a man who cannot be hers, but by a violation of his honour and conſcience!—What a fatality in a love ſo circumſtanced!—To *love* againſt *inclination!* What a ſound has that! But what an abſurdity is this paſſion called Love? Or rather, of what abſurd things does it make its votaries guilty? Let mine be evermore circumſcribed by the laws of reaſon, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflections, will never give me a laſting diſturbance!

DR Bartlett has deſired me to let him know what the particular paſſages are, of which I more immediately wiſh to be informed, for our better underſtanding the unhappy Clementina's ſtory, and has

has promiſed to tranſcribe them. I have given him a liſt in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have aſked for ſome particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not ſo immediately intereſting: The hiſtory of Olivia, of Mrs Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned between himſelf and Signor Jeronymo: But, Lucy, the particulars I am moſt impatient for are theſe:

His firſt conference with Lady Clementina on the ſubject of the Count of Belvedere, which her father and mother overheard.

The conference he was deſired to hold with her, on her being firſt ſeized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly chearful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is anywhere accounted for.

By what means Mrs Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowledge a paſſion ſo ſtudiouſly concealed from the tendereſt of parents.

Sir Charles's reception on his return from Vienna.

What regard his propoſals of compromiſe, as to religion and reſidence, met with, as well from the family as from Clementina.

The moſt important of all, Lucy—The laſt diſtreſsful parting: What made it neceſſary; what happened at Bologna afterwards, and what the poor Clementina's ſituation now is.

If the doctor is explicit with regard to this article, we ſhall be able to account for their deſiring him to reviſit them at Bologna, after ſo long an abſence, and for his ſeeming to think it will be to no purpoſe to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the anſwer to this article, as it may happen!—But no more ſuſpenſe, I beſeech you, Sir Charles Grandiſon! No more ſuſpenſe, I pray you, Dr Bartlett! My heart ſickens at the thought of further ſuſpenſe. I cannot bear it!

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my ſubject) on weakneſſes and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for

Your HARRIET BYRON.

INDEX,

5 AP 66

INDEX,

HISTORICAL AND CHARACTERISTICAL,

TO THE

THIRD VOLUME OF THIS WORK.

ADDISON, Mr, the fair ſex under great obligations to him, 231.

Advice or cautions to women, 25.

Affectation, 13, 224.

Anderſon, Capt. Sir Charles Grandiſon's conference with him, in which he diſengages his ſiſter from it, 26 to 36. *See* Miſs Charlotte Grandiſon.

Anger, 210.

Apologies, uncalled for, are tacit confeſſions, 254.

Artful women, 155.

Avarice, 134, 144, 212.

Attachments, guilty ones, the inconvenience of purſuing them, politically as well as morally conſidered, 147.

Bartlett, Dr Ambroſe, an excellent clergyman, piety in his retirement, 38. Sounded on the ſtate of Sir Charles's affection with regard to Miſs Byron, 39 to 45. His hiſtory, 63 to 72. Gueſſes at Miſs Byron's love for Sir Charles, 168.

168. Inſtructs her in geography, 190. His friendſhip with young Mr Grandiſon, afterwards Sir Charles, in his travels, to whom he ſtands in the place of a ſecond conſcience, 251, 252.

Bartlett, Mr, nephew to Dr Bartlett, and his amanuenſis, gives Miſs Byron a tranſcribed account of the Doctor's hiſtory, 38.

Beauchamp, Sir Harry, keeps his ſon abroad to humour a mother-in-law, 73. His undue complaiſance to her accounted for, 74. Admires Sir Charles Grandiſon, ib.

Beauchamp, Lady, in love with Mr Beauchamp, but her advances ſlighted, conceives an hatred to him, and marries his father in order to have both in her power, 73.

Beauchamp, Mr Edward, ſon of Sir Harry, a diſtinguiſhed friend of Sir Charles Grandiſon; the commencement of their acquaintance, and the happy part he acted in ſaving the life of Dr Bartlett at Athens, 68. His character from Dr Bartlett, and hiſtory, 73. His character from Sir Charles Grandiſon, 221.

Beaumont, Mrs, a lady of an excellent heart and fine genius, cruelly deprived of her fortune by a baſe uncle her guardian, is prevailed upon to go as a companion to two Italian ladies of worth and honour to Florence, 270.

Beauty, 98.

Belvedere, Count of, characterized by Sir Charles Grandiſon as a handſome, gallant, ſenſible man of ample fortune, in love with Lady Clementina, 262.

Beneficence, 166. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Benevolence, 167. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Blagrave, Mr, an attorney employed againſt Sir Charles Grandiſon by Mr O'Hara, 177.

Burgeſs, a perſon employed by Sir Charles Grandiſon in beautifying his church, 85.

Byron, Miſs, broke in upon, and exceſſively rallied in her dreſſing-room by the two ſiſters, 4 to 16. Her reflections on her hopeleſs proſpect from their conference with Dr Bartlett, 44. She would chuſe to die rather than be the means of Sir Charles's diſturbance, 47. Suſpects Dr Bartlett of deſigning to detach her from Sir Charles, in favour of Mr Beauchamp, 75. What would be her moſt malicious wiſh ib. Her invective againſt love, 77. Refuſes to read a letter of Sir Charles's, clandeſtinely come at by Miſs Grandiſon, 78. Reflections on the temptation, and on her reſiſting it, 83. Will not *deſerve* to be deſpiſed by Sir Charles 96. Why ſhe calls love an *ignoble* paſſion, 103. Intereſting converſation with Miſs Jervois on their mutual regard for Sir Charles 121. She is alarmed at Mr Deane's viſit to him, 169. She likes not that Sir Charles ſhould ſtile himſelf her brother, 180. Obliges him with the ſight of ſome of her letters, ib. Thinks his affections engaged, 192. Greatly embarraſſed on the queſtions put to him on that point in her preſence, 196. Her apoſtrophe to Dr Bartlett on Sir Charles's imagined reſervedneſs, 200. Her *ſuppoſed* queſtion to Sir Charles, concerning the woman of his choice, 221. Betrays a degree of captiouſneſs before Sir Charles, 237. The library conference, in which Sir Charles gives her a brief hiſtory of Lady Clementina della Porretta 243. Is to receive from Dr Bartlett, by Sir Charles's permiſſion, extracts from Sir Charles's letters at the time, relating to the intereſting ſtory of Lady Clementina, 275. She avers, from experience, that love is a narrower of the heart ib. Yet pities and prays for Lady Clementina, 276. Puzzled at Sir Charles's abrupt manner of leaving her in the library-conference, 278. Inveighs againſt the abſurdity in the paſſion, which

which compels Clementina to love againſt her inclination, 280.
Camilla, a faithful and ſenſible attendant on Lady Clementina, from her infancy: *See* Clementina.
Cautions to women in a beginning love, 78.
Cenſure, 20, 31, 124, 140, 147. *See* Charity.
Charity, 93. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.
Chaſtity, 154.
Children: *See* Parents and Children.
Clarke, Sir Samuel, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Grandiſon-hall, 86.
Clementina della Porretta, her ſtory as told by Sir Charles Grandiſon to Miſs Byron, in Lord L.'s library at Colnebrook; containing—Her firſt acquaintance with him—Her proficiency in the Engliſh tongue—Her melancholy—Her noble ſtruggle between her religion and love—Her acknowledgment of love for him to Mrs Beaumont—Terms propoſed to him, with which he cannot comply—Her malady—His diſtreſs—Account of his being deſired to leave Italy—Denied a parting interview with her—Requeſted by ſome of her friends to return to Italy, 251 to 274.
Clements, Miſs Pulcheria, why objected to as a fit wife for Lord W. 211.
Compaſſion: *See* Pity.
Concealments, lovers, 96, 128.
Conſcience, 147.
Conſolation, 5.
Courtſhip, ſentiments relating to it 15, 18, 204, 226.
Cromwell, Thomas, the only grateful ſervant of Cardinal Wolſey, 160.
Danby, Mr, an eminent merchant, ſubſtance of his will in favour of Sir Charles Grandiſon, and in diſfavour of his nephews and niece, 48 to 52. His reaſon for it not wholly approved of by Sir

Sir Charles, ib. Particulars at large of Sir Charles's merits with him, by reſcuing him from a villainous attempt made upon his life by his profligate brother, 233 to 237. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Danby, John, the wicked brother of the former, after his vile attempt on his brother's life, flies to Barbadoes, 50. Further account of him and his vile attempt, 233.

Danby, Mr Thomas, Mr Edward and Miſs Danby, nephews of and niece of the deceaſed Mr Danby; concerned at their uncle's ſuppoſed unkindneſs to them; decline attending his funeral, and to be preſent at opening his will: Sir Charles's impartial judgment on this occaſion, 48. Their gratitude excited by his generoſity, 50. Deſcription of each of them, 52. Mr Thomas Danby's behaviour on their attendance on Sir Charles, 53. Mr Edward thinks it eaſy to obtain a wife, 55. Miſs Danby's agreeable ſimplicity in relating her circumſtances and love-affairs, 56. Their grateful ſenſe of Sir Charles's bounty to them all 59. Intermarriages propoſed by Sir Charles in their favour, 165.

Deane, Mr, a lawyer of character, godfather to Miſs Byron, ſounds Sir Charles Grandiſon on her behalf, 118. His deſcription of her as in love, 120.

Delicacy, ſentiments relating to it, 13.

Dillon, Major, a friend of Captain Anderſon, 26.

Diſappointment in love, is one of thoſe caſes in which a woman can ſhew fortitude, 142.

Diſmiſſion of a lover, 190.

Dobſon, Reverend Mr, miniſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon's church in Hampſhire, 86.

Duties, 192.

Duties of a good wife, 248.

Eſteem, a female word for love, 125.

Example, ſentiments on the force of it, 61, 164.

Falſe

Falſe modeſty, 86. *See* Affectation.
Female dignity, 138, 140, 142.
Femality, ſentiments upon it, 216, 245, 254.
Fortune Hunters, 87.
Frankneſs of heart, 221, 247.
Friend of mankind, a much more glorious character than that of the conqueror of nations, 180.
Friendſhip, the balm and ſeaſoning of life, 139.
G. Lord, his character from Sir Charles Grandiſon, 203, 245.
Galliard, Mr, a worthy young merchant, married to Miſs Danby, 165.
Generous Lover, 21.
Giacomo della Porretta, a general officer in the ſervice of the King of the Two Sicilies, eldeſt brother of Lady Clementina, his brave, but haughty character, 256. His civil invitation of the Chevalier Grandiſon (ſo called in Italy) to Naples, 261. Exaſperated by his refuſal of becoming a Roman Catholic, withdraws his favour from him, 273.
Giffard, Mrs, Lord W. (reſolved to part with her) applies to Sir Charles Grandiſon for his advice and aſſiſtance, 136. Her caſe properly diſtinguiſhed by Sir Charles from that of Mrs Oldham, 137. Her lord not inclining, however, to comply with the terms ſtipulated at taking her into keeping, Sir Charles brings all to bear in ſuch a manner as diſplays his juſtice, prudence, generoſity, goodneſs, all at once, and attracts the admiration and bleſſings of his uncle, 136 to 160. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.
Girls, ſentiments concerning them, 120.
Good, goodneſs, 142, 192, 249.
Good man, 41, 61, 88, 108, 180.
a Good man, ſuch a one lives to his own heart; thinks it ill manners to ſlight the world's opinion, yet will regard that in the ſecond place, 88. He will not by his compliaiſance counte-

nance the enormities of the great, 101. A good man muſt have difficulties to encounter with, by which a man of the world would be embarraſſed, 168.

A good woman is one of the greateſt glories of the creation, 214.

Grandiſon, Sir Charles, is ſounded by his two ſiſters on his inclinations as to marriage, 10. He warmly praiſes Miſs Byron, 13. His notion of weighing the merits and demerits of perſons in oppoſite ſcales, and judging of them by the preponderating one, 20. Lets a leaſe of his good opinion to perſons at his firſt acquaintance with them, which he either renews, or not, at the expiration of it, 21. His ſentiments on love and courtſhip, ib. On libertines, 22. On retribution, with regard to women who marry in hopes to bury their huſbands, 23. On the performances of young poeteſſes, 24. Extricates his ſiſter Charlotte from her imprudent engagement with Captain Anderſon, 26. Dr Bartlett defends him againſt the charge of reſervedneſs, 42. His opinion of Miſs Byron 44. The Doctor's, and Lord L.'s account of the general eſtimation he ſtood in among ladies abroad, 45. Why Miſs Byron wiſhes he had ſome faults, 47. He attends the funeral of his friend Mr Danby, 48. His noble behaviour to the nephews and niece of that gentleman, ib. Account, extracted from Dr Bartlett's papers, of his exemplary behaviour in his younger years when abroad, 63. Of his firſt acquaintance with the doctor, 64. And with Mr Beauchamp, 68. Of his ſaving the doctor from the bow-ſtring, ib. Of his viſiting Aſia and Africa, 70. And of his furniſhing his friend Beauchamp, from his own finances, with means to proſecute his travels, 70 to 74. Firſt mentions advices from Bologna, 85. Beautifies his church, ib. Care for his ward Miſs Jervois, 86 to 90. His high opinion of Miſs Byron 90.

Purpoſes to go to Paris on the duties of his executorſhip to his late friend Mr Danby, 91. His ſcheme of portioning young maidens—Other of his charities, 92. His few ſecrets ſuch only as could not yield pleaſure to his friends, were they to know them, 102. How he deals with his ſiſter Charlotte's humorous curioſity, ib. Calls his own behaviour into queſtion, for exciting too much awe in his ſiſters, ib. Fruſtrates the baſe deſign of Mrs Jervois againſt her daughter, 114. His character from Mr Deane, 118. He joins Mr Deane in the praiſes of Miſs Byron, both as to mind and perſon, 120. His readineſs to undertake long and difficult journies upon a proper call, ib. Difficulty of particularizing his virtues, 133. Frees his uncle, Lord W. from his inſolent miſtreſs [*See* Giffard]; and prevails upon him (contrary to his own intereſt, as next heir) to reſolve to marry, and to lead a life of ſobriety, 134. A friend to the ſex; and thinks not well of the man who is not, 142. Confirms the happineſs of the whole Danby family, 165. His goodneſs, when abroad, to another mercantile family, in cancelling a bond for money lent by him, 167. Inſolently broken in upon by Mr O'Hara, his wife, and Captain Salmonet, he is grieved for giving way to paſſion, eſpecially in his own houſe, 170 to 176. He is not to be bribed even by beauty, 182. Again regrets his paſſionate behaviour, 184. His tenderneſs and indulgence to Miſs Jervois, and juſtice to her wicked mother, 183 to 189. Sounded by his ſiſter Charlotte on his inclinations as to marriage, 194 to 200. He ſounds her in return; when ſhe, by an air of coquetry, which he cannot allow in his ſiſter, makes him angry; but ſhews the moſt noble placability on the occaſion, 201 to 211. His ſentiments on Miſs Byron's letters, 213. Reſumes the enquiry into his ſiſter Charlotte's opinion of her two

two ſuitors; and, on her light anſwers, refers himſelf to Miſs Byron, to acquaint him with her mind, 214. Pleaſantly expoſes the pompous and unnatural ſtile of romance, 223. Gives an account of an attempt made by inſtigation of the wicked father of the young Danbies, on the life of his late brother, 234 to 236. Receives letters which diſturb him, and give occaſion for exemplifying his patience and magnanimity, 237 to 240. His conference with Miſs Byron in Lord L.'s library; in which are included his ſolicitude for the happineſs of his ſiſter Charlotte, and the firſt part of the hiſtory of Lady Olivia, of Lady Clementina, Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, and their family; and in which are ſhewn his bravery in delivering Signor Jeronymo from aſſaſſins; his ſteadfaſtneſs in his religion; and his patriotiſm, 242, & ſeq. Sets Dr Bartlett before him as a ſecond conſcience, 252. Conſiders himſelf, in his abſence from his native country, and from his father (whoſe paternal goodneſs he, however, gratefully acknowledges), in the light of a baniſhed man, 254. His dark expreſſions, that he cannot be unjuſt, ungenerous, or ſelfiſh, 275. Obliged, by his own diſtreſs in telling his affecting ſtory, to leave Miſs Byron abruptly, he holds a conference with Dr Bartlett on the difficulties of his ſituation, 276.

Grandiſon, Miſs Charlotte, joined by her ſiſter Lady L. challenges Miſs Byron in her dreſſing-room with her love for her brother, 4 to 16. Enquires into Miſs Byron's ſentiments of maſquerades; debate upon them, 16 to 20. Ridicules old maids; her aunt Eleanor in particular, 20. Enquires into her brother's terms of friendſhip granted to ladies, 21. Sir Charles induces Captain Anderſon to releaſe her from her promiſe, 26 to 36. Endeavours to tempt Miſs Byron to read a letter of Sir Charles's, which ſhe had

clandeſtinely come at, 78 to 81. Fails, and is mortified into ſelf-condemnation; yet ſhews, that nothing for half an hour together can keep down her vivacity, 84. Gives Miſs Byron an account of the viſit of Major O'Hara, his wife, and Captain Salmonet, at Colnebrook, and of what paſſed in it, 104 to 116. Her character from Mr Deane, 118 to 120. Procures for Sir Charles the promiſe of ſeeing ſome of Miſs Byron's letters, 181. Her tenderneſs to Miſs Jervois, on her affliction at her mother's letter, 184. Sounds her brother with regard to the ſtate of his affections, 193 to 200. And is ſounded by him, in return, with regard to her inclinations, 200 to 205. He is diſpleaſed with her coquettiſh anſwer, 205. She flies to her harpſichord out of humour, 208. Makes apologies to her brother, and preſents him Miſs Byron's promiſed letters, 209. Further debate on the courtſhip of Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns 214. Gives a denial to Sir Walter, in her humorous way, 226. Her evaſive and ludicrous anſwers with regard to Lord G. 227. Her generous preference of Miſs Byron's excellencies to her own, 230. Sir Charles not able to know her mind from herſelf, deſires her to reveal it to Miſs Byron, 231. She profeſſes to delight in quarrelling and making up; and that ſhe intends to exerciſe her future huſband's patience in that way, ib. Declares that ſhe is never concerned for any thing longer than the conſequential inconvenience laſts, 241. Impowers Miſs Byron to conſent for her to countenance Lord G. 245. Her brother cautions her, by Miſs Byron, with regard to her behaviour to Lord G. if ſhe accepts him for a huſband, 248. She comforts Miſs Byron, afflicted with Sir Charles's ſtory of the Porretta family in Italy, 276.

Gratitude, 44, 49.

Guardian,

Guardian, caution to a young one, 88. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.
Halden, Mr, ſteward of Lord W. 85. Rejoices at Mrs Giffard's diſmiſſion, 159.
Happineſs, 191.
Harrington, Mrs, aunt to Miſs Danby 57.
Humour and raillery difficult to be reined in, 94.
Huſband and wife, 226, 248.
Idleneſs a great friend to love, 120.
Jeronymo, della Porretta, third ſon to the marquis of that name, an officer in the ſervice of the king of Sardinia, 256. Account of his friendſhip with the Chevalier Grandiſon—breach of amity, and the occaſion of it—account of the attack made upon him by Breſcian bravoes; and reſcue from them by the Chevalier—of his penitence, and gratitude—brief hiſtory of him, of his ſiſter, and of the reſt of his family; as told by Sir Charles Grandiſon to Miſs Byron, in the library at Colnebrook, 152 to 275. *See* Lady Clementina, Sir Charles Grandiſon.
Jervois, Mr, an Italian merchant of great worth, his character from Sir Charles Grandiſon, and extreme indulgence to his wicked wife, 185. His information to Mr Grandiſon in relation to Lady Olivia, 253. *See* Mrs Jervois: *See* Miſs Jervois.
Jervois, Mrs Helen, wife of Mr Jervois, wants to have her daughter in her power, and demands her from him, 88 to 96. Her vile behaviour to her late huſband, 99. Declares herſelf married to Major O'Hara; and threatens Sir Charles with the reſentments of her new huſband, 100. Goes with Major O'Hara and Captain Salmonet to demand her daughter, at Colnebrook, knowing Sir Charles to be in London, 104. Her and their behaviour there; and what paſſed on the occaſion, 104 to 109. Copy of a letter ſhe left behind her at Colnebrook, on her not ſeeing her daughter, 115. She, with the

pretended major and captain, viſit Sir Charles in town, 170, & ſeq. Their inſolent behaviour; and the affray that happened upon it, 171 to 176.

Jervois, Miſs Emily, a young lady of fourteen, in love with her guardian, unknown to herſelf 47. Her mother demands her of Sir Charles, 98. Miſs Byron contrives to withdraw her from the bad woman, on her viſit at Colnebrook, 109. Diſcourſe between her and Miſs Byron in the chariot, on her mother's former cruelty to her, and her patience under it, 111, & ſeq. Her grateful heart, 113. She begs the benefit of Miſs Byron's occaſional advice, ib. Her affecting attitude in telling her ſtory, ib. Character of her from Mr Deane, who imagines that ſhe is in love with her guardian, 120. Affecting converſation between her and Miſs Byron, in which ſhe innocently gives an account of the ſtate of her heart, and how it is affected on her guardian's preſence, 121. Writes, by Sir Charles's direction, to invite her mother to his houſe, 189.

Illiterate, a perſon may be yet not ignorant, 27.

Innocent man's comfort in calamity, 134.

Intemperance or intoxication, leaves a woman addicted to it no guard, 185.

Juſtice, 61, 84, 147, 187, 248.

Keepers, *kept women*, 145 to 152, 162.

L. Earl of, brother-in-law to Sir Charles Grandiſon, his ſtory of the diſappointment of a lady who married an old man in hopes of burying him, 22, 23. What paſſes between him and Mrs O'Hara, her huſband, and Captain Salmonet, at Colnebrook, 104 to 111. His character from Mr Deane, 118. Promiſes to be careful of Miſs Byron's punctilio, 170. His opinion of Lord G. as an admirer of Miſs Charlotte Grandiſon, 203. He blames Miſs Grandiſon for her coquettiſh airs, which had diſpleaſed her brother;

ther; and ſets before her the contrary demeanour of Miſs Byron, 206. His and his lady's happineſs accounted for by Miſs Byron, 224. Admires Miſs Grandiſon for her vivacity, and Sir Charles for his patience, 232. Thinks that, in little inſtances, the characters of the heart are diſplayed far more than in great ones, 239. Is of opinion, with his lady and Miſs Grandiſon, that Lady Clementina is the object of Sir Charles's *compaſſion*, Miſs Byron of his *love*, 280.

L. Counteſs of, joins with her ſiſter to rally Miſs Byron in her dreſſing-room, 4 to 14. Her character from Mr Deane, 119. Her good opinion of Lord G. as a ſuitor to her ſiſter, 203. Cenſures her ſiſter for her airs of coquetry ſhewn on Sir Charles's ſerious queſtion about that lord's propoſal, 206. Revives the ſubject of Lord G. by Miſs Grandiſon's deſire, 214.

Lane, Mrs, a gentlewoman with whom Miſs Jervois ſome time boarded, 91. Defends her from the inſults of Miſs Jervois's unhappy mother, 111.

Learned women, 24.

Letter-writing, characteriſtic, runs into length, 210.

Libertines, 154.

Lorimer, Mr, a profligate and treacherous youth, his hiſtory, 63.

Love, laudable, 58, 253, 280.

Love, a ſelfiſh deity, 59, 103, 275.

Lover, 36.

Mackenzie, Colonel, a friend of Captain Anderſon, 26.

Magnanimity, 140, 142, 148. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Magnanimity, one of the greateſt inſtances of it that can be ſhewn by a woman, 142.

Marriage grown out of faſhion among the moderns, 91. Sir Charles Grandiſon's arguments for

for the marriage of his uncle, Lord W. though advanced in years, 161. Marriage in advanced years, or with perſons of unequal age, better undertaken by men than by women, 162, 211.

Marriages entered into by the young with the old for ſordid reaſons, often puniſhed in kind, 22.

Martin, Colonel, takes notice to Sir Charles Grandiſon of his ſiſter Charlotte's love affair with Captain Anderſon, which was ſuppoſed a ſecret, 33. Gives a high character of Sir Charles to his friend Colonel Mackenzie, 34. Is deſired to be preſent at the agreement between Sir Charles and Captain Anderſon, and to engage that the affair ſhall be buried in ſilence, 35.

Maſquerades, a converſation on them between Sir Charles Grandiſon, his ſiſters, and Miſs Byron, 16 to 20.

Maſters and *ſervants*, 123, 126.

Meanneſſes, 136, 160.

Men and *women*, ſentiments relating to them, 15, 36, 120, 147.

Milton, a particular paſſage of his obſerved upon by Sir Charles Grandſon, 222. Lectures from his Paradiſe Loſt given by Sir Charles to Lady Clementina, 261.

Modern taſte, 89, 90.

Modeſty in a man gives an agreeable ſelf-confidence to a woman, 244, 250.

Nocera, biſhop of, ſecond brother of Lady Clementina, one day likely to be a cardinal, 256. Very fond of Mr Grandiſon, and deſirous of learning Engliſh, 261.

Oeconomy, 57, 135.

O-Hara, Major, a man of the town, married to Miſs Jervois's mother, joins with her, and Captain Salmonet, to demand a fight of Miſs Jervois at Colnebrook: What paſſes between Lord L. and them on this occaſion, 104 to 111. Chaſtiſed by Sir Charles Grandiſon for his inſolent

lent behaviour to him, 170 to 176. Employs an attorney to ſue Sir Charles, 177.
Old Batchelors, when long ſingle, looked upon as houſes long empty, which nobody cares to take, 20. Cloſe obſervers of the behaviour of married people to each other, 218 to 227.
Oldham, Mrs, a kept miſtreſs of Sir Thomas Grandiſon, her caſe advantageouſly diſtinguiſhed by Sir Charles from that of Mrs Giffard, 137.
Old Maids, it is unjuſt and cruel to ridicule them at all, 20.
Olivia, Lady, hints given of her by Lord L. 23. Queſtions put by Lord L. to Dr Bartlett about her, anſwered by the Doctor, 74. Some account of her by Sir Charles Grandiſon, 198. Her further character from him, 253. Her violent reſentments, 264.
Parents and *children*, ſentiments relating to them, 25, 59, 97, 109, 135, 212.
Penitence, 156.
Philanthropiſt, the extenſive meaning of that word when applied to Sir Charles Grandiſon, 160. Friend of mankind, a character ſuperior to that of conqueror of nations, 180.
Poetical ladies, Sir Charles Grandiſon's opinion relating to ſuch, 24.
Poets, dangerous for a poet's wife to excel him in poetry, 203.
Polite, *politeneſs*, 46.
Porretta, a noble Italian family, hiſtory of it in its ſeveral branches, 256, et ſeq. *See* the particulars of it under their proper articles.
Praiſe, 42, 140, 212, 217.
Promiſes ſhould never be made between lovers, 29.
Prudence, 92, 163, 189.
Public places, 18, 87.
Punctilio, 18.
Qualities in both ſexes that will make the married ſtate happy, 224.

R. Counteſs dowager of, propoſed to Sir Charles Grandiſon for a wife, 139.
Raillery, a talent of humour or raillery difficult to be reined-in, 94.
Recommendation, 35.
Recrimination ſhould not be uſed to a forgiving penitent, except on repeating the offence, 189, 207. 247.
Reformation, 137.
Reſerve, 128, 224.
Retribution, 23.
Riot. *See* Intemperance.
S. Lady Anne, Sir Charles's ſiſters ſound him as to his intention with regard to her, 10.
Salmonet, Captain, a pretender to a French extraction, 104, to 111. Chaſtiſed by Sir Charles Grandiſon for his inſolent behaviour to him, 171, to 176. *See* O-Hara.
Scotland, rebellion there in 1745, what hoped for from it in Italy, 264.
Secrets, 77, 102.
Selfiſhneſs, 76, 127.
Self-partiality, 134, 261.
Signs of love, 32, 96, 119, 123, 125.
Sincerity, 77.
Single-woman, ſentiments for their benefit, 30, 36, 87.
Soliloquies and *Aſides* in a play cenſured, 220.
Suſpenſe, 11, 53, 86, 255.
Sylveſter, Mr, a worthy attorney, attends Sir Charles Grandiſon for the Danbies, 49. Compliments Sir Charles on his great *windfall*, as he calls it, 50. Gives him a good account of the two nephews and niece of the late Mr Danby, his clients, 51. Sir Charles deſires him to tell them his kind intentions towards them, ibid. Deſires leave to introduce them to him, ibid. Preſents them to Sir Charles, an honeſt pleaſure ſhining in his eyes, 52. Weeps for joy at Sir Charles's goodneſs

goodneſs to them all, 61. Declares that he ſhall be impatient till he has done ſome little good, after ſuch a ſelf-rewarding example, 62. Joins with the two brothers in invoking bleſſings upon Sir Charles, ibid. Further account of this affair, and of his honeſt ſenſibility, 165.

Taſte, 86.

Temptation, 82.

Travelling, its uſes and abuſes, 36. *See* Lorimer.

Turner, Sir William, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Grandiſon-hall, 86.

Vice, 148.

W. Lord, uncle to Sir Charles Grandiſon, his pathetic apoſtrophe to his deceaſed ſiſter for bleſſing him with ſuch a nephew, 164.

Ward. *See* Guardian, Sir Charles Grandiſon, Miſs Jervois.

Watkyns, Sir Walter, Miſs Grandiſon reflects upon him for his bad ſpelling, though he can talk Italian and French, 204. Sir Charles writes, at his ſiſter's requeſt, to put an end to his hopes, 249.

Wife, what the moſt ſuitable to a man labouring under bodily infirmities, 211. *See* Huſband and wife, 95.

Wiſe man, 95.

Wit, 205.

Witty women, 218, 226, 244.

Wolſey, Cardinal, in his fall found but one faithful Cromwell among all his numerous and better deſcended attendants, 160.

Women, artful, their hearts eaſily diſcoverable, 155. Women's ſphere is the houſe, and their ſhining-place the ſick chamber, 162.

Youth, 166, 251. *See* Single women. *See* Travelling.

SIMILIES

AND

ALLUSIONS

IN THE

THIRD VOLUME.

BATCHELORS, old, and old maids, compared *To* haunted houſes, 20.

Bartlett, Dr, ſurrounded by three inquiſitive ladies, *To* Adam, 39.

Brother, polite, *To* a black ſwan, 42.

Giffard, Mrs, in her diſgrace, *To* a fallen miniſter of ſtate, 160.

Grandiſon, Sir Charles, *To* Cæſar, with a preference, 46.

Legacy-hunters, *To* ſavages at a wreck, 212.

O-Hara, Mrs, her face, *To* a withering John-apple, 106.

W. Lord, parting with Mrs Giffard, *To* a prince diſmiſſing a rapacious miniſter, 160. *To* King Henry VIII. 162.

END OF VOL. III.